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Grand New Serial

# The *Quiiver*

May  
1924

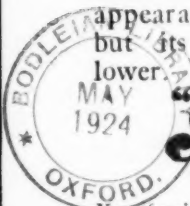
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A Glimpse of Quaint Clovelly



FOR those furnishing schemes which call for restful, dignified upholstery, "Rexine" Leathercloth is unequalled. Its appearance is that of leather, but its cost is considerably lower.



**"Rexine"**  
LEATHERCLOTH

Your furnishing house can show you samples of the many and varied grains and colours. When buying see that "Rexine" is specified on the invoice to prevent substitution.

**REXINE LTD., REXINE WORKS, HYDE, ST. MANCHESTER.**  
*London: 42 Newgate Street, E.C.3*

# Roses and Lilies



*"There is a garden in her face  
Where roses and white lilies blow."*

Happy the woman of whom the poet speaks.

Yet a good complexion—the real thing, not the imitation variety—can be obtained by any woman who knows how to look after her health. It depends on the condition of the blood. Keep your blood supply pure and vigorous, and the "roses and white lilies" will always be in full bloom.

The way to that end is the "little daily dose" of Kruschen Salts—more necessary than ever at this time of the year, when the blood is naturally thinner than at any other season, and the change is apt to show itself in blotches and blemishes if care is not taken to avoid them.

## NOT ONE SALT BUT SIX

No other Salts will do what Kruschen does. Epsom and Glauber and the rest of them are only single salts, and therefore perform but a single function; they are aperients, and nothing more. But Kruschen is a blend of six different salts, each of which has a different duty to perform.

These are, in fact, just the six salts that Nature demands for the proper health of your body. Kruschen not only rids the system of all clogging waste matter; it also acts directly on the blood stream, purifying and invigorating it and filling every vein in your body with tingling health and vitality.

You can buy a bottle of Kruschen at any chemist's for 6d., 1/- or 1/9. The "little daily dose" is tasteless in your morning cup of tea. Get a bottle to-day and start cultivating the "garden in your face" to-morrow. A radiant complexion is cheap at the price of a farthing a day.

### NOW IN 3 SIZES

Kruschen Salts are now sold by all chemists in bottles of three sizes at the following prices:—

**6d.**  
**1/- & 1/9**  
**Bottles**

# Kruschen Salts

*Good Health for a Farthing a Day*

Q

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Rec. 1419 d 95



*Just in Time!*

Little scamp! Just about to finish off the jar—but—can you blame him? Youngsters are all the same. They love the fresh fruit flavour of HARTLEY'S Jams—it's good for them, too!

**FRESH-GATHERED FRUIT  
AND  
PURE WHITE SUGAR**

HARTLEY'S Jams and Marmalade make an irresistible appeal to the palate. Their wonderful popularity is due, not only to the tempting flavour of fresh-gathered fruit, but the

knowledge that each Jar will be as good as the last one—HARTLEY'S Jams and Marmalade are made in the Fresh Fruit Season, and are always consistent in flavour.

A Guarantee of Purity is on every jar.

**HARTLEY'S**  
**Jams & Marmalade**

*W.D. Hartley*





# The Man from the Bottom of the Sea



Captain Lawson  
Smith recommends  
**PHOSFERINE**  
for all nervous  
complaints:—

**T**HE Man from the Bottom of the Sea writes: "The work of deep-sea diving demands the best of men and best of machines; both are subject to a considerable amount of wear and tear. In the course of each day my work necessitates two or three journeys to the bed of the sea. In the case of the man the wear is most apparent upon the nervous system. Many times Phosferine has carried me over that time when I felt I must give in. The continuous battle against the difficulties and dangers that lurk beneath the sea is apt to manifest itself in the form of a nervous breakdown. Fortunately for myself I am well aware of the valuable properties of Phosferine as a remedy for exhaustion and general depression, and would recommend it for all nervous disorders."—121, King's Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

Phosferine exercises real and lasting benefit upon everybody's system, it invigorates brain and body naturally, and is given with equally good results to the children as to adults. The advantage of taking Phosferine is immediate—it makes you well and keeps you well.

## PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza  
Nervous Debility  
Indigestion  
Sleeplessness  
Exhaustion

Neuralgia  
Maternity Weakness  
Premature Decay  
Mental Exhaustion  
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude  
Neuritis  
Faintness  
Brain Fag  
Anemia

Nerve Shock  
Malaria  
Rheumatism  
Headache  
Sciatica

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size



*Yesterday—*

SMOKERS of the 'nineties were as difficult to please as those of this later generation. Yet twenty-five years ago the popularity of **PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO** and **CIGARETTES** was just as clearly defined as it is to-day. The quality has never faltered—never deviated from the high standard originally aimed at. They are

*Better than ever to-day!*

# PLAYER'S

## Navy Cut

### TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

PLAYER'S PLAYER'S PLAYER'S PLAYER'S PLAYER'S PLAYER'S PLAYER'S P1082

## In "Sampler" Days—

The Sampler was a pattern or example of the most exquisite needlework of the period, a gem of art, an illuminated specimen of pains-taking industry.

In just the same way Mackintosh's Sampler Chocolates have set a standard in the art of chocolate making. No better chocolates are obtainable at their price—if indeed there are any quite so good at higher prices. Just as the old-time sampler revealed the charm of skilled needlework so are Sampler Chocolates a revelation of quality in chocolates.



*Outsides of smooth, rich Chocolate, and insides—delicious, delicately flavoured centres, including Marzipan, Nougatine, Montellmart, Fruit Jellies, and Cream Cup.*

1/- PER QTR.

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MADE BY JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD., HALIFAX Q75



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 DRESSING SCISSORS 5 IN 2/	 HYDROSTATIC DOUCHE BRONZED TIN 6 FT TUBING ETC 1 QUART 3/9 2 DO 4/6	 ENEMA ENGLISH MAKE IN BOX 3/6	 DOUCHE SPRAY 8/6
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THE best physicians now recommend "CEPHOS" as a safe and speedy remedy for

**NEURITIS—RHEUMATISM  
LUMBAGO—LOSS OF ENERGY  
NERVOUS EXHAUSTION**

MORE THAN THIS, they keep fit by taking it themselves—just two tablets or powders at night before retiring, and continue next day if necessary.

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and all feverish conditions, including influenza. "CEPHOS" acts just like magic. This medicine was the discovery of

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**BUOYANT HEALTH**  
in a wonderful way.

"Cephus" can be obtained in convenient tablet or powder form from Boots, Taylors' and all chemists everywhere at 1/3 and 3/- per box, or post free per return post from Cephus Ltd., Blackburn.

**SAMPLE FREE  
ON APPLICATION**

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Picture him in his isolation and early struggles, on the Western Prairies of Canada, in the forests of British Columbia, in the Australian Bush, and in other similar pioneer regions of the Empire. Think of the solitary, monotonous life led by the

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Remember the

### Child in the Log Shack

growing up without the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Then, to help them in their spiritual need, support the work of the

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which sends out to them Clergy, Lay Evangelists, Teachers, and Church Workers to nearly thirty overseas dioceses.

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"CRYSTAL PALACE"  
MARKING INK.**

IT NEVER FADES OR WASHES OUT,  
whether you prefer the kind  
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## HAIR ON THE FACE

Removed by a painless method.

Explanatory Booklet sent Free.

Beauty of face is often disfigured by hairy growths, and how to remove these has caused much anxiety to ladies who study their personal appearances. Some have tried the painful process of Electrolysis, which leaves the skin perforated, and often these small holes become clogged, and hence other blemishes arise, such as Blackheads, Pimples, &c. There is also the dangerous depilatory, which only burns off the hair, and often burns the skin. But at last science has devised a method which entirely supercedes the antiquated harmful methods.

Every lady suffering from hairy growths will be pleased to learn that these can be removed for ever by a new method which cannot possibly harm the most delicate skin. It is so sure that it is just a matter of days, and the hair has gone for ever, leaving a beautiful clear skin. There is no expensive treatment or appliances to buy. You will not be put to any inconvenience. All you have to do can be done in the privacy of your own apartments. This new method is worthy of your interest. We specially want those sufferers who have tried other methods to write, as, unless we can prove that we can do all that we claim, we do not ask you to take up this treatment.

**HOW TO OBTAIN INFORMATION OF THIS NEW METHOD.**

Just send your name and address, with a stamp for postage, to The Capillus Manufacturing Co., 330 Palace House, 128 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. You will receive a full description of this simple and remarkable method, which will enable you to remove all superfluous hair at home at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you FREE in a perfectly plain and sealed package, and you should have no hesitation in writing. You will be delighted to learn how easily and surely superfluous hair can be painlessly removed. Why not write to-day?

## TO CURE SERIOUS LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISORDERS.

TRAINED NURSE SAYS HOSPITALS USE SALTRATED WATER.

This is the time of year when hospitals experience a rush of dangerous functional disorder cases. During the cold winter months a diet of heavy heat-producing foods has been necessary, and when spring arrives the system is loaded with accumulated carbonaceous waste which clogs the eliminative organs, so there is constant absorption of toxins into the blood. Then follow kidney and bladder troubles, rheumatism, neuralgic headache, blemished complexion, backache, influenza, biliousness, jaundiced liver, or even appendicitis, dropsy and Bright's disease. Toxins excite the heart, poison the nerves, deprive the body of vitality, and you have no energy to do anything, or say you have weak nerves, due to overwork, etc. The real trouble is auto-intoxication, or self-poisoning. People with strong, healthy digestive and eliminative organs, and therefore pure rich blood, do not have such symptoms. Try drinking occasionally a teaspoonful of *Alkia Saltrates* in a half tumbler of water and notice how quickly your mind clears, your eyes brighten, and your whole body becomes absolutely fit, as the system's great filters and blood refiners (the liver and kidneys) begin to work properly again. I advise readers to tear this out so as not to forget the name of this remarkable substance which any good chemist can supply at small cost.—H. L. K.

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enable ambitious young people to obtain a general or specialized education in their own homes. Subjects include: English, Accountancy, Banking, Secretarial Practice, Shorthand, Economics, Modern Languages, and subjects of general education. Write for free Booklet, "Home Study—the Key to Success," which gives full particulars—

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Cure for  
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Whether you find your pleasures in  
DANCING, GOLF or WALKING,  
one little Corn can completely ruin  
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of an *immediate and permanent*  
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**DR. CLARE'S  
MAGICAL  
CORN SILK**

*A thin plaster; causes no pain, takes  
up no room, cannot be felt, and  
always removes the corn by the root.*

**1/3 per packet post free**

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**GREY  
HAIR  
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HAIR TINT**

tints grey or faded hair  
any natural shade de-  
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and washable, has no  
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HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long  
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**Cloudy Ammonia.**

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**IF PUSSY HAS HER MILK—  
will you not see that the little ones at**

**THE INFANTS HOSPITAL**

have theirs? **£28** pays our milk bill for a month; **£1** for a day;  
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BOOM-TA-RAH-RAH-RAH — TING!

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For soldering's all right with a touch of FLUXITE  
And to fail it has never been known.)

—and it is so! Failure is impossible with soldering when you take the precaution to use the aid of the wonderful Fluxite. Nothing takes the place of Fluxite—the "spirits of salts" days are passed, and Fluxite alone remains, the conqueror of the bugbear of soldering failure.

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BECAUSE IT

## SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.** Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

## FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it.

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PRICE

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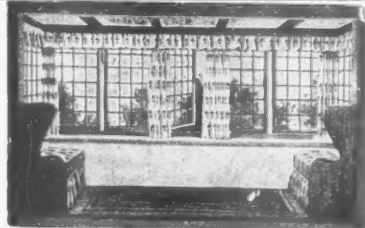


For the tool-kit of your car or motor cycle  
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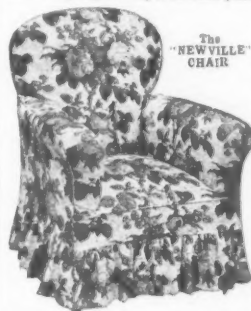
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Tropical  
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UNFADABLE FABRICS

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ALL fabrics prefixed with the word "SUN" are guaranteed unfade-  
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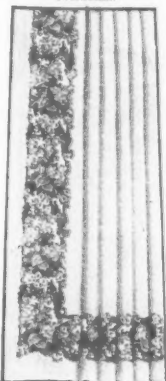


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CLOTH. 23 shades.  
Creams from 1/4d. per  
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CLOTH. The effect  
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PRINTED CASE-  
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CRETONNES, 2/9 per  
yd. 31 ins. wide.  
"SUN-FLET"  
NET. In various  
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50 ins. wide.

Comfortable, well-upholstered  
Chair with Loose Cover as *illustrated*, 67/9. Or covered in  
plain lining, 48/.

THE "CLAUVERDALE"  
CURTAIN.



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LACE NETS & MADRAS  
MUSLINS, in large variety  
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BORDERED LACE NETS,  
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LACE CURTAINS, from 4/6 per  
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3 yds. long.  
THE "CLAUVERDALE"  
CURTAIN.  
DECORATIVE APPLIQUE  
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24 yds. long, 50 ins. wide,  
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ix



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**Refuse all  
Substitutes.**

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## ANZORA MASTERS THE HAIR

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## "How nice you look about the feet!"

"Yes, I always wear MASCOT Shoes—they so exactly meet my needs in foot-wear." Thus says the lady who has found that quality shoes are best in the long run. And they are an economy, too, because they outlast two or three of the cheaper kind of shoe, repairing again and again. Whether for better wear, business or sports, there is just the shoe you want in MASCOT. Visit the MASCOT Depot and see the Spring styles for yourself.



*In Grey or  
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trimmed with  
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material, 25/-*

## MASCOT for MEN & WOMEN

*Write for delightfully illustrated  
Booklet of Spring Styles.*

NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.

*See inside  
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The New  
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# GREEN'S TANGERINE JELLY

A real delicacy. So perfectly true in flavour. Try it. In crystals or squares of all high-class Grocers and Stores.

Prepared by  
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Manufacturers of  
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CUSTARD, FAIRY TEA CAKES,  
etc. etc.

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### LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.

Its quality of deepening greyiness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPE & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

## SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes skin eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritative pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 40 years it has been the remedy for:

Eruptions	Psoriasis	Eczema	Blotches
Pimples	Roughness	Scurf	Spots
Redness	Rashes	Acne	Rosacea

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPE & Co., Ltd., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 12 and 2s. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

WOOD BROS.

## MATERNITY WEAR.

(In addition to Ready-made and Special)

### TAILORED TO MEASURE.

Fashionable styles meet and be looked at with envy by Expectant Mothers now that Wood Bros., Ltd., have cleverly designed Self-Adjusting Maternity Wear into the wardrobe of every prudent mother. Preserves a graceful and normal figure at any time. Write for catalogue of designs to Managers.

Prices: Skirts from 11.11; Coat Dresses from 55.6; Gowns from 63; Accommodation Sets from 14.11; Maternity Belts 12.6; Complete Lingerie from 35; Maternity Caps from 8.11. Full satisfaction or money refunded. Wood Bros. also supply every thing for Baby from Birth.

**SPECIALITY.**—Improved models of Maternity corsets, give perfect support and preserve graceful lines of figure. Prices: 12.4, 17.6, 24.6.

WOOD BROS., Ltd., Maternity Wear Specialists,  
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(The Original Inventors of Maternity Wear.)



The "Lucy" Charming Coat Dress.



TRY THIS "SALTRATED" FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT, and then forget all your aches, pains, strains, corns, callouses, or other foot troubles.

You have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

Phyllis Monkman says "saltrated" water is wonderful. The refreshing foot-bath prepared by adding Reudel Bath Saltrates is not only highly medicated, but it also contains oxygen, an element which is Nature's own refreshing and healing agent. There is no other way in which these wonderful properties can be imparted to the water. The "saltrated" bath has a truly marvellous curative action upon all kinds of foot troubles, immediately relieving them, even in their worst forms. Every sensation of burning, chafing and bruising; all swelling, stiffness and inflammation; any sort of corn, callous, or other foot torture, will soon be only an unpleasant memory of the past. Merely cutting the top off a corn with a razor, or burning it off with caustic liquids, plasters, etc., is about as logical as cutting the top off an aching tooth, and is simply a waste of time. Also it hurts, and is dangerous.

Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold, every one containing a signed guarantee to return money in full if any user is dissatisfied. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. This means something, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effect it produces. In packets of convenient sizes and at very low prices, from all chemists.

## A Baby's "Wonderful Progress"

Mrs. Trett-Watson, of Norwich, the mother of this lovely Mellin's Food baby, writes:—"I feel I must tell you what wonderful progress my baby has made on Mellin's Food. She has cut her teeth without any trouble whatever."

# Mellin's Food

Write for samples and descriptive booklet; sent post free for 6d. in stamps. Particulars of a unique "Progress Book" also sent.

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## WONDER-WORKER



(Patented) for PILES, HEMORRHOIDS, and all RECTAL TROUBLES. A natural, unfailing cure. Instant relief, soothing and comforting. NO DOCTORS. NO MEDICINES.

Lasts a life-time. Price 7/6.

To be inserted in the Rectum during sleep. No discomfort or unpleasantness. To enjoy good health, sleep and rest, no man or woman should be without it. From all Chemists throughout the world, or direct from Wonder-Worker Co., Coventry House, South Place, London, E.C.2, with complete instructions in plain wrappers, post free on receipt of Post Office Order for 7/6. Money returned if dissatisfied. Booklet free.

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back cover.

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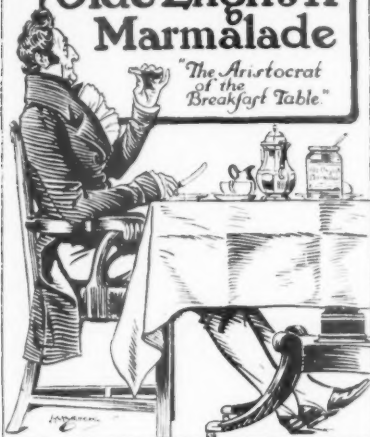
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Registered at the General Post Office for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.  
All MSS. submitted to the Editor must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Address, "The  
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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### The Sweet Smell of the Countryside

Spring comes at last, and the most inveterate stay-at-home longs for the out-of-doors. My June Number will be a Special Country Life Number—an assortment of stories, articles, pictures, designed to delight the lover of the countryside.

"How to Photograph Wild Flowers," "How Wild Folk Converse," "The Sussex of Rudyard Kipling," "Primitive Labour Savers," "Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," are some of the topics dealt with in the articles.

The opening story is a Country Life tale by Mary Wiltshire. Other stories are in the best vein of Austin Philips, Michael Kent, etc. The cover will be a lovely scene of spring in the country.

*The Editor*



#### Points on Furnishing

Mrs. A.: "We simply must refurnish this room, but we can't afford to with prices as they are. Besides, you can't depend on new furniture to-day."

Mrs. B.: "Why not do as we did? When Fred and I were married he insisted on going to Jelks and buying

#### High-Grade Second-Hand Furniture.

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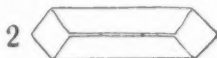
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# How to fold a Serviette

## THE DOUBLE SPIRAL.



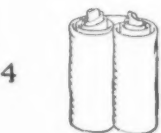
Fold the top and bottom corners as illustration.



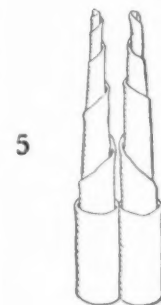
Fold the top and bottom edges to meet in centre.



Fold again along the centre and commence rolling



each end to meet in the middle.



Pull out as diagram.



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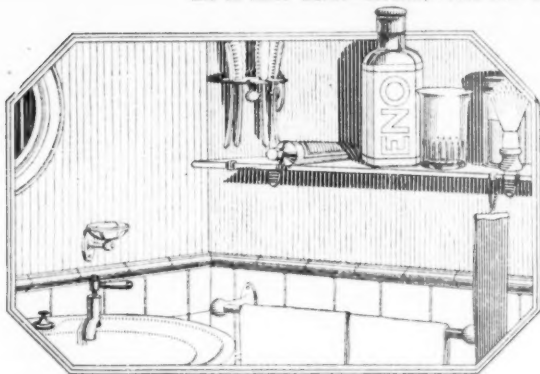
Pour contents of basin into cold water in the copper and stir until all the OMO is completely dissolved. Then put in the clothes and bring slowly to the boil, following complete directions on packet.

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# *The* QUIVER

## Happiness

*We were meant to be happy; the old idea that the Creator took pleasure in the suffering; of His creatures is long ago exploded: hair shirts minister to human morbidity, not to divine appeasement. Happiness is the legitimate aim and lawful prize of every one of us. But the man who grasps at merely selfish enjoyment risks real happiness. We cannot get without giving, nor enjoy without exerting. Self-sacrifice, labour, thought for others, are essentials, and no man finds true happiness without these.*



"When I feel your strength  
like this I am afraid!"—p. 609

Drawn by  
Marc Kinig

# JOHN REDFIELD'S LEGS

## by Jennette Lee

THE rain drove between the florist's window and the limousine drawn up at the edge of the kerb.

From the window of the car a face, hawk-like, looked out. The chauffeur sounded his horn.

Someone opened the door of the shop a crack. There was a swift glance at the waiting car—a dash to the back of the shop, accompanied by a wild hurrying and shouting of orders.

John Redfield in his closed car looked across the drenching rain to the flower-filled shop, with its tiers of colour and fragrance rising behind glass, and the soft-glowing lights and dim hurrying figures in the background. He scowled and drew the fur collar of his coat closer about the tendons of his neck.

The light from the window spread along the wet walk—clumsy feet passed over the transparent brightness—a raincoat caught the slant of light and shimmered black, a man's elbow thrust itself forward, his umbrella dripped and bent to the gust.

Redfield's hand reached to a button in the upholstery, and in the swift light that suffused the car he made a note on the ivory tablet he took from the pocket beside him.

This was the second time within the month that Blake and Dudley had kept him waiting for his order. It would not happen again. His mouth set a little grimly. He made the memorandum and switched off the light.

There would be a new florist's shop in Brighton before the week was out. He sat looking moodily into the lighted window.

All the rays of light seemed to converge in a single orchid in the central space, a strange exotic heavy-lipped blossom that hung its costliness almost sulkily above the velvet folds.

He eyed it with apathy. A man and woman had stopped before the window—their umbrella jogged and shut away his flower from him. His eye ran past them to the interior of the shop that glowed behind the wet glass. . . . He had an angry sense

of being shut away from flowers—from their beauty and freshness, not by the wet glass, but by something within himself. . . . A butcher's window down the street caught his eye—carcasses and ribs of red-hanging flanks—he smiled cynically.

He would dine to-night on rusk and milk—perhaps an egg and a dish of prunes. . . .

The woman in front of the florist's window turned to her companion, and he saw her face as she spoke rapidly. It glowed like a flower in the rain. He knew she was speaking of the flowers behind the glass, and the delight and beauty of the flowers was in her look and her quick smile.

Suddenly he started and leaned forward. He had not seen Mary Calder for years—surely she must be older than this! . . . Why, she was like a girl—her face laughing there in the light of the flower-window.

She made a little gesture and laughed, and the man beside her turned to the door of the shop. She caught his arm quickly—the umbrella swayed and bobbed above them, and the rain slanted down on her face. Then the man broke away and darted into the shop, and she was alone under the umbrella, smiling and wiping the drops from her face. How well and strong she looked! Why, she was even younger than he remembered.

He shivered and drew his rug around his knees.

The door of the shop opened and the man came quickly out. He carried a small, light parcel that her hand touched reproachfully. Then her hand slipped into his arm, and they drew together and splashed away down the street—a gust of rain and blackness shut them off. He drew back quickly.

The door of the shop flung open. The proprietor dashed across the dripping pavement, his collar hunched up. He carried a large oblong box that he thrust into the car as the chauffeur opened the door a cautious crack. Then he tapped on the glass by John Redfield, and nodded with screwed-up face and gesture.

## THE QUIVER

"Sorry, sir—" The rain whirled the words about him.

"Drive on!" said Redfield. The chauffeur's hand on the wheel moved subtly. The car glided forward.

And through the ceaseless unfelt motion Redfield saw Mary Calder's face pressed to the man's shoulder as they moved away under the umbrella.

Gradually it filtered to him that the man's shoulders were well set and compact. He moved like a young man disappearing down the street—Tom Calder was not young. . . . Why, the last time he saw Tom . . . When was it? Two months ago—more—in the finishing-room at the mill. He had said to himself then that Tom was getting old—he would have to be laid off.

He saw him standing there in the finishing-room, looking at him in a kind of dazed stupor, trying to take in his order about the waste. There was too much waste in the drying-room, and Redfield had spoken sharply. He recalled the strange gaze Calder gave him before he turned away, with his shoulders hunched forward, and his own quick thought that Calder was through—Calder would have to go. They could not afford to keep on a man after his shoulders sagged and his mind ceased to snap! Tom would have to take his pension and get out. . . .

The car slid to a noiseless stop. A man in evening clothes was coming swiftly down the steps, his thin slippers splashing through the running water on the steps. He carried an umbrella that he held sheltered above the open door as John Redfield stepped clumsily from the car. He lurched forward a little and grasped helplessly at the man in slippers, and swore under his breath.

The man did not speak. He placed his hand under his employer's arm and steadied him, and still sheltering him under the umbrella helped him up the steps, and the car behind them moved away.

In the great hall John Redfield paused for breath. The man hovered about him reaching to remove his coat.

"I don't want you!" said Redfield gruffly. "Put that thing away!" He waved at the umbrella, and the man moved away with it. Redfield heard him set it down in the coat-room off the hall.

He stood motionless, breathing hard, his eyes staring ahead. His fingers felt for the button of the fur collar—they travelled down the front slowly, and he shrugged his

shoulders free and threw the coat on a chair—its wetness smudged along the costly cover.

He turned to the staircase and put his hand on the rail and pulled himself up a step and looked down at his foot. It was encased in a heavy rubber over-shoe. He had forgotten that he had them on—fool to wear them—but steps were always slippery. . . . His hand reached down, and he bent over heavily.

Judson's voice was at his elbow, respectful, and with a little human touch.

"If you would let me help you, sir!"

Redfield slewed an eye at him.

Judson was bending over his foot trying ineffectually to remove the heavy over-shoe and steadying his bulk with the other hand.

"If you would sit down, sir!"

Redfield sank to the step, sticking out his foot. The man removed the over-shoe deftly and reached to the other. He laid them carefully by the stair.

"Now, sir, if you will let me give you a hand up—" He placed his shoulder under Redfield's hand and silently bore a part of his weight.

At the top of the stairs they paused.

"In the library, yes," grumbled Redfield. He was panting a little.

The man moved ahead and opened the door. He arranged a chair in front of the fire and proffered the paper that lay on the table. Redfield waved it away.

"No, I don't want it!" He sank back in his chair. "I shall not dress for dinner."

"Yes, sir. Very well, sir. Dinner will be served in twenty minutes." There was no reply, and the man went noiselessly out.

Redfield sat staring at the fire. How Judson pestered him. He seemed to be trying to point out to him all the time that his foot was half-way in the grave. He winced sharply and drew in his feet from the heat of the flames. . . . Half dead? Perhaps he was! He knew Judson knew he was in the half-dead man's will, and he was waiting for the other half to die. . . . Well, he had a hold on them yet. Not a mother's son of 'em but would step to the tune of money! He thought of the florist dancing in the rain on the shining side-walk, and he grinned shrewdly. There was nothing money could not buy . . . except a new pair of legs. He stretched them in the light of the fire a little wearily. His face grew tired, and a look of vacancy filled it.

He was gazing into the red hot coals

## JOHN REDFIELD'S LEGS

All he could seem to see there was Calder's shoulders under an umbrella bobbing away down the street and the two heads bent close together in the rain.

There was no sound in that great house—nothing to break its high-walled peace. No tomb could shut him away more securely from the world and every care.

His head fell forward on his breast. He gazed blankly at the flames.

### II

UNDER the wet umbrella the man and woman moved away into a darker street.

The wind drove past them, and the umbrella turned with a quick twist in the man's hand. He gripped and held it.

He laughed quietly.

"Nearly got us that time!" he said. She lifted her face, gasping in the rain that streamed across.

He righted the umbrella and drew her closer, and they struggled on, her face pressed against his shoulder and her hand holding tight to the sleeve of his shabby coat. The box in the curve of his arm slipped a little, and he shifted it, and her cheek came against it, and she smiled and looked up.

The rain slackened a little.

"You ought not to have done it!" she said. But her voice was filled with happiness.

The man's face turned a little. It was smiling. A lamp-post caught its sombre light and flashed it to her.

"The first time I ever bought you flowers in my life, isn't it, Mary?"

"Why, I guess so! . . . I don't care whether it is or not. What do flowers matter?"

"You said you'd like a shopful. I've only got you six roses." He touched the box on his arm.

A fierce gust broke on them, and the rain came in drenching sheets—wet flames that enveloped them. . . . Suddenly she felt herself lifted and carried through a sheltered doorway and along a narrow passage and set down out of the fury of the storm. She looked about her. They were in the passage-way of the old mill, that connected the old building with the new one.

Across the opening of the passage she could see the sheets of water streaming down and a veiled street light shimmering

through. She stood pressed against him watching it.

"When I feel your strength like this I am afraid!" she said.

"Afraid of what?" he asked. His voice was exultant.

"I don't know. It seems like a dream, your being so strong again. Some days I think we deceive ourselves. You deceive me and I deceive you, and it's just a dream of what we want to believe."

"Give me your hand!" he said.

He took it and drew it along his arm and down his neck and over his broad shoulders. Her touch lingered on them.

"Does that feel like a dream?" he demanded.

"Oh, I know—I know!" She laughed tremulously.

He took her in his arms.

"I am not so old!" he said.

They stood silent. She leaned against him, her eyes on the wavering lights that pierced through the floods of rain.

"I am glad we came in here out of the storm. I shall never forget it . . .

"What is that?" She turned quickly, staring into the deeper darkness behind them.

"It's the old mill-race—just here at the end of the passage. It's risen with the storm." He listened.

He put his hand on the wall and felt his way with cautious step. She clung to his arm, following.

A low railing stopped them. They peered over. The water of the old mill-race was lapping below. They could hear it more plainly now—half petulant, sliding along the wall. The storm at the end of the passage cut away, grew dim.

She shivered a little and drew closer to him.

"Somehow I hate the sound of this water. I don't mind a driving storm outside—"

He laughed, and drew her gently, his arm across her shoulders.

"We're safe!" he said. "Here or anywhere!"

She felt the contentment in his voice. It was not boasting, only the sense of power was quietly assured.

"Yes, I know." Her voice caught the happiness in his and laughed with it. The storm drove less fiercely now. "I have been seeing it every day—your strength and your power coming back to you. But tonight the storm and the wind—and then

## THE QUIVER

your rushing in to buy me flowers—as if we could afford it——”

“We can,” he said quietly.

“But we haven’t any money—any more than we had a month ago—just enough to bury us!” She laughed gently.

“We’re not thinking about burying.” He gathered her hands in his. “I can take care of us while we live—my two hands and yours!” He crushed them together till he cried out a little.

“Come on! It’s letting up. We’ll make a dash for it!”

The wind caught them once and swept them together as they stepped out. Then it passed, and they looked up the quiet street. Overhead the moon glimmered along the edge of the clouds that went sailing high in long broken ranks above the town of Bridgton.

### III

JOHN REDFIELD looked down at the bowl set before him. It was a rare piece of Canton medallion, and in the centre heaped high was a pyramid of light-brown rusk. He scowled at the rusk. All the shaded candles in the room caught the scowl and softened it and shed it on the rusk respectfully.

Judson at his elbow held a silver pitcher high.

“Shall I pour, sir?” He watched the surly nod, and tilted the pitcher with cautious touch.

Redfield’s eye followed grudgingly.

“That’s enough!” he commanded, and Judson stayed the pitcher hastily. He carried it to the side-table and returned to stand motionless behind the chair.

The spoon moved from the bowl to John Redfield’s mouth and back. He glowered and pushed the bowl from him.

“Skim-milk?”

“Yes, sir—brought from the farm to-day.” Judson’s voice was deprecating but firm.

“Take it away!” said Redfield.

“Doctor’s orders, sir—your light meal at night and skim-milk three times a week.” Judson repeated it like a holy lesson. He turned away to a side-table.

John Redfield sat with his head lowered over the bowl. He was not saying grace.

After a moment he grasped the spoon and stirred the rusk into the milk with fierce touch. He ate rapidly.

“What else is there?” said Redfield.

Judson placed a baked apple before him

John Redfield ate it in grim silence. He laid his napkin on the table, and Judson moved swiftly to the signal.

He drew back the chair and waited with arrested gesture.

John Redfield’s face worked harshly. It grew to a strange purplish hue, and Judson bent to the long legs beneath the table and swung them to one side.

Redfield watched them with intent look. He got to his feet. He did not glance at Judson, but moved with slow, precise steps to the door.

At the door he paused. He did not turn his head.

“I will ring when I want you.”

“Very well, sir.”

Judson stood motionless by the table. He heard the monotonous feet crossing the room beyond and mounting the stairs. Judson seemed to be held in leash for any misadventure in the slow-ascending steps. When no sound came a look of relief crossed his face. He turned to the side-table and lifted the Canton medallion bowl, with a film of skim-milk obscuring the bottom, and bore it from the room. The shaded candles glowed softly in the silence. Shadows ran up the high walls. Pictures and tapestries gleamed.

### IV

UPSTAIRS in the library John Redfield sank slowly into his chair before the fire. After a minute he reached to the inlaid table beside him and ran his finger along its edge till it touched a slight projection. A drawer moved out. He leaned over with leisurely movement and selected a cigar, holding it a minute to his nostrils. The drawer slid back in place.

John Redfield was forbidden to smoke. It was typewritten on the framed schedule down-stairs.

His face watching the end of the cigar brighten beneath a match was cynical and hard. . . . The doctor was a fool—for one thing. He flung the match into the fire and threw back his head with a look of relief. The smoke rose in gentle fragrance. The cigar was priceless. . . . There were only four more left. He had counted them before the drawer slid back. He felt as if there were only four more left in the world. . . . He would change doctors—they couldn’t all be fools!

He dozed his head falling forward as he



## JOHN REDFIELD'S LEGS

dozed. When he roused himself the cigar was only half consumed. He threw it into the fire with a gesture of distaste. He no longer cared to disobey the doctor's orders.

He recalled the exact words: "There is a chance—one chance in a thousand—if you will follow your schedule."

There was nothing he would not do to regain his health. . . . He would crawl on his knees three thousand miles across the Continent—if at the other end of it he might stand up straight and know he was a man—with the strength of any common labourer.

Then he saw suddenly Tom Calder's shoulders. . . . What had got into Tom? His mind ran back over the years—twenty-five years, thirty—when Calder always looked like that. . . . Tough as hickory, Tom Calder—best on the hockey team, football, baseball. . . . Then his mind followed Tom awhile. It was nip and tuck between them till he went to college and Tom into the mill. John Redfield stirred a little in his chair before the fire. . . . No one could say he had not played fair with Calder. He straightened his shoulders. . . . It had been a fair business transaction. Neither of them dreamed of the money hidden away in that little idea of Tom Calder's, waiting—no, it was not waiting. It was not there—until the motor-car was perfected, and then the aeroplane. . . . John Redfield saw his fortunes mounting to the sky, sweeping over continents. . . . Already he was oppressed with the sense of gold piling up that he was helpless to spend.

He had built this house—his heavy eye scanned the mellow room, perfect as if the patina of time rested on it. There were first editions—his eye ran over them dully. . . . Paintings—he got up from his chair and moved with his half-shuffling step to the far end of the room. He stood looking up at a stretch of common, a lifting sky, and sheep feeding. . . . He had paid sixty thousand for it, that bit of common and those sheep.

"Sheep!"

"Bah!" He turned back to his chair, keeping his eyes on the shuffling feet.

So then Tom Calder married Mary. . . . That was the crux of the whole business. She had refused him—with hardly more than a careless look at him—Ah, but that was before the big money came in. Would she refuse him now—would she turn away with a little shrug from the man who could pay sixty thousand for sheep? He laughed grimly.

He sank back in his chair.

Sixty thousand or sixty hundred thousand—it was all one to Mary! . . . That was why he wanted her. He would never cease to want her. . . . He knew it to-night when he saw her face laughing in the rain! She and Tom Calder. . . .

Well, he had been fair to Tom. He was afraid of no man! He had paid a fair price for what he bought—quite as much as the thing was worth—Tom knew and he knew. . . . And he had advanced him steadily in the mill—he was the head of the finishing-room, ten foremen under him and a liberal pension waiting when he was laid off. . . .

Then Tom Calder's shoulders rose before him. Straight and strong, with the vigour of their careless swing they rose before him in the fire. . . .

And Judson, waiting in vain for the summons from the library, ventured at last noiselessly in. John Redfield was dozing before the fire, his head tipped against the chair-back and his lower jaw half dropped. With the hawk eyes closed, Judson saw the heavy face like a death-mask.

He looked down at it and wondered how long the old man would last. . . . Young Redfield would come into a tidy sum—some day, and not much more strength than his father to carry it with. It was weak lungs for little Reddy—or worse. Judson had read a letter from the head of the sanatorium to John Redfield a few days ago. It was part of Judson's faithful service to know what went on in this house. . . . Not much danger yet from the lungs, Judson gathered, but a bad habit of tipping. This was Judson's translation of "excitable temperament and unsteady nerves and a constant craving for a stimulant of some sort." The letter put it very nicely. The doctor felt it his duty to inform John Redfield, and he remained sincerely his.

The letter was no news to Judson. He could have told John Redfield all that the letter contained—two years ago.

Judson knew that he might outlast Russell Redfield and his father both. There was no cynicism in the thought or in Judson's look—only quiet observation and something like a crude philosophy and kindness. The old man was getting all that was coming to him in this world, sure.

Skim-milk and rusk!

Judson's face looked down grimly. He made a slight movement of his hand, hardly a stirring of the palm.

John Redfield's eyes opened. He sat up.

"You called me, sir?" said Judson.

## THE QUIVER

Redfield straightened his collar. "Yes—I am going to bed."

"Very well, sir. Everything is ready for you."

They moved together into the high room adjoining the library. It was furnished as a sleeping-room with a high mahogany bedstead and a great wardrobe that filled one corner and toned in with the sombre colouring of the room. Redfield had moved downstairs when his son went to the sanatorium. It suited his convenience to be near the library.

Judson helped him to disrobe, and waited about a few minutes quietly. Then he turned off the lights. John Redfield lay thinking of the day that was finished—he had done nothing he cared to remember.

He saw the mills humming, turning out money for him . . . and all the men on his pay-roll. He could not slacken business. Those men must be kept on—kept at work—or how would they live? . . . Tom Calder knew nothing about carrying on a great business. He was good in the expansion department—clever at detail. But what would he know of the investments and re-investments of big business? Tom had never owned a pound to invest in his life—except in the Bridgton Savings Bank.

Redfield owned the Bridgton Savings Bank. He knew pretty nearly what stood there to Tom's account . . . He would set aside an extra sum for annuity payments to-morrow. . . . He would do the fair thing by Tom—more than fair—if it came to that. His hand reached to the table by the bed and groped and found the sleeping-draught, and he drank it off at a gulp. He had been asleep in front of the fire. Now his mind was alive with a kind of stinging hatefulness—as if something struggled in it—something never-resting that Redfield was learning to dread. The narcotic soothed him gently. He thought restfully and without envy of Tom Calder's look of strength, and fell into untroubled sleep, and slept without dreams the night through. When he woke he was surprised to find it was late.

Judson was moving discreetly in the room.

"You had a good sleep, sir."

"Why, I believe I did!" Redfield stretched himself. He dressed with more than his usual care. He had an unwonted feeling of interest in things, a sense that something was going to happen.

Ah—that was it. To arrange an

annuity for Calder—then he would look in on Tom. He would see what it was about him that gave him the curious look of strength. If his sleep had not been dreamless he would have thought he must have dreamed it. . . . But he had slept without dreams.

### V

HE went through the mill, stopping here and there to let his keen glance run down a room. He liked to see the men speed up as his eye lighted on them. It gave him a feeling of power—as if the command ran from his brain to the hundred arms and hands flying with the shuttles. . . . That was it—he was the brain—they were the hands and feet obeying his will. At his slightest nod they woke up.

He passed between the rows of humming machinery in rare good humour. In the door of the finishing-room he paused.

Across the room Tom Calder was speaking to a man, his face turned away and his back to the door.

Redfield stood looking. Tom was bending a little to give instructions to the man, but his shoulders did not stoop. Redfield scowled, and then a quick sense of irony woke. . . . He had just bought an annuity for Tom Calder's back—pensioned him off because he was poor and old and needy! Now here were the shoulders. . . .

He stood till Calder turned and looked at him. Then he nodded sharply.

Calder came over with easy step.

Redfield's eye waited.

"How about that waste?" he asked abruptly.

Calder's look was smiling a little—the careless smile of a man at ease.

"I looked into it—as soon as you spoke of it. It can't be done—without too much strain on the men."

"Speed 'em up, then!"

"And speed up their pay?" There was a quiet inflexion in the question that made Redfield glance up quickly.

"I'll attend to that end. You get the goods, pay or no pay—that's *your* business!"

Calder's face was unruffled. He stood looking across the room. It hummed in its even rhythm and the men's hands moved in swift harmony with it. . . . "I think they're going about the pace now," he said thoughtfully. "There's a point beyond a man or a machine—I'm coming to see it—if we go

## JOHN REDFIELD'S LEGS



"John Redfield sank back in his chair.  
'I shall not dress for dinner,' he said"—p. 608

*Drawn by  
Mao Kinlay*

beyond it, push things too far—they go smash—the man dis-integrates. . . . That's the real waste—the dis-integrating of a man—worse than a few pieces of stuff thrown out for imperfection." He ceased speaking. The room hummed rhythmically.

With a little nod Calder turned away.

The owner of the mill turned and left the room. He went straight to the office. He sat staring before him. The superintendent looked in and asked a question. Redfield moved a gruff hand.

"I'm busy!" he said.

After a time he looked up.

The superintendent was still there seated at a table running through a large pile of papers.

John Redfield started and looked at him

more closely. He took off his glasses and put them on again and looked. . . .

The superintendent had the back of an ox—but his back was alert—he looked alive—alive all through. Redfield stared.

Eben Moxom glanced up and smiled, and came over.

"I want to show you these accountings," he said.

"I am busy!" said Redfield. He looked away covertly. He had a flashing sense of Rip Van Winkle—twenty years' sleep in his eyes. He took off his glasses and polished them slowly.

The superintendent had not stirred.

"I think you would better look it over," he said. He bent and placed the paper on the desk.

## THE QUIVER

Redfield glanced down at it and made a few jottings, and pushed it with his finger.

"All right," he said. Moxom took it up.

"Then there are these." He placed a second list before him.

Redfield ran them through, and back and forth through the figures ran the surprise of Moxom's back. . . . What had got into Eben Moxom's back?

It flashed to him that there was the same look of power that was in Tom Calder's eyes, looking at him and telling him "to go to the dickens—with his waste."

"They are not afraid!" thought Redfield under his groping amazement. "They are not afraid of anything!" He handed back the papers, and the superintendent went out.

Redfield bent forward to watch him go.

He placed the tips of his fingers together and sat staring at them. Presently he moved his legs under the desk, cautiously one after the other. He drew them back to his chair and got up heavily and walked to a mirror set in the wall—he moved his legs before it. Stiff as a pike-staff! He grunted.

Through the door of the connecting room he heard women's voices, pitched low and excited. He scowled and turned. They were not supposed to talk.

Then he bent his head.

"And he says to me, he says: 'You can come twice every week for awhile.' So I'm going twice every week now. It's great when you begin to feel in your back!"

He rang for his car, and went directly home. He looked with distaste at his legs as he mounted the step on them.

Judson held open the door quickly. "I was coming down, sir!"

"I don't want you! Is there anything the matter with me, Judson?"

"Matter—sir?"

"Anything more than usual?" He glared at him.

"Why, no, sir, I should say not. Much as usual, I should say."

"Humph! No—I don't want you!" He climbed the stairs panting a little.

### VI

AFTER luncheon he fidgeted in the library. He wanted to go back to the mill. He thought of an excuse. He would tell Calder about the annuity, get it off his mind—take another look at Calder's shoulders. . . . Perhaps ask him what he had been doing to his shoulders.

Before he started he called up the sanatorium, and gave an abrupt order for his son's return. . . . He would keep the boy under his own eye for awhile. . . . Doctors were all fools.

Now for Tom Calder!

He met him in the passage-way coming from the new mill and stopped him with a nod.

"I want to see you," he said curtly.

"All right—" Tom turned to the door behind him. But Redfield stopped him, feeling suddenly uncomfortable under the straight gaze.

"We can talk here," he said. "It won't take a minute." They moved one side down the passage-way. At the far end the sunshine slanted in. Close behind them, down in the shadows, the water of the mill-race was lapping against the stones.

"It's about your pay," said Redfield abruptly. "I am giving you an increase."

Calder's eyes regarded him gravely.

"You are giving the men the fifteen per cent. they asked for?" His face lighted with it.

"No! I am going to give you one hundred per cent." In spite of himself the words boasted a little. He held up a hand as Tom turned quickly.

"Wait! I know what you are going to say—that it will not do to raise you—without the rest. But there are ways!" He chuckled a little.

"I have arranged for an annuity to be paid you quarterly—" He stopped. Tom Calder was looking at him. And he hurried on:

"To be paid you as long as you live—"

Tom's voice broke across it.

"You can go to the dickens with your annuity!"

Redfield's hand on the railing trembled. He leaned forward, his hand gripping the rail, the words half whispered.

"No one will know. . . . It stands in your wife's name."

"You hoand!" The words leaped out, and Redfield recoiled with swift glare.

"I'll get you—" he panted. His hand on the railing gripped it, the rail sagged and creaked, and Tom Calder's hand closed on his arm.

"Steady, Redfield! Steady!"

He drew him back along the passage. The piece of railing dropped to the water with soft splash. They heard the even lapping of the water.

Tom Calder looked away.

## JOHN REDFIELD'S LEGS

"You know I cannot take that money—unless the rest of the men get their rise. They are earning theirs as much as I am mine. Didn't the figures show—? They are doing better. They are earning as much as I am!"

"You can take it—or leave it!" Redfield's face smoldered. "You can take it—or leave the mill!"

Calder turned quickly.

"You mean that?"

"You will find out whether I mean it!" Redfield stood looking before him, blind rage in his eyes. The water lipped along the stones down in the darkness.

Tom Calder's hand relaxed.

"Very well—I will go. . . . It has been thirty years, you know."

"You've had your pay!" He turned on him.

"Oh, yes, I've had my pay."

After a moment Tom laughed.

"You have always paid me well," he said. Redfield shot a look.

"When you call for your envelope there will be a small bonus—" He stopped.

Tom's detached look measured him from head to foot, and he smiled, and then said, thinking aloud:

"You can keep your bonus. I think John Redfield needs a bonus more this minute than I do!" He turned with a little nod. Then Redfield watched the wide shoulders pass through the door of the finishing-room, and the door clicked.

He was alone in the passage-way. And at one end the sunshine slanted in. At the other end he heard the water of the mill-race slipping along against the foundation-stones in the dark.

### VII

THE superintendent looked up in surprise. John Redfield did not often return in the afternoon, except in time of crisis.

He moved towards the office, running the mill through his mind—full product, men contented, profits fair. . . . He opened the door.

"Sit down," said Redfield, looking a little haggard. He watched Moxom covertly—watched his ease and the clear look in his eyes.

"I want to go straight to the point. What's been going on," he said, "in the mill?" He shot a look at him.

"Never in better shape," said Moxom.

"You look it!" said Redfield. He laughed sharply.

Moxom started. Then he smiled.

"Oh—you mean me? You notice—do you?"

"A blind man would see it!" growled Redfield. "Out with it. What you been doing to yourself? Daily-dozen, bath-room exercises?"

Moxom laughed and shook his head.

"You've guessed wrong," he said.

"Well?" Redfield moved his stiff legs.

"Yes, I don't know quite how to tell you, or whether I can make it clear."

"Your back makes it clear enough, and your eyes—the whole of you!" Redfield's glance of envy swept him. "Out with it!" he said.

Moxom nodded. "It's a long story in one way. In another it's simple. I have learned how to take care of myself—that's all. I have found out that your body is a machine—as much a piece of machinery as any of those down there—" He moved a hand to the open window. The faint sound of humming came up from the mill—steady and unhurried in its rhythmic flow.

Redfield listened.

"Well?" he said.

Moxom nodded. "I have learned to take care of my machine—know how to run it, control it, make it do what I want it to. . . . That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Humph!" Redfield digested it. He drew in his legs one after the other.

"Easy?" he asked.

"I've worked like a dog at it!"

"How?"

Moxom was smiling gently. "That's the part that is difficult to make clear. . . . You would better ask Wolcott himself."

"Wolcott—?" He shot a glance.

"Yes, John Wolcott. He is the man I am training with."

"Oh, you're still at it?"

"I've only begun—been working three weeks with him. I don't pretend to understand it. I should misrepresent it if I tried to tell you. Go and ask Wolcott how he manages to train a man so that in a month's time he can co-ordinate himself—mind and body, and make his body do what he wills. . . . I am only beginning, I tell you." He stood up, and his figure seemed to tower over the master of the mill.

Redfield eyed him a minute.

Moxom stood with quiet confidence smiling at him.

"Go and ask Wolcott," he said.

## THE QUIVER

"Where is he—this Wolcott?" asked Redfield almost surlily.

"Number 10 Carew Street—opposite the bank. Better make an appointment."

Redfield made no reply. He owned Number 10 Carew Street. . . . His train of thought ran on. It slid into its accustomed groove. This man Wolcott would have to vacate—if he chose to exercise his power. . . .

"How many has he done already—here in this mill?"

"Oh, fifty, sixty, seventy-five perhaps. Tom Calder—"

"I've seen Calder," said Redfield shortly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"He told me nothing." He got up stiffly. "Bridgton has had enough of fake healers!" he said. A sudden twinge of pain made him sit down.

"Mental healing! Let him cure some real disease. Let him try his hand at a pair of legs like these!" he said. He thrust them out.

Moxom looked down at them. "You would be surprised at what he can do with almost any pair of old legs—if he puts in a new man to work them!" He was smiling.

Redfield would look him up—see what was in it.

When he left the mill he gave the order to drive by way of Carew Street.

The car drew up in front of his bank, but he did not get out at once. The chauffeur's head waited, attentive. He turned a little.

John Redfield was looking at the building across the street. His face was intent and harsh.

Presently he got out stiffly and crossed to Number 10. He rapped on a door at the right. When there was no response he opened it a little way and stepped in. The room was vacant.

A man coming from an inner room looked at him inquiringly and paused. He carried his hat in his hand and was evidently just leaving his office.

"I want a man by the name of Wolcott—John Wolcott," said Redfield.

"Come in!" The man opened the inner door and stepped back. He laid his hat on the table and stood waiting. He was small and slight and his shoulders stooped a little, only his eyes held the attention.

They looked through John Redfield—through the thickness of his skin and the bitterness of his thoughts—and waited.

"Well?" said Redfield sharply.

The man bowed. "I am John Wolcott," he said.

Redfield stirred. He slewed a little in his chair and looked him over once.

"You think you can cure disease, I hear—cure the diseases people think they have!" He smiled cynically.

The man did not reply. He stood by the table, his look fixed on the man before him.

Redfield coughed. "I have some difficulty—with my legs—heaviness in my body—don't sleep well."

John Wolcott raised his hand a trifle.

"Please—" he said.

Redfield looked up.

"It is not necessary," said the man in a quiet voice.

"I see. You don't have to know what is the matter?" He laughed shortly. "Cure anything, I suppose? Well, I am willing!" He sat back with an air of condescending assent.

"If you can cure me—cure these legs of mine"—he stretched them out—"I don't care what you use."

The man smiled slightly.

"I cannot cure you," he said.

"Humph!" Redfield's keen glance shot at him. "I thought so!"

The man was silent.

"You don't cure people that have anything the matter with them, then?"

"No." The word left it.

Redfield looked at him a moment musingly.

"I suppose you know I could have you arrested," he said softly, "for practising being a curer without a licence. . . ."

"I cure no men, and claim to cure no men. I train them—to take care of themselves, and if they take care of themselves they are well, and if they are well I find no fault with them, and they have no occasion to find fault with me."

"Same old story, isn't it?" said Redfield.

"Not quite. A man who is 'cured' may fall ill again to-morrow. A man who has learned how to control his body knows what it can do, and knows how to make it do what he wants it to do—can make it keep him well."

Redfield drew in one of his legs slowly. He sat up.

"You mean you can do that for any man?"

"I have yet to meet a man who I think could not, if he would, be trained to get



"He stood by the table, his look fixed  
on the man before him."

Drawn by  
Eric Kibbey



## THE QUIVER

hold of himself as I train him—he trained to keep his machine in good running order." The man smiled. There was no boasting in the words—they seemed to be considering whether he might meet a man sometimes—to-day or to-morrow—who would not be able to do this.

Redfield laid down his hat he had retained till now, impressively

"I put myself in your hands," he said, bending forward. "When do I begin?"

The man looked up. "You have misunderstood me," he said. "I do not intend to take you. I do not wish to take you."

The colour rose in Redfield's face till it was purple. His hands clinched.

The man considered him a minute. He looked him over with gentle detached gaze that seemed to pierce to the inwardness of the heavy bulk.

"You would be a difficult case," he said slowly. "The most important part of the training is that a man shall begin by being able to govern his temper—control at least his mind before he begins on his legs."

Redfield's smile was restrained and a little contemptuous. "I think you will find I have power. I can put things through when I start on them. I have power—and I know how to use it."

If it were a veiled threat, the man ignored it. "It is sometimes easier to control other people than to control oneself," he said. "Control of others, unfortunately, sometimes stops short of self-control."

Redfield's hand reached to his hat. "You will find I have power enough to put you out of business!" He stood up.

"I think not."

"I own this room—this building. . . ."

"And the bank across the way, I understand," Wolcott's glance was quiet. His hand made a slight gesture. "I have nothing but my two hands—nothing more. But my hands have in them power to recreate a man, soul and body. . . . I do not think you will put me out of business for that. . . ."

"Sit down, please. I am keeping you standing. It is bad for your difficulty."

Redfield turned half sullenly. He looked at the man and sat down.

The gentle glance watched him slowly, appraising the stiff, unwieldy movements.

"As it happens, I have already completed arrangements to go. I leave here to-morrow."

"You are not going!" It was almost a cry from Redfield. His hand reached and

gripped the table. He saw suddenly the look of Tom Calder's back and Moxom's great body moving lightly in Wolcott's eyes. . . . He held up a shaking hand.

"If you would stay— How much is it worth to you to stay?" He was on his feet now, his face peering forward at John Wolcott, as if he saw in him life and death, in his hands, moving from him. . . .

"You will stay!" Redfield grew excited. "You will stay for my son. . . . I do not ask for myself!"

The man's face grew gentle. His look deepened. "Sit down. I have told you I cannot stay. I have other appointments waiting me in other cities—"

"Where?"

The man held up a hand.

"No, you will not follow me. You will wait here with the others—wait till the man who carries on my work is free to take you."

"When does he come? My boy will be here to-night—I have sent for him." He was like a child, credulous in his excitement. "When does this man come?"

"He is here now," said Wolcott. "He has been working with me the last two months, helping me with other people in the evenings and on Sundays. A man by the name of Calder—Thomas Calder. He has a natural gift for this work. I have never seen a man with a fairer sense of justice, or one who is a better judge of men. You are safe in his hands. If you will excuse me now? I have work to do before I go."

### VIII

JOHN REDFIELD found his son at home when he arrived. The boy was tired from the long motor ride down from the hills, but recklessly glad to be at home.

They sat up until late by the fire, talking, and when they parted for the night Redfield felt that he knew the boy a little better. He even ventured on a word or two of fatherly advice. The boy smiled at him with the old wise smile of youth.

"That's all right, dad! Only a man has to find things out—for himself—if he's any good."

"Yes," said Redfield hastily. "Yes, I know!"

He lay awake thinking. He would take the boy abroad. They would travel for a year—two years—take Judson along with them. . . . A thought thrust in—

Let Russell see Calder. Let Calder train him!

## JOHN REDFIELD'S LEGS

He thrust it back. He saw the look in Calder's face turning from him in the passage-way—measuring him. Tom Calder should not have the chance to give Russell the look he gave him. He fell asleep full of plans. He did not reach to the sleeping-draught by his bed.

In the morning he saw the boy at breakfast watching him furtively. The frail link of the night before had snapped. When no one was looking after breakfast he slipped away, and when he came back his cheeks wore a deep flush, and he was elated and talked fast. He wanted a car of his own, for one thing—a car with some speed to it!

Redfield felt very old and tired and helpless, and his legs bothered him, and he promised. He could see himself travelling over Europe on those legs!

For a week he fought it—the thought of Tom Calder and what Calder might do for them. Then secretly he admitted it, and played with it. The next day he drove to Carew Street.

He found Calder was busy—no time free until five o'clock, the attendant told him. Tom was going it strong! He made an appointment for five o'clock, and drove away, a grim smile on his face.

But as the day wore on he found himself looking forward feverishly to five o'clock. Suppose Tom refused?

Turning Tom out of Number 10 Carew Street would not train his old legs to do what he told them to. He clenched his hand. He saw with amazement a giant power placed in the hands of one man. He thought of what it would be like—a Trust of Health controlled by one, or two, or three men. The wickedness of it appalled him!

Promptly on the stroke of five he drew up at Carew Street. But when he was shown into the inner office Tom Calder looked up with a quick word of excuse, and asked him to wait a minute.

He turned back to the young man seated in the chair before him. John Redfield watched with keen eyes.

They had forgotten his presence. Tom was giving a series of directions that the young man carried out with quick question or nod. They worked together like one man. Redfield's eyes glowed a little. No hocus-pocus, just straight common-sense training and hard work. He watched the young man's look deepen to quiet controlled attention as he followed Calder's quiet half-humorous directions.

John Redfield would give half his fortune—all his fortune—to see a look like that on Russell. He laid down his hat prepared to stay till he got his way with Tom Calder.

The young man went out, and Calder turned. The glow still lingered in his face and in his finger-tips.

"I've come to see whether you will take—me?" Redfield looked at him straight.

Calder was looking down, his face was thoughtful.

Redfield watched him narrowly. "If money is any object," he half-murmured.

"It isn't," said Calder simply. "I am only wondering whether it is worth while."

Redfield stiffened. "There are rather large interests here in Bridgton that depend on me—on my health."

"Do they?" The question was quiet. Redfield looked up quickly. Calder met the look. He smiled.

"We both know, don't we, that the Bridgton Mills are valuable because of a little idea a man sitting on a chopping-block thought of once." His eyes on Redfield's face watched it grow white.

"You were paid for that!" said Redfield thickly.

Calder nodded. Redfield swallowed a little.

"See here—Calder! Before heaven, I never meant to cheat you!"

"You did not cheat me. You paid me what we both thought the idea was worth. That it became very valuable later—was your luck."

"Yes, my luck!" He moistened his lips; he breathed more freely. "You have never laid it up against me!" He half-whispered it.

"Why should I lay your luck against you?" Calder smiled. "I've sometimes thought your luck was rather bad—on the whole. I only bring up the invention now as a kind of measure of value in a man, since you were saying the Bridgton Mills depend on you."

Redfield eyed him a moment grimly. Then his face relaxed somewhat, the grimness left it.

"All right! Cure me. I'll give anything I have to feel the way you look!"

Calder laughed shortly. "It's not a question of money; it's the question, what will you do with it?"

"Do with—it?" Redfield stared.

"Do with your health and strength if I take you on and you get it back?"

Redfield smiled dryly. "I'll eat one good

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meal—for one thing! Then I'll make business hum!"

"I thought so!" Calder nodded with emphasis. "You want a good machine—to digest your breakfast with."

Redfield glowered. "Of course, if you take it that way!"

"What other way is there to take it? I have only so many half-hours in a day, and if I take you I cannot take someone else. If I put new life into a man, it's part of my business to see it is used for something besides digesting pork-chops or going on owning a mill."

The even irony of the words flicked Redfield's face. He got up.

"I am sorry I troubled you to explain," he said with dignity. "But—"

He turned away.

Calder was watching him narrowly.

"What is it, Redfield?"

"It's my boy—Russell!" The man looked at him through suppressed tears. "I'd give my life—for him. . . . It's no kind of life, but I'd give it!" He sat down rent with fierce harsh breath. Calder's hand rested on him.

"That's all right!" he said slowly. "I'll take the boy for you—take him for his own sake! There's stuff in Russell. Bring him in."

John Redfield got stiffly to his feet. His legs bore him to the door. He turned and looked back. He nodded once and tried to speak.

Then he turned and went out.



The Village Cutler

(See "How did the English Village Grow?"—page 643)

# THE MISSIONARY as he is and as he is supposed to be

by EDWARD  
SHILLITO

**I**N the "Pickwick Papers" the charge is brought by Mr. Stiggins against Tony Weller that he had "an obderrate besom." He had resisted the pleading of sixteen of our fairest sisters, and withstood their exhortations to subscribe to our noble society for providing the infant negroes of the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs. The impenitent Tony had declared that these negroes were "little humbugs," and had offered, instead of providing "flannel veskits" for them, to come down handsome towards "straight veskits" for some people at home.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Weller, Senior, though he combined "vidth with visdom," was always speaking the mind of Charles Dickens. But from "Pickwick" and from "Bleak House" it is clear that Dickens, like Cobbett and many others, had a mental picture of certain missionaries as occupied with the distribution of moral pocket handkerchiefs, and as the smug and pious preachers standing under palm trees in the tropics. Later in his life Dickens, in his large-hearted way, wrote words concerning Livingstone of the most sincere and reverent praise. And it must be admitted that if there were foolish people, such as he described, he did well to attack them. The missionary as he imagined him to be would have been a contemptible creature. But, like Mrs. Harris, "there weren't no sich person."

## The Caricature Remains

But the caricature still remains in the popular mind. To many he is an extremely correct and conventional person who, somewhere under palm trees, exhorts primitive tribes to accept all the cus-

toms of Western Christendom—pews, hymn books, tracts—and induces them to put on unsuitable clothes. There *may* be such missionaries, but they are rare exceptions to the general rule.

They were never like that, not even in 1836 and 1837, when "Pickwick" was adding to the gaiety of the ages. Long before that day great and noble men had carried the Christian Faith to the east and the south. Henry Martin had burned out before his



The Missionary—as pictured in the comic Press

## **THE QUIVER**

time on the plains of America, leaving a monument of amazing scholarship and the story of a devotion which can never die. Morrison had died two years previously with the following works to his credit: the compilation of the Chinese Dictionary, which is the foundation upon which all other scholars have been trained; the establishment of an Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the book language of China. He had done something more than give "flannel veskits" to the Chinese.

### **The Apostle of India**

William Carey, the Apostle of India, had finished his life two years before "Pickwick" appeared in its monthly parts. Sydney Smith had jested at him as a consecrated cobbler; and to many others he was simply a fanatic, discoursing to the patient Hindoos under palm trees. (To be under a palm, anyhow, must be a jollier thing than to be in an ordinary pulpit!) But Carey was not only an astounding scholar, he was a fine naturalist, and his botanic garden was the most remarkable of its kind in India. He

was always begging his friends to send him tulips, daffodils, snowdrops, and other flowers. He desired also lizards, frogs, serpents, and other creeping things. Whether in Northamptonshire or in Calcutta he was an ardent lover of nature. When he was near the end he appeared to be in great distress; this was the reason: "Oh, when I'm gone Brother Marshman will let the cows into my garden!" Dickens would have loved that touch.

Of this man and his two colleagues, despised by those who did not know them as ignorant fanatics, Sir W. W. Hunter spoke these words in an address before the Society of Arts: "They gave the first impulse to the native press. They set up the first steam engine in India; with its help they introduced the modern manufacture of paper on a large scale. They translated and printed the Bible or parts thereof into thirty-one (nay, more) languages, earning the main part of their funds with their own hands. They built a college," and, moreover, they founded the present Protestant Church in India. Not a bad life-work for a consecrated cobbler!



Dr. Pennell of the Frontier as a Pathan

### **A Missionary—and a Statesman**

About the time that Dickens was publishing "Pickwick" an heroic missionary was addressing immense crowds in England during his last visit to this country before he returned to the Pacific to a martyr's death. John Williams was a skilled craftsman who knew how to build ships. From island to island in the Pacific, still largely unknown, he took his way. He was a tireless preacher, but he is remembered now not only as a missionary, but as a far-seeing statesman. He introduced a new ideal of Empire. Other whites had visited these islands to gain something from them; he was the first to show to these primitive folk the sharp sight of a visitor coming to give—not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And if the British rule in the Pacific is strong and enduring it is due to the ideal which this brave man taught and lived. They who went to get have not even got; he who went to give and to serve remained: a hundred years before the League of Nations gave its approval to the principle of the mandate John Williams saw it and proclaimed it. Yet if John Williams had been lecturing in the town of Dorking, Tony Wel-

## THE MISSIONARY AS HE IS

her would have dismissed him as a pious humbug!

### **Livingstone's Influence**

Livingstone was a missionary and rejoiced in his calling. But who could have been more unlike the conventional caricature? The story of his travels is an Odyssey of courage and endurance. At the time when "Bleak House" was appearing he was setting out upon his perilous journey along the Zambesi, and then westwards to Loanda, and then back again over the same path, for he would not break his word to his carriers, whom he had promised to take home. Livingstone would have made short work of Mrs. Jellyby; and it should be admitted at once that when his story was known, not only was the caricature of a missionary corrected in the mind of Charles Dickens, but throughout the country a new respect began to be felt for the calling which this hero had adorned. He became known. But it must not be forgotten that many others, as daring and as unconventional as he, were allowed to live and work without recognition, and dismissed as amiable or even canting preachers, who lived upon the gifts of foolish men and women at home.

It is no less true to-day that the missionary as he is known to his friends is very far removed from the missionary as he appears at times in the comic papers. Not long ago a group of students had been listening spellbound to the story of work done by their visitor in an Indian district. The speaker had shown a remarkable knowledge of agriculture and other things. At the end he said that he was a missionary, and as a missionary had done his work to rescue the Indian villager from the Shylocks who grind him down. The students were incredulous, and thought at first he was pulling their leg. They would be equally incredulous if they saw others as they are.

### **A Friend of the People**

There is the missionary whose working garb can be seen from the picture. For well over twenty years he has been the teacher and friend of his tribe. As handy with a surgeon's knife as with a tennis-racket, linguist, educationist, industrial worker, he has been a builder of the new life for his people. Not a bit like the conventional missionary. They have a church in his big parish now, built by a colleague of his with the help of his boys. This



**The Missionary as he is. Ready for service.  
(Rev. H. Cecil Nutter, of Central Africa.)**

church, strongly made of stone, would not displease any village in England. In the intervals between distributing moral pocket handkerchiefs the missionary does a great many things.

The present literary superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society did not always work in Queen Victoria Street, London. Once he was a missionary in Central Africa, and being there he helped to write one of the finest scientific studies of a primitive people in existence. But he knew also how to use his trowel, and there are bricks laid in Africa by his hands. Each man in his time plays many parts in the mission field; a free life is his lot even though he has many sorrows and anxieties. The one



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thing he dislikes most is the pity of "dear people" at home; and the one joke that never fails to entertain him is the picture of himself in the comic papers.

Being missionaries, they are not given a passport by the wild beasts of their country. They have to be handy in primitive lands—with them it is the only way to market sometimes. The man with his gun in his hand, seated upon a hippopotamus, bears no outward and visible signs either that he is a missionary or that he is a Methodist missionary. But such was his calling. The truth is that a good missionary makes his home among his tribe and shames their life so far as it is sound and clean. He learns their tongue; he teaches them to read; he writes their language; he records their songs; he goes out with them to the river or to the fields. Sometimes he is their prophet, warning them of the fate which will befall them if they persist in evil. Sometimes a Mary Slessor becomes almost a queen, like Deborah of old, among her tribe in Calabar. They are none the less faithful witnesses to the Christian faith because they live it.

### The Missionary in Another Rôle

The doctors among the missionaries will certainly not be pictured according to the popular caricature. Dr. Albert Schweitzer, famous throughout Europe as theologian, known as a fine student of music, is a medical missionary in the Congo. There each day, in his hour of rest, he plays his beloved Bach on a grand piano given him by the Paris Bach Society. Dr. Howard Somervell was in the first party to attempt Mount Everest; travelling through India, he came to a mission hospital and lent a hand. The need was so great that he felt he simply could not take an English appointment. He is in the new party making the second attack on Everest, but he is at present on leave as a medical missionary.

Space forbids one to tell of men and women who are teaching crafts and industries to the people of the East and the South. Their work in education is now recognized by all Governments. More than

ninety per cent., for example, of the education given to the African has been done by missionaries. They have tried to lead out, for that is the meaning of education, the child races or the ancient races, swiftly awakening to the modern world, into all that is true and pure and excellent. Nor must it be forgotten that these men and women, condemned as pietists and sentimentalists by those who do not know them, have often been the solitary champions of their tribes against the greed of unscrupulous men.

### John Mackenzie of Africa

In the story of Africa there will always be a place for the name of John Mackenzie, whose foresight and wisdom as an administrator were admired, even by his enemies. He left for a time his calling as missionary for the work of statesmanship, but he was always the missionary in his heart and purpose, and when his work as administrator was ended he went back to a mission station and ended his days the diligent pastor of an African tribe.

But John Mackenzie, as Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes and Lord Milner knew well, was not the conventional missionary. Nor was James Chalmers, of Papua, to whom Robert Louis Stevenson said, "if I had met you when I was a boy, how different my life would have been!" Nor was Pennell of the Afghan Frontier, who became so like to his beloved Pathans that British soldiers ordered him out of a refreshment room as a fakir. Nor is Grenfell of Labrador, or Laws of Livingstonia, or a host of others, doctors, industrial teachers, educationists, statesmen, linguists. But whatever is their activity they would glory in the title of missionary, which is derived from the Latin word meaning apostle.

They serve one purpose. They have one master. They look for one great kingdom. To India and China and Africa they will be as much as St. Augustine and St. Columba were to us in these northern lands. Therefore let them go with our godspeed, as one of their own number says:

"Now from Dome of Paul to task of Paul  
Peter's Abbey-Church to Peter's fate."



# The Examination Mania

*Is It Carried Too Far?*

By Agnes M. Miall

WITH a feeling akin to despair I have just been reading the qualifications necessary for those who aspire to the latest career opened to women—that of income-tax collectors.

Doubtless the standard in that job is the same for both sexes, to wit: whole-time studentship at a recognized university, a sound and extensive knowledge of accountancy and the passing of the specific Civil Service examination. No modest demands, you perceive!

The first condition presumably means three years at a university and the taking of a degree; this involves three examinations: Matriculation, Intermediate and the Final. What "a sound and extensive knowledge of accountancy" may connote is uncertain; but if it implies the full training of an accountant, this takes a minimum of three years for a graduate and involves the passing of two more stiff examinations, while practising the profession in the day time; that is, provided the very costly articles can be afforded. If not, the time is much longer.

Finally, comes the Civil Service examination—the sixth—which is necessary. And the successful candidate, if by this time not dead with overwork or grey with old age, may then hope to start earning her living at the regal commencing figure of £130 a year.

## Unemployment the Reward

Or take accountancy itself—a profession which still remains largely one for men. A university graduate may qualify in a minimum of three years and two examinations, his Matriculation exempting him from the Accountants' Preliminary; that is, provided his parents are of such means that they can pay from fifty to five hundred guineas for his articles and keep him for several years while he works them out unsalaried. If he is too poor for this he will be from seven to nine years on the road to full qualification.

And afterwards? Well, certainly the times are out of joint, and the amount of

unemployment abnormal. But I know of one fully equipped and experienced accountant who has been trying in vain for two years to get an appointment, the profession being decidedly overcrowded at the moment. And when, the other day, for the first time two women finished the long and stiff course of examinations necessary to make actuaries, it was stated that they had little or no hope of obtaining posts, as the profession was already overstocked.

Take almost any profession one can name—the Church, the law, medicine, architecture—and think of the long years and hundreds of pounds spent in training for them; time and money which go largely in a multiplication of examinations for the unlucky candidates.

## More and Greater Demands

According to a recent article advocating the taking up of dentistry by women, students of either sex must spend four years in training and pass an examination at the end of each year. And so the tale goes on. Turn where one will, examinations, involving infinite time, money and vital energy, abound; every year sees new ones introduced on the ground of greater efficiency, raising the standard of the profession, and so forth.

Side by side with this is the tendency to demand the possession of the magic letters B.A., or similar initials, in careers in which such an academic qualification was undreamt of a few years ago. It is significant that since the war London University has established two entirely new degrees—the B.Com. for young people entering business (I believe the first candidates have recently qualified), and the two-year Diploma of Journalism. Both involve whole-time attendance at the University and the usual quota of examinations.

Hitherto commerce has been the one great stronghold of those whose means, talents or inclinations did not lead them to a university course. But if the B.Com. becomes as recognized in the business world as the once new-fangled training for Saitey Gamps

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now is in the nursing body, it is difficult to see how those whom necessity drives to the earning of a living at sixteen or seventeen will ever be more than mere slaves on a mere pittance held down from all the worth-while positions by wealthier folk who had leisure to enjoy the social delights of the university for two or three years.

Craziest of all, the modern inclination is to try to measure by the academic examination rule those most unmeasurable and incalculable of all careers—the arts.

### The Examination No Criterion

You may smile at my applying such a lofty term to journalism, which London University is now trying to fetter with a Diploma, "to raise the standard of the profession"—a reason that genuine journalists feel to be insulting. It is true that journalism and its allied branches are not, strictly speaking, an art; but neither are they by any means wholly a trade. Journalism is, I suppose, the daughter of a *mésalliance* between ideals and the commercial instinct, and so is subject to the disadvantages of both and to the mild contempt which is felt for a hybrid.

But it has this vital characteristic of the arts, as apart from the trades—that a journalist is born, not made. Lacking a certain vital spark, a young man or girl might take a dozen diplomas, qualify in a score of literary schools, and never make a journalist; whereas the born exponent will train himself in the only effective way, from life, from experience, no matter how much you deny to him—though it is hardly a deprivation—a course of scholastic instruction.

As for the stage, one has no hesitancy in ranging that among the arts. In the old days an eager aspirant struggled somehow into a good company, in the humblest capacity, walking on, watching rehearsals, with the continual inspiration of the best players before his eyes. He learnt by his own mistakes and by their triumphs, and slowly, surely, if he had that incommunicable something which makes an actor, he climbed to eminence, having always at his back that sure technique which can never be learnt in a twelvemonth from any teacher.

But nowadays we have dramatic schools. Here the aspirant spends a season or two of intensive study, trying to assimilate in a few terms what can only be acquired from half a lifetime of attempts and failures. Then comes an examination, a public

"show," with a line of kindly praise from the Press, and the proud dramatic student expects to start in a West End company right away.

Right away! It's those words, I think, which are the key to our growing mania for specialization, and yet more specialization, attended by an orgy of examinations. Always the idea is: "Hurry, hurry! You may think I am wasting my time on this three years' course. But what if it enables me to cut out all the drudgery, all the lean early years, and begin half-way up the ladder of fame?"

Yet still, although examinations appear to the few who keep clear of them to take much time and money without anything like commensurate gain, they are regarded by their devotees as magic short cuts. It is as we worship increasingly at the shrine of the god of Hurry, with his slogan: "Get on or get out—quick!" that we exalt the examination more and more and crowd ever another into our scheme of things, till set tests of one sort or another become an end as well as a means.

### A Form of Avarice

The thing gets hold of its victims. In a real sense there is an examination habit just as there is a drug habit. Passing tests, accumulating letters after one's name—these become a form of avarice and satisfy an inherent craving for excitement. This seems to be especially the case with women. I have met more than one brilliant girl, who, despite the stern necessity of making a living, has spent years of precious youthful leisure qualifying again on slightly different lines in a profession in which she was already adequately equipped, or taking one degree after another out of pure greed of scholastic achievement.

Such devotees soon disillusion one, if any disillusionment is needed, as to the much-vaunted efficiency of the examination as a criterion of ability. The experienced passer of examinations usually has a profound contempt for them—her respect being for the distinction they win her—and she will freely admit that her armoury against them is a good memory and a set of well-worn tricks.

"Examinations! Pooh!" One girl, who spent the ten best years of her life incessantly passing them brilliantly, used to say to me: "You don't need to be clever to get honours. You don't even need to know your subject. As a matter of fact, the people with the profoundest knowledge

## THE EXAMINATION MANIA

often fail, because they know so much that they can't disentangle quickly enough the answers to the few exam. questions. It's simply a question of cramming. After a bit you get to know instinctively the kind of thing you'll be asked, and you cram that up, cram, cram, cram. It lasts you over the exam., and the next day it's all gone—learnt too quickly, you see. But what does it matter? You've passed!"

Comment is superfluous.

Someone says: "Examinations have many disadvantages. But they are necessary, all of them. How else are you to discover if a person is suitable for such-and-such an appointment?"

### A Shallow Kind of Test

Well, you won't discover it by setting a written test, it seems to me. What that will reveal, or fail to reveal, is not character or genuine abilities, but memory, a mechanical and unthinking quickness, astuteness in getting down to essentials and in reading the examiner's routine of mind. For any profession requiring these attributes, and these only, then the examination should prove a perfect method of weeding-out.

But these, surely, are of minor importance. In any career, anywhere, apart altogether from special abilities, it is certain broad moral attributes which are, and must be, the foundations of success. The ability to work hard, to think clearly, the power of concentration—also good health, since all these mental traits are partly dependent on physical conditions—these are the essentials. Of what use is an examination here?

I remember discussing this once with a woman teacher, member of a profession that, more perhaps than any other, is ridden with the examination fetish and the examination standards of fitness.

"But you *must* have exams," she contended stoutly. "Suppose I'm a head mistress and I have to appoint a staff. Women come to me applying for the various posts. They are strangers. I've had no opportunity of seeing their minds in action. I haven't watched them conduct a lesson. I must judge them on their degrees and their academic qualifications."

But why? The business man—for the B.Com. degree is too new to have affected him yet, whatever it may do in twenty years' time—does not use the examination test of suitability when interviewing an

applicant for a position in his office, or shop, or warehouse. Certainly the candidate is a stranger; certainly he knows nothing about him, like the head mistress. But he does not judge by certificates.

Ambitious young shorthand typists or book-keepers often spend much precious spare time in passing shorthand tests or taking examinations in book-keeping, and go to interviews fortified with a sheaf of white and gold certificates. I remember falling into this trap—for trap it is—in my ambitious teens. I went trembling to many interviews, ready to brag about my passing of a famous shorthand test at so many words a minute; of having taken honours in commercial French at such-and-such a Business Institute.

Always I found that I never even reached the point of mentioning these vast distinctions.

"Shorthand speed?" the prospective employer would ask.

I'd tell him. "And I passed——"

He'd cut me short quite ruthlessly. "Very well, then, take down this letter and transcribe it on that machine over there, to give me an idea what you can do."

And as for my prized commercial French: "Translate this telegram for me, please. We get lots of this kind. And, Miss Jones, this young lady says she speaks fluent French. Just talk to her, will you, in French, and see how she strikes you?"

Any faltering then, any hesitancy in understanding and answering the rapid colloquialisms poured on one—and that employer had found you out and dismissed you, whatever examinations you might have passed.

### What Happens in Commerce

The commercial man judges you by your personality, your speech, your manner, your past experience. If you are a beginner with no past experience, he has rough-and-ready immediate tests which are infinitely more useful to him than examinations quite remote from his needs. No man of sufficient sense and judgment to be in a position of authority is stumped by the lack of letters after your name or ornate certificates. He will always find a way of satisfying himself in ten minutes as to your ability for his job.

When I applied for my first editorial post I was young and entirely without knowledge of the work. I could not even read proofs. The editor visibly hesitated.

But never did it occur to him to ask about

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my education or examinations. The man who cannot assess a candidate's schooling from her accent, her choice of words and her general bearing is unfit to employ others. He began quietly to talk to me about books and authors, and in five minutes he must have deduced from my replies, my enthusiasms and my blanks, a pretty accurate idea of my knowledge of and attitude towards literature—a rather important qualification on a periodical designed to form the book taste of others.

Then he asked me if I had written anything. Of course I had—and had things published! It was something to have had things published at my juvenile age. My tone said so, and he knew it, anyway.

"Send along anything you have had printed," he told me kindly. I did, and was given the post.

### Why not in the Scholastic World?

Now why cannot this short, accurate method, which allows for individual peculiarities as no stereotyped examination ever can, and which gives a sporting chance to the person temperamentally and mentally unfitted to the strain of the examination room, be applied in the scholastic world? Make the untried teacher give a test lesson, either to the class or in the privacy of the headmistress' study, for her benefit alone. Talk to her about methods of handling children and presenting information; find out, in fact, whether she can *teach*.

Many a brilliant graduate has little or no capacity to explain what she knows so that a child can grasp it. Whereas the born teacher, the enthusiast to whom expounding and making clear are a vocation and a joy, will always be keen enough to acquire the actual information she has to impart. And in no place more than in our schools does personality count—that elusive quality which may be gauged by a discerning principal in a personal interview, but cannot be attested by any examination board in the world.

I am not so optimistic as to suppose that we ever shall, or even could, do without examinations altogether; but it is time vigorous protest was made against many existing examinations which are futile and productive of infinite waste of years, health and money. It is time we scrutinized the subject without prejudice and stamped out our growing tendency to pile them up ever more and more.

When a new law was passed two years

ago forbidding the appearance of children on the stage at all under the age of twelve, one of the wisest and best-known children's trainers protested that the veto had been placed at exactly the wrong period of the little ones' lives.

"Up to twelve," she said, "acting does children no harm whatever, for they look upon it simply as fun, and they are not working hard enough at school for it to overtax them. But with the teens comes the period of rapid and trying growth, and the mental stimulus which leads a child to realize the value of education and to become really keen about lessons. That is just the wrong time to subject the girl or boy to any extra strain."

And that is just the time when we pile upon their slender shoulders the stress, the indoor confinement and the additional home lessons entailed by the various public examinations, which are said to be so valuable in getting a child to work and in preparing him or her for the professional examinations which must follow later.

If we could have fewer professional examinations—perhaps get back to some extent to the old apprenticeship system, though this is too big a subject to be taken in passing—this motive of practice would largely disappear. And if examinations were regarded with less favour by public opinion than they are at present, schools would not have the same interest in upholding these outside tests as a means of covering their teaching with glory and credit.

### The Health Point of View?

The leisure of an adolescent is invaluable. On the mental and emotional side it makes for growth and culture by means of hobbies, friendships, games, loyalties of various kinds. It is nonsense to maintain, as some school authorities do, that even the clever child can take public examinations in his stride and without extra work and strain being entailed. As C. C. Colton said: "Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared; for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer."

On the physical side, rest and recreation are essential to the rapidly developing adolescent. It is not scaremongering to point out that numerous cases of severe nervous breakdown, incurable epilepsy, and even insanity are brought on by examination pressure during the later school years; everyone with any experience among young people knows of such happenings.

# His Second Venture

by  
Mrs. BAILLIE REYNOLDS

## SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS

RITA KNIGHT, an attractive widow of thirty-eight, travels from India with a Colonel Caron, widower, whose acquaintance she made during her ten years' stay in that country. They reach Dover where they are met by Lynlsey Eldrid, brother-in-law to the Colonel. Rita has one daughter, Valery, who, during her mother's absence abroad, has been in charge of a governess, Miss Kirby (known as Kirdes), during which time the daughter has developed into a somewhat unattractive figure, of a big, clumsy order. Val prepares for her mother's reception: the latter is obviously taken aback at the sight of her ungainly daughter whom she merely remembers as a "wee airlie."

Colonel Caron, who lives in Hertfordshire, and has three children, decides to visit Grendon, Rita's home in Westmorland, taking with him his son, Lance, and there meets a certain Sir Ocho Jerrold. Val and Lance become great friends, but that same night the boy is taken ill with pneumonia.

## CHAPTER V

### A Night Run

COLONEL CARON looked up swiftly, flung down his cards upon the table and left the room, followed most reluctantly by his hostess.

Lance was a very handsome boy, in a somewhat effeminate style. He looked bewitching with his ruffled hair and scarlet colour as he lay tossing from side to side, breathing in hurried gasps from the top of the lung, and babbling short, disconnected sentences.

"But, mother—surely, mother—if it was wrong to fight, my father wouldn't be a soldier," he wailed out.

Caron coloured hotly. "Delirious," he muttered, "poor little chap. All right, old man; don't you worry."

"It's the fever makes him talk," murmured Miss Kirby gently. "He ought not to have travelled to-day."

The colonel made a quick sound of exasperation and helplessness. "My fault, I suppose. I saw he was a bit off colour," he muttered; "but a man doesn't understand children, and these have been encouraged to think about themselves till you never know whether a thing's real or whether they're spoofing you."

The door opened very quietly as he spoke. He looked up and saw Valery standing there, attired in her chauffeur's garb.

"I'm just off," she said in lowered tones,

"to fetch Dr. Bell. I'll have him here in an hour. Meanwhile, Kirdles knows what to do. I had pneumonia once, and she can make a poultice."

"Miss Knight, do you suppose I can permit this?" interjected Caron, rising and striding to the door. She laughed.

"It isn't a case of your permission, I'm afraid. The doctor has got to be fetched, and I know where he lives and can bring him back with me."

"Surely there's someone you could send?"

"Nobody but me can drive the car," she answered, turning her back and walking off.

He pursued. "Then I'm coming with you."

"Why, there isn't a bit of need. Oh, I don't know, though, perhaps there is. You could jump out and open gates for me, could you not? That saves time, and besides the two drive gates there's one right across the road, half-way up the dale."

"Of course. Wait while I get a cap and a coat."

"Right! Then if you don't mind coming round to the garage, we'll start from there, to save time."



Of all things that Caron could never have foreseen, this, that he should be rushing through the purple, star-sown night, with a girl at the wheel of the car, was surely the wildest of improbabilities. And such a girl! So unlike all one's dreams of girlhood—so big and stout and matter-of-fact, so capable.



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As he was borne along he found himself finally bidding adieu in his heart to what he now realized had been his half-formed intention of marrying Val's mother. Rita was evidently no matron for his orphan asylum; her attitude towards the present crisis told him that. Let her marry Jerrold. He would be her master; looked as if he might beat her, should occasion arise.

"Why didn't we roll up Lance in blankets and bring him with us?" he presently demanded. "There's sure to be a hospital or a nursing home in Ulleswater."

"Oh, why do a risky thing like that? He's all right at Grendon."

"But the trouble to your mother——"

"Kirdles and I will see that mother is not troubled," was the brief reply. He thought the girlish voice hardened as with scorn.

"You drive well," he presently told her.

"Love it. Mother says I ought to have been a boy. I like tinkering with machinery. The village carpenter and I have just been fitting all our house up with electric bells. I would install light, too, if mother would buy an oil engine; but she won't, because she doesn't like the Grange—doesn't want to stay here."

"You like it?"

"Oh yes, it's my home. Now that I've got this car I like it more than ever. Queer thing. I've always liked animals, gardens, children, machinery. I've always had the first two, now I've got machinery—and Lance as well, for a while at least. If it were not such a fiendish thing to say, I'd confess that I'm half glad he's ill, as I shall have him all to myself."

"But I must engage a nurse."

"Nonsense. Here are Kirdles and I, one for night and one for day. Don't you do it, unless Dr. Bell says it's absolutely necessary. Here we are at his house. Open the gate, please."

As he dismounted to do her bidding he sighed. This was the right stuff. A pity Nature had wrapped it in so unattractive a package!

### CHAPTER VI

#### The Fatal Kiss

IT was double pneumonia, aggravated, as might be expected, by the exposure of the patient to the draughts and fatigues of a long journey while in a feverish condition.

There descended upon the Grange an atmosphere of anxiety—of hushed suspense—that rapidly deepened into alarm.

Caron was ashamed of himself because he was conscious of so little affection for the sick child. Were there to be no recovery, he had a humiliating suspicion that Valery, the stranger, would feel it more keenly than did he, the father. His own son! . . . A horrible thought.

"What is the matter with me is that I'm a hard-hearted brute," he told himself. "That's probably why Blanche and I couldn't hit it. I must be without natural affection."

Yet, with human inconsistency, he found himself condemning with disgust the unfeeling attitude of Rita, who kept aloof from it all. "I'm of no use at a child's sick bed—never was—never had any practice," she murmured. And Caron had to put constraint upon himself not to inquire of her what practice her young daughter could have had, which had turned her into an expert.

He did not reflect that the contretemps was really very hard upon Rita. The last thing she had expected was to have sickness in the house. She fled from it, and went golfing with Sir Otho.

Pneumonia is an alarming complaint to watch. It needs both courage and resource in the nursing; the crisis, however, comes speedily. The whole thing is short and sharp.

Dr. Bell, secure in his knowledge of Miss Kirby and her pupil, did not insist upon a professional nurse.

When, the second day, having made his last visit in the evening, about eight o'clock, he made an excuse about distance and accepted Caron's only half-serious offer of his own bed for the night, the father felt that the outlook must be grave indeed.

By Miss Kirby's advice, Mrs. Knight was not told that the doctor was remaining in the house. "She would only fuss because there is no room to give him," said the good woman simply. "I'll find you some rugs, Colonel Caron, and you must do as you can by the schoolroom fire."

"You know how gladly I will do anything to lessen your trouble," was his fervent assurance.

All that night he kept drowsy watch, dropping off in an arm-chair from time to time, then rousing himself to creep on tiptoe along the passage to the half-open door of the sick room.

## HIS SECOND VENTURE

Val's schoolroom was upstairs—snug, sunny and shabby; the room in which she and Kirdles had lived so comfortably together; in which canaries sang, puppies were reared, sick chickens nursed to health, story books read through long winter evenings. . . . The colonel took down a well-thumbed copy of "Black Beauty," and smiled over some of Val's childish marginal notes.

At about four o'clock he returned from a fruitless reconnaissance. It revealed no change in Lance's condition, which he knew to be critical. He was, however, so overcome with weariness that he threw himself down upon the soft old sofa, dragged over him the eider-down quilt with which Miss Kirby had supplied him, and yielded to overpowering somnolence.

He was awakened by a low sound, which at first he could not identify. Was it the hard, terrible struggle for breath which had so distressed him on his last visit to his son? The noise persisted; and as he grew more fully awake he knew that someone was sobbing, quite close to where he lay.

Throwing off his covering, he rose to his slippered feet and looked about him.

Daylight was filtering into the room through the drawn blinds—the clear, sunlit radiance of a May morning. The birds in the park were pouring out a regular Peer Gynt symphony of heart-moving music.

Crouched and huddled into the big chair by the expiring fire was a figure in a dark red flannel dressing-gown, over which hung a long rope of glistening hazel hair. It was Valery, crying her heart out, and evidently quite unaware of his own presence.

His heart moved in his side as if physically. It was over, then. Lance was dead.

His son. His elder son. To him Lance had been little more than a nuisance—something to be disputed over with Blanche as to education and all kinds of training.

And now he was gone. He had swiftly escaped into some wider world, from which, perhaps, he might look back and examine critically his father's attitude towards him.

Oh, marriage was the very dickens . . . and fatherhood was worse. Nevertheless, it was he—he and not that big-hearted girl—who ought to be shedding those tears.

Trembling with emotion, he bent down over her and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Miss Knight—is it—is it—is my boy gone?"

She sat upright with a great start, grasp

ing the arms of her chair. She could not rise, because he was stooping right over her. Her face was flushed, tears lay upon her cheeks; in that moment she seemed transfigured into something which to him was very like beauty.

"Oh, no—no! I'm crying for—happiness!" she gasped. "He's asleep—his skin's acting—at last, at last! Dr. Bell says he'll—do—now!"

"Thank God!" The words came from some fundamental deep in Caron's being. "And I owe it to you. You plucky girl—to you!"

As naturally as he might have kissed Aster, he took the quivering face of Valery between his hands, and, bending his handsome head, kissed her full upon the mouth.

How does Nature send her messages from lips to the very centre of being? And, heaven pity us, why are such messages so often entirely misleading?

The touch of a man's lips, for the first time in all her virgin girlhood, metamorphosed the universe to Valery Knight, wholesome, normal, loving creature that she was. Therewith, this man was no longer "Lance's father," but became a mystery of sex—someone who had awakened in her feelings such as had been until that moment not merely unknown, but unsuspected.

Caron was so carried away by his enthusiasm of gratitude that he repeated his salute, twice, thrice; while to the girl the world reeled, and for the first time she knew what it was to feel faint.

An ejaculation that was not quite a cry broke in upon his stammering delight. Jumping as if he had been shot, he wheeled round, to find the schoolroom door standing open and in the aperture the figure of Mrs. Knight, upon her face an expression in which bewilderment struggled with acid displeasure. She supposed at first that her guest was kissing one of the maids.

"Colonel Caron! Who and what——" She broke off, speechless, as Valery's tall form reared itself up from the depths of the big chair. In the literal meaning of the term, Rita was shocked; that is to say, the discovery gave her such a shock that for a minute she could not speak, but leaned her forehead upon her white hand, which clutched the edge of the nursery door.

She was looking her best, being one of those women with a talent for *négligé*. She wore a loose *kimono* of lavender *crêpe de Chine*, slightly embroidered in pale purple. Her boudoir cap had a bunch of violets in it.

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The contrast between her and her ungainly daughter had never been more cruelly emphasized.

"What," said she faintly at last, passing her perfumed handkerchief over her lips, "what are you both doing here?"

Caron had collected himself. "You have heard the great news, I expect?" he said, going towards her. "Lance is out of danger, and I—I was trying to thank Miss Knight, and to let her see how deeply I feel her—her heroic struggle for his life."

Rita critically, deliberately surveyed his attire—a sleeping suit, with coat and trousers over it. He saw her gaze travel from his costume to the tumbled quilt upon the floor by the sofa, so evidently recently in use for sleeping purposes.

"Dr. Bell has my bed," the colonel put in hurriedly, with a sudden feeling of acute embarrassment. "Miss Kirby told me I might camp out here; but I've been up most of the night."

"And has Valery been sharing your—vigil?"

"No, mother." Valery at last spoke for herself, but the ring of excitement in her voice was noticeable. "I did not know Colonel Caron was using this room. I've only just come. I—I rushed in here because I knew I was going to cry, and it would have—it might have—disturbed Lance if I had broken down in there."

"Mrs. Knight! Consider what I owe to her," urged Caron appealingly. "My boy's very life."

Rita's frozen features thawed visibly. Upon her came an expression of slowly dawning satisfaction as she began to realize what use she might make of the scene which she had surprised.

"Quite so, Colonel Caron," said she softly. "So long as you are duly sensible of what you owe my daughter."

She looked him in the eyes, and they faced one another silently.

He was frightened for a moment, then relief came. It was too silly—too preposterous. He shot a look at the bowed figure in the red dressing-gown, wiping its eyes with a large, serviceable handkerchief. "Valery," he began.

Rita moved reluctantly. She felt that matters had better not be pushed further at that moment. In her daughter's present *désobéissance* it were wiser to call a truce. She made a step forward. "Come to me, Val," said she in her sweetest tones, and Val rushed turbulently to her side. Rita passed

her slim white arm about the heaving red flannel shoulders. "Come, you must be worn out, girlie. Let mother put you to bed for a while. Colonel Caron, I'll offer my congratulations on your boy's recovery later; my girl mustn't break down as a result of her nursing."

"By no means," he stammered, holding the door for their exit and closing it again behind them.

"Well, I'm hanged," he muttered, flinging himself down on his sofa and preparing to sleep again for a while. "Just because I gave the child a kiss! I was so worked up, it seemed natural enough. . . . But by all that's chivalrous it would take a good deal to induce me to repeat the experiment in cold blood. My word! One would need some courage for that!"

## CHAPTER VII

### Caron's Intentions

IN less than three hours after this emotional episode they were all breakfasting together—that is to say, Dr. Bell, the colonel, Mrs. Knight and Miss Kirby.

The eyes of the last named, as she nervously handled her tea and coffee equipage, were very pink, and her nose swollen—phenomena which Caron attributed to her tender feelings for his boy. He did not guess the cutting reprimand she had received, first for allowing the doctor to remain, unknown to Mrs. Knight, and next for failing to warn Valery that the school-room was in occupation.

She made apologies for Val's absence from table. "She begged to have breakfast in bed, for a great treat," she explained. "She has not closed her eyes all night, or last night either, for that matter; and now that the crisis is over she feels the reaction."

"I'm glad Val isn't present," observed Dr. Bell genially. "It sets one free to say what one thinks of her. You ought to let her take up nursing as a profession, Mrs. Knight. She's quite wonderful—a gift!"

"But, then, she does so many other things well," chimed in Caron eagerly. "Look at the way she drives her car—and how successfully she has fitted this house with electric bells."

"And you haven't seen her on horseback," put in Kirdles, delighted to hear her nursing thus praised. "She is not able to ride now, unfortunately, because old Toby is not up to her weight; but as a child she went



"Colonel Caron! Who and what——"  
She broke off, speechless"—p. 631

Drawn by  
J. Dewar Vitis

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everywhere with the hounds. She's her father's own daughter."

"Indeed she is," sighed Rita; "I can't find anything in her that reminds me in the least of myself."

"No," said the doctor deliberately, contemplating the dainty charm of the mistress of the house, "she is certainly quite unlike her mother."

"Kirby must take all the credit of her," laughed Rita; and her laugh was half a sneer.

Caron said boldly: "When you're wanting a job, Miss Kirby, please apply to me."

He was unprepared for the effect of his words. Miss Kirby started quite violently. "Oh, did you mean that, Colonel Caron? No, I suppose you didn't," said she with a gasp.

"Dear Miss Kirby is, as a matter of fact, on the look out for a post," said Rita silkily. "As you may suppose, she has completed her work, in Valery's case."

Caron, tossing down his napkin, turned in his chair to face the agitated Kirdles.

"So? Is this possible? Then you and I must have a talk, please, at your earliest convenience, Miss Kirby."

"I know she'll be delighted, at any time that suits you, colonel," put in Rita with vivacity. Her spirits were rising fast. To get rid of Kirby—to have her substantial inelegance out of the way—would be half the battle . . . and then there was the scene of this morning to be worked judiciously, and who could tell what might not eventuate?

She was perfectly well aware that Jerrold would never become her suitor unless or until she was without encumbrances. She knew as well as if he had said so in words that he would never have Valery as an inmate of his house.

But if she could marry Val to Carfrae—ah, what a revenge! All the spite of the small-minded woman towards the man who has resisted her efforts to marry him urged her to try and bring this off. She gazed under her lashes at Caron's hard-cut mouth, and realized that it would not be easy. She must tread warily—drive him with a very loose rein; but if her wit could compass it, driven he should be.



Valery and the colonel met next at Lance's bedside. It was but a momentary glimpse, as far as the father was concerned. He was allowed just to bend down and touch the

pallid forehead of the patient with his lips, murmuring something about "Cheerio," which to himself sounded woefully forced, but was enough to bring a quivering smile to the lips of the sick boy.

Valery sat the other side of the bed, her eyes carefully lowered. Her sociability, her *camaraderie* seemed to have vanished. The boyish lack of reserve, the friendliness which had in some sort atoned for her lack of sex attraction, no longer existed. What might in a beauty have been a new and adorable shyness was in her an almost grotesque *gaucherie*.

It is difficult to describe the discomfort which Caron suffered in the course of the next few days, even though he had attacked Miss Kirby and secured her promise to come to Archwood and see what she could do with his menagerie.

Rita was, as usual, a gracious hostess, and would hear none of the apologies he felt bound to offer for what he had let her in for. She assured him that the trouble was nothing, since Lance would recover, and that his father was free to stay as long as he liked; but for all that, she found means to make him feel himself so atrociously *de trop* that, could he have put forward any semblance of an excuse, he would have fled.

Not being allowed as yet in the sick-room for more than a few minutes at a time, he was fain to go golfing with his hostess and Sir Otho; and they had to avail themselves of the baronet's car, since their own chauffeuse was otherwise occupied. Caron was wholly unaccustomed to the sensation of being completely number three. At the club they secured an irascible old gentleman, a most indifferent player, to make up their foursome, and drearily went over the course, in a drizzle of rain, which, ever threatening, never came on freely enough to stop play.

If Rita imagined that she was furthering her own cause by driving Caron to the verge of flight, she was for once utterly mistaken. She soon began to realize this for herself, and to decide that she must put all her money upon Sir Otho. In his masculine density, Caron had but a vague suspicion of the new plan which had formed itself in her mind at the schoolroom door in the dawn.

Various hints made him uneasy, and he was further annoyed by the manner in which Valery fled from him, whisking out of sight the moment he appeared and avoiding conversation.

Enlightenment came a week after the

## HIS SECOND VENTURE

crisis in Lance's illness. They had intended to go golfing, but the rain had set in steadily and prevented it. Sir Otho was on the bench at Penrith; and it looked as if, for the first time that week, Caron would be let in for a tea *tête-à-tête* with Rita, when the door-bell rang and Mrs. Hudson was ushered in.

The vicar's wife belonged to that class of woman whose society seldom gives pleasure to anybody. Carfrae, however, felt inclined to welcome her that day. She was an indefatigable caller, having no interests of her own and being entirely dependent upon her neighbours' concerns to supply the spice of life.

That afternoon she felt herself to be really in luck. Her own husband was also on the bench, and instead of being compelled to go home to a solitary and scanty tea, she had caught Mrs. Knight and her handsome visitor, and was seated in a room where still a fire burned, May though it was—delightful in the cold, sleety afternoon.

"And how's the dear little boy?" she asked as she took her tea-cup from Caron's listless hand and helped herself to a cake with sugar icing. "So pleased to hear how well he gets on. Valery quite shines as a nurse, does she not, Colonel Caron?"

He assented cordially to this. "Miss Knight has been indescribably good to my boy. I feel quite unable to express my gratitude. She has not spared herself."

"You must have been terribly anxious?"

"For forty-eight hours we did not know how things would go. The doctor remained in the house all night."

"And poor little Val," chimed in Rita's soft voice, "after a sleepless watch, strung up to the highest point, quite broke down; and I don't know what would have happened had not Colonel Caron been at hand to support her."

"What?" cried Mrs. Hudson, with a famishing kind of eagerness; "to support her? Was she fainting, then?"

Rita laughed low and mischievously. "I think Colonel Caron could tell you that better than I can; I only know that I found them—" She paused a moment, enjoying the man's crimson face and tight mouth. "You see," she began again more gravely, "I also was terribly anxious. The colonel and I are old friends—close friends, may I say, colonel? Yes; and I felt that for his son and heir to die in my house would, as it were, stain or poison our friendship. He would never like to come to the house again."

"Oh, quite so, quite so—yes."

"Well, I got up in the dawn, slipped out of my room, crept softly along to the school-room, where the colonel had been sitting up that night—"

"Mrs. Hudson, your cup is empty," broke in Caron sharply. "By the way, I hope the vicar got that map I left at your house for him yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" Mrs. Hudson thrust her cup into his hands, and held up her own as a sign that he must not interrupt this thrilling narration. "And what did you see, Mrs. Knight?"

Rita chuckled softly. "I saw the dawn, not only of day, but of my girlie's romance, Mrs. Hudson! Oh, I admit I had not been altogether blind; but Val seems such a child, and I did not take into consideration his quite reprehensible good looks and their effect upon my youthful novice! I fear that at first I was not at all pleased. I could not have my precious one-and-only played with. You know what a scar that leaves—a lifelong scar. But Colonel Caron reassured me. . . . Oh, my dear lady, please, please understand that there is nothing—yet! This dear man well understands that with innocence and inexperience so profound, he must go very slow. So far she is absolutely unconscious, and she must not be hurried; I will not have it. But I know I am very safe with him." She smiled up angelically into his savage, murderous face.

"Mrs. Knight exaggerates, I fear," he growled, like a big dog snarling at a cheeky pup. "Miss Knight regards me as her father's contemporary. I would not be so fatuous as to suppose that she could misinterpret my gratitude for what she has done for me."

"Her devotion to your child will make everything easy, won't it?" cried Mrs. Hudson, waving his denial down the wind ecstatically. "From the bottom of my heart I wish you luck! Valery is a most uncommon girl; the vicar and I have always said so. To see her with her Girl Guides is a revelation . . . with children of her own—"

"Oh, fie, Mrs. Hudson, this is going much too fast; we shall begin to regret having made you our confidante," gurgled Rita. "Now, be sure and remember that this is strictly *entre nous*. Not a word, even to Mr. Hudson. Everyone must shut their eyes and their ears for the present."

"Until when?" cried the disappointed visitor.

"Until Colonel Caron decides that the



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moment has come for him to explain the reason why he kissed my daughter in the small hours and a dressing-gown," smiled Rita archly.

Mrs. Hudson laughed loudly, rising from her chair. One could see her intention of going to spread hints of her news in every conceivable direction, propelling her, almost as it were unwillingly, from her comfortable seat and the cosy fireside. She took her leave and hurried off, and Rita saw her to the door, returning to find Caron standing in the window, with hunched shoulders and brooding look. He strode up to the hearth and confronted her. His voice as he spoke was heavy with a cold rage, which all but succeeded in daunting Rita.

"That woman will put it all over the place that I am going to marry your daughter."

She shook off her fear of him and faced him with an air of gentle, deprecating surprise.

"Very likely. . . . Are you *not* going to marry her?" She paused, as though an unwelcome thought for the first time intruded itself. "Was my first impression right?" Her tone had changed, and grew haughty. "Were you really venturing to take liberties with my daughter? Ah, I forgot. You thought yourself safe. She has no father to take her part."

A hundred retorts leapt to his lips; he bit them back. He was far too furious to trust himself to speak to her—she, who was his hostess, in whose house his boy had passed through the valley of the shadow. If he opened his lips he knew that he should say what he would regret all the rest of his life.

He turned on his heel and left the room precipitately.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### Man Proposes

MAY was showing for once in a way what May can be in the North Country. The woods about Grendon Grange were a smother of bird cherry, the pale green plumage of the larches waved against a background of black firs like laughing maidens among dark, stern men. The hawthorn perfume drifted on the air, the ferns were thrusting up little clenched green fists; lords and ladies sat within their wayside shrines, the meadows were deep in cowslips.

Lance lay under the veranda upon an invalid couch, out in the air for the first time.

As his father carried him carefully downstairs he had chattered eagerly, pouring out the account of a wonderful new game which Val had taught him to play. You chose a couple of cricket teams, each of you selecting an eleven from the best-known names. Having decided the order of their innings, their places in the field, and so on, you took a book at random from a shelf and turned its pages one by one, the fate of each ball being decided by the letter which happened to come first upon the page. Each letter of the alphabet stood for something definite, such as a run, a bye, a boundary hit, a not out, an l.b.w., and so on.

This thrilling pastime, varied by games of old maid and halma, had kept the patient good and happy for hours on end.

Val followed them down the stairs, laden with rugs and cushions. The colonel took them from her with a very friendly smile. He was not to know that his smile set her heart thumping so heavily that she feared lest he might hear it.

She was looking her best that morning. Only the preceding week the oculist had decided that the glasses she had worn for so long, in order to correct a slight astigmatism, had served their purpose and might be discarded. They no longer disfigured her clear eyes, and her mother, besides supplying her with suitable frocks, had arranged her hair in more becoming fashion. She was still clumsy, too big, lamentably immature, but she was no longer ridiculous nor actively displeasing to behold. In fact, for anyone with eyes to see it, there was the promise of beauty in her face, the texture of whose skin was as fine as soft water and the Westmorland air could make it.

"You're making yourself a slave to this good-for-nothing little beggar," said Caron as he relieved her of her burden.

"She isn't a slave," cried Lance indignantly. "She's as keen on cricket as I am. Why, she plays on the Green every evening with the Girl Guides, and last season they beat a Boy Scout team that was staying at Whitehaven. London chaps, of course, but still the girls must be pretty hot stuff—what?"

"We're not so bad," said Val candidly, busy as she spoke in touching up and arranging Lance's couch for his comfort. "We had a pro. from Carlisle to give us some lessons last season. Now, Lance, on



"'What?' cried Mrs. Hudson, with a famishing kind of eagerness; 'to support her?'"—p. 635

Drawn by  
J. Dewar Mills

## THE QUIVER

your honour not to kick off the rug. Shall I read you the 'House of the Wolf'?"

"Right-o, old thing. I'll be as quiet as a new-born lamb."

"Lance," said his father, "what a way to talk to Miss Knight!"

"Miss Knight indeed! You don't seem to understand that Val and I are pals for life. Oh, Val, how I wish I could have you always! Of course, it's very jolly to think of Kirdles coming down to Archwood, though I'm afraid Aster 'll give her a pretty thin time; but if only you could come too! Father, couldn't Val come and stay with us a good sensible long visit—all summer, in fact?"

Colour which she could not subdue surged into Val's face. Caron did not at first notice it, for he was replying quite calmly. He felt that Mrs. Knight would have to be invited to Archwood, and he had dim hopes that under the management of Kirdles the house might be got into something like order for the event. Consequently he said:

"Well, I hope she will come, as you suggest—and that before so very long either. If she doesn't, it won't be for lack of an invitation." Raising his eyes to smile at Val, he saw that hot, painful blush and wished that he could recall his words. "However," he added awkwardly, "there is not much time now before I go out again."

"You won't want me when you can run about again and do as you like," Val told the boy, stepping bravely into the breach, but not finding it easy to speak lightly. "Boys don't want girls always after them."

"Humph! From what I've noticed, grown-up men do, though! I shall marry you, Val, as soon as I come of age. Then you won't be able to get away from me; you'll have to come and live with me, wherever I am."

"Wait for you eight or nine years! Miss Knight will be married ages before that," said Caron, once more putting his foot into it helplessly. If it had been possible to grow even redder, Val would have done so; but still she kept her head enough to divert Lance's attention from this difficult subject.

"Do you know, Lance, that Dr. Bell says if he finds you none the worse to-morrow for having been out to-day I may take you a run in the car?"

"My hat! Then we'll go and see Windermere, shall we? And you'll show me the Lion and the Lamb? And you'll get into that jolly rig of yours that you had on the day you met us? I tell you,

the minute I saw you I said to myself, 'That's the stuff to give 'em!' I'll tell you something else as well. I believe you could get upsides with Aster."

"Get *what*?"

"That's what old nurse used to say—our nurse that we had when we were little. She used to say what Miss Aster needed was somebody who'd be upsides with her. You're the only person I've seen yet that would be. Aster's pretty fresh, but I guarantee that if it came to grips between you, you'd end on top."

"Lance, how you do chatter!" muttered his father irritably.

"You're not to talk any more now," added Val. "You are to have a nap. I'll read you to sleep, and then I must run down and feed my chickens. Kirdles has been doing it for me, but it is such a climb for her dear old legs." The words recalled to her another thought. She addressed Caron eagerly. "I hope you have a car at Archwood," said she, "or a trap of some kind for my poor old darling. She walked half over the map of England with my father when he was a boy, and she has walked with me for years and years. Now, though she's very efficient, her walking days are over."

"I'll get a car," said Caron at once. "My wife wouldn't have one—said they jarred her spine; but I'll buy one before I go back to India."

"How nice of you," she answered gratefully, taking up the book to read to Lance.

Caron held out his hand for it. "Give it to me. I can read him to sleep as well as you can, and you can go and see to your poultry. Show me how far you have got, and I'll carry on."

"I'm sleepy," said Lance unexpectedly. "Let me alone here and I shall doze off. You go with Val, father, and carry those great tins and baskets. She's always lugging about something that's too heavy for her."

Caron stared at his son in dumb surprise. This unwonted consideration could be the result of nothing but a very strong affection. He looked at Val, who bent down and dropped a kiss among the curls of Lance's head.

"On my honour not to kick the clothes off, Val," said the boy, turning away his head and closing his eyes.

"Doesn't care to have me read to him," reflected Caron, with some regret. He shrugged his shoulders and turned to Val.

## HIS SECOND VENTURE

"Now, Miss Knight, let me be useful for once."

After some polite demur Val went into the garden-room, sorted out what she needed, and together they descended the hillside, down the grassy park, in full view of the vicarage windows, where indeed Mrs. Hudson was seated in ambush, watching with all her eyes.

The colonel was silent, for he was reflecting. Rita's move, in telling Mrs. Hudson the story of his most harmless escapade, showed him that she felt that she had her claws into him, and that he could not retire from the scene without some kind of apology passing from himself to the girl. He believed Valéry to be quite unromantic, quite undeveloped, and no more likely than he was himself to attach any serious meaning to the episode. He felt quite certain that his own light and laughing apology would be received with a smile; and he pictured the relief with which he could go to Rita and say that all was well—that, as he had always assumed, Val looked upon herself as his son's contemporary and not his own, and that she had readily accepted his apology for having acted upon an excusable impulse, not remembering that she was of an age to resent a kiss.

He was inclined to think that the present moment was a suitable one for settling the annoying little business.

He wished to get it done with, so that he could take Lance and himself away; and he knew he would draw a breath of thankfulness when he was out of the house. He detested Rita, and the thought of poor Val was an embarrassment; but one good thing he had secured as the result of his visit—he was going to have Miss Kirby!

Only one little drop of apprehension lay deep in his mind. He had no idea what Rita had said to her daughter, but he did know full well that Val's manner to himself had completely changed. Suppose—his blood ran cold—suppose that Rita had put ideas into the girl's head?

What a fool he had been just now to speak of her coming to Archwood in the near future—to tell Lance that she would be married long before he grew up. When he recalled her heavy blushes a little needle of discomfort ran through him.

However, the sooner it was over the better. He could so easily disabuse the mind of this good-tempered simpleton of any misplaced ambitions. She was a good

sort, and, thank God, honest. Not in the least like her mother.

When they arrived at the hill's foot they were out of range of windows. There was a thick screen of trees beyond the brook, which ran musically by the boundary of the big wire fowl-run.

The whole thing had been Val's last birthday present from her father. She had the latest devices in hen-houses, trap-nests, and so on; and the brook had been widened and deepened in one place to accommodate her ducks.

Caron helped her to collect the eggs from the nests, watched the scattering of the food, even lifted the ducklings' coop for her, that it might be moved upon fresh grass. He heard also some rather surprising statistics of the profitable nature of the poultry-keeping, remembering the bills handed to him by his stableman for the purpose of purchasing food and other necessities.

At last Val's tin dishes and the capacious pockets of her apron were alike empty. They turned from the busily pecking throng of birds and began to move slowly along the brookside.

It was now or never. "Miss Knight," he began suddenly, "for days past I've been owing you an apology."

Val started, then hung her head and murmured something inarticulate. It was evident that she knew to what he referred.

"Yes. I find that your mother takes quite a serious view of what I hope you may have regarded more indulgently." (What a stilted ass I am; why can't I talk to her naturally? he asked himself with inward irritation.) Her attitude was so crushed, she seemed suddenly so utterly cast down that his sole anxiety was not to humiliate her. Some compliment, some conventionally pretty thing, suitable from a middle-aged man to a young girl, that was the idea! He cleared his throat. "You naturally do not altogether realize the—er—the charm of youth to a man of my—er—age. So I trust you'll be forgiving. I—er—it is hardly necessary for me to explain that, when I yielded to temptation and kissed you the other morning, I was not such a conceited ass as to expect—to hope—that you could or would reciprocate my feeling."

Thus with three empty words he decided his own fate.

What he said re-animated the girl as though it had been a draught of champagne. She coloured richly, her lips parted, she

## THE QUIVER



"But your daughter's not a girl!—she's not even a human being!"—p. 641

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began to tremble. Profoundly moved, she stood there before him in all her pathetic rawness, her inarticulate, hardly-born womanhood. "Your feeling?" she gasped, springing at the word as at a life-line. "Ah, tell me—tell me, please—what *did* you feel for me?"

The man stepped back aghast as those words of passionate craving fell upon his ear. What had he done? He was making an apology, glib, formal, more than half contemptuous; and he found himself staring into the face of something very like tragedy.

In his inconceivable blundering he had allowed her to suppose that he had fallen in love with her. She was pleading for certainty wild to know that she was not

mistaken—that this wonderful thing was true. The intensity of her eagerness transfigured her as it had done in the dawnlight in the old schoolroom. He had the sensation of looking upon a wild thing in a cruel trap, which sees its deliverer approach.

How could he undeceive her without brutality?



He was so taken aback that he could hardly speak, and his voice might well have been that of a lover very uncertain of his reception, as he muttered something about his gratitude, his affectionate gratitude.

"I—to tell you the truth—I felt almost as though you were my own child," he faltered shamefacedly, saying to himself: "That ought to do the trick—surely that'll finish it—the paternal touch . . ."

No such thing.

"Your own child!" cried Val with a sob. All in a moment her feelings overcame her. It seemed to her that the affection she craved was hers at last, and she flung out two shaking, red hands, not very clean, in surrender that was almost abject. "Well, so I am your own child—your own, if you

want me! . . . You know—that morning you kissed me—I felt—oh, I can't tell you *what* I felt, because it's too wonderful, too *holy*. . . You see, I have been so utterly lonely, till you and Lance came—so dreadfully lonely."

"My dear girl!" In his utter horror he fell back upon the one plea which he felt free to urge. "I couldn't accept such a sacrifice. Surely you see that. Val, you're too young, and I'm far too old for you. You're nothing but a child, and I couldn't make you happy—"

"Oh, it doesn't take much to make me happy," she sobbed, smiling through her tears. She assumed all his disclaimers to be due to depth of feeling, modesty, generosity.

## HIS SECOND VENTURE

He saw that she utterly mistook him, and he knew that it was his own fault. He had laughed the whole situation; and he had a horrible suspicion that he had bungled it past hope of a remedy.

Val had dived into her pocket for a handkerchief to wipe away her tears, and she was proceeding to redden her nose by a vigorous polishing. "I can't believe it," she sobbed out. "It's like a dream, that you and Lance should come into my life just at this crisis, when I was so mi-miserably unhappy! When I found out that mother not only didn't care for me, but that she had never cared for father, either!"

"My dear girl——"

"You know it's true. Even Kirdles has to admit it now. She's going to marry again—that man—I hate him—and I should be all alone if it wasn't—if it wasn't for—you!"

He gazed upon her with a helpless kind of despair.

"You're deceiving yourself," he said harshly. "Can you really think you would be happier with me—me whom you hardly know—than you are here, in your own home?"

"It's not my own home. Mother's going to sell it. She told me so! It's no use my begging her, for she doesn't love me, she thinks of nothing but looks . . . and yet"—with a rainy smile—"people's ideas of looks are so different, aren't they? Lance thinks I'm the best-looking girl he ever saw. And now—you—you——"

Once more these pathetic hands were extended in absolute confidence to him. It was the trust of the stray lamb hastening to the shepherd, hoping to be safely enfolded.

Caron, inexperienced with women, for all his thirty-four years, was completely non-plussed. He could have held his own against a siren. Anyone attempting to fool him would have received short shrift. But how could he pole-axe this bleating refugee, making so directly for the shelter of his arms? As was most evidently expected of him, he took the hot hands in his own, drew their owner slightly towards him, and, with considerable reluctance, repeated his offence of ten days back. Coldly, with definite distaste, he kissed her forehead, and she instantly dropped her head on his shoulder and shook with sobs.

"Come, come," he murmured inanely. He could think of nothing else to say. He was in what he himself termed a blue funk. That which the mother's wiles and the

mother's malice combined could not effect, the girl's innocence, her astonishingly facile surrender, had brought about irretrievably.

Taking her handkerchief from her he began to dry her eyes. She looked up with a smile of almost fatuous adoration. "Oh, you dear!" she murmured.

"Here, Val, steady on," he gasped, terrified. "You are carried away for the moment, you don't know what you're talking about. When you think it over you'll see that you're quite out of sympathy with me. You're young and I'm not. You're facing a prospect that would freeze the blood of most women—the herding of three mismanaged step-children. Be warned, my dear, in time. Don't fling away your future like this. Let's be great friends; come and stay at Archwood, with Miss Kirby to chaperon you, and forget all that has just passed."

"Oh," she cried, flinging her arms about his neck, "you are good and generous, but you don't understand! You have no idea how much I would do for you, how much I have to give you!"

"Val!" he cried sharply, "I won't take it! I swear I won't! I can't!"

She laughed quite gaily, every word he spoke seemed to increase the completeness of her delusion. "You'll just *have* to take it—you dear!" said she triumphantly; and the unhappy man perceived that he would.

### CHAPTER IX

#### Rita Makes Her Arrangements

"BUT you are joking, dear lady—pulling my leg! No, no. If you want to make a fool of me try to invent something within the range of possibility. This, frankly, isn't."

"However impossible, it's true. Impossible things often are." Rita removed her faultless shoe from the fender-stool and her slim hand from the mantelpiece. Turning, she faced Sir Otho with an expression he could not interpret. "At least, I have my information from the colonel himself."

"You are telling me seriously that Caron—*Caron*—has offered marriage to Valery?"

"He has, and she has jumped down his throat with that alacrity which seems to be the monopoly of the very young girl."

"Girl! But your daughter's not a girl—she's not even a human being of any age! She's an Amœba—a Zoosperm—an amorphous rudiment floating in chaos——"



## THE QUIVER

"Sir Otho! You are speaking of my daughter."

He broke off, staring at her in a sort of angry amazement. "Your daughter," he muttered. "I shall never understand how you came to marry Knight."

"Tom was all right," she cried eagerly. "A fine fellow"—she made a gesture towards her husband's photo—"you can see for yourself that he was. Only he came of a family that doesn't make pretty women. I married him before I saw my sisters-in-law. . . . Poor Val is every inch a Knight, and that old idiot Kirby has exaggerated, cultivated it in her! However," she laughed under her breath. "Need we lament? She is already appropriated. Solid worth has found a customer, little as you may understand it."

"I never disputed the solidity," he muttered, scratching his head and screwing up his features. "But you ask me to believe that a man, sane like Caron—handsome like Caron—well-off like Caron—could look at the Amœba while you were here for him to gaze upon?"

"Oh, well—perhaps you assume too much." Turning away with a smile, she bent her head so that he could not see her face. "Three step-children are an obstacle that not every woman would leap, you know."

Otho Jerrold's eyes kindled. "So that's it, is it? I'm enlightened. Came here for what he couldn't get, and in order to even up with you, snatched at the heart of the Amœba! No doubt she proffered it to him on a charger."

"You are not a bit polite to my girlie. Val is a treasure—I have it on the authority of all those who know her best. She is in her element with little boys, and will make an ideal step-mother. Meanwhile, my poor head is in a whirl, for he goes out again next month, and they must be married at once."

"Where is he now?"

"He left us yesterday, almost immediately after making his announcement—to break his news at Archwood. Judging by what I have heard, I shouldn't wonder if his eldest girl were to put an end to her papa's second venture with a carving-knife."

"You stand there and talk about marriage for the Amœba? *Marriage!* There ought to be an Act of Parliament to stop it. She is about ten years under the age of consent."

"Now you are talking wild nonsense. She is nineteen."

"Well, I suppose you ought to know—but if that is true I should like to know how old you were when she was born."

"If you have impudence enough to ask that you have impudence enough for anything! But I was nineteen." She gave a great sigh. "I, if you like, was under the age of consent. A girl of eighteen is rather young to marry."

She sank down beside him on the sofa, and he took up one of her hands, stroking it gently. "Poor little soul!"

"Oh, as it happened, I was all right, because Tom was one of the best. But, oh! When one reflects how utterly a girl at that age is in the power of the man." . . .

"What about your Amœba?"

"I don't exactly know what an Amœba is, but you are rude to call my daughter names. Oh, she will be all right, I have no fears. Whatever her lot, she will accept it cheerfully, having no imagination and no sense of humour. Carfrae will be able to neglect her as much as he chooses—she won't know any better; and, meanwhile, she and old Kirby will jog pleasantly along and run his house to perfection." She stirred, moving restlessly, and rose. "Do you know, I fear I must be so inhospitable as to turn you out. All my things have to be packed, and as I have never in my life before packed my own things, I haven't a notion how long it will take."

"You are going away?" he asked sharply.

"But, of course. To town, to buy Val's trousseau. They must be married in London, and then his children can be present at the ceremony."

"And you," he mused, "will be left quite alone, since Miss Kirby goes to the Carons. Were you wise, do you think, to turn Caron down?"

She arched her brows. "Has wisdom much to say in these matters, do you think? Either you can do a thing or you can't. I couldn't. And in London I shan't be lonely. I know heaps of people."

"London?" he took her up keenly. "Then you don't intend to live here?"

"My dear man, how could I?" She laughed at the wild idea. "Do you see me feeding Val's odious cocks and hens—or perhaps playing cricket on the village green with her Girl Guides? No. I shall sell this house, which I have always hated, and start fresh."

There was a pause. It lasted just long enough to make her tremble lest she had burnt her boats in vain. Then:



## HIS SECOND VENTURE

"Yes, you shall make a fresh start," he said. "What do you think? Rooms at the Albany, shall we say? I like to winter out of England, and I also like to be here sometimes. What do you say to that? I have no ready-made children, and I can tell you, with my hand on my heart, that until I saw you I had no intention of marrying anybody. Come! Is it a deal?"

Her triumph was so prompt and so unqualified that she was genuinely overcome. "You—I—do I understand you to be asking me to marry you?"

"You needn't put such an offensive accent on the 'you.' I know I'm an ugly beast, and I'm not always easy to get on with. But you suit me, and I swear I'll be good to you—considerate—you shall have anything in reason that you want. Come! Put me out of my misery. Let me kiss you! I can assure you I've been wanting most desperately to do it."

He turned suddenly, drew her towards him and kissed her roughly, thirstily, on the cheeks and lips and throat. It was all that she could do to bear it without shrinking; and when it was over she read him a dainty homily upon how *not* to kiss a woman if you desire to retain her affection. Then he said his failure was due to lack of practice, and tried various types until she could have screamed with repulsion. Ah, if the lips crushing her own had been Carfrae's lips! . . .

Poor wretch! She had sealed his doom, tied him to her incubus for life!

But she did not repent. He could have had her for the asking, and he had not willed it so; and for herself in future there would always be ladies' maids, boudoirs, fur coats, diamonds, expensive cars, and all the other accessories, without which she felt she could not exist.

### CHAPTER X

#### Aster's Views

SOME days later Caron faced his brother-in-law across the untidy writing-table in the chaotic smoking-room at Archwood, and saw the blank amazement spread over the candid countenance of Lyndsay, who had been away from home and had only just received the shattering news.

"But look here, Car, you can't do this,

you know—you simply mustn't," he objected earnestly. "Bosh about dishonourable and so on. Write to the girl and tell her that, just as much for her sake as your own, this thing can't go on. You are no longer young—you have no longer the feelings of youth—any lie will do for a creature so inconceivably dense, as she must be. She's a mere flapper. She may shed a few tears on the old governess's bosom, but she will have recovered before you get as far as the Red Sea on your way back. It's madness to break up your whole life by sticking to a silly mistake."

Caron cleared his throat. "It's gone too far. Her mother and she are up in town buying wedding clothes. Lance has been told, and is crazy with delight. The whole thing was formally announced before I could draw breath. Oh, she's got me fast—I mean the mother, not the girl. By heaven, if the girl was the same sort as the mother I'd not hesitate—I'd turn tail! But as it is, I—well, somehow I can't. It would be like picking up Trash"—he lifted the little dog as he spoke—"and drawing a knife across his throat as he was in the act of licking your hand. Of course, I meant to wriggle out. I intended to leave her behind, go out without her, write from India to say I had changed my mind. But the mother was too sharp for that." . . .

"Only one thing to be done," said Lyn briskly. "Go to this girl and tell her the truth. If she's a good sort she'll take it standing up. I shall put it to her—"

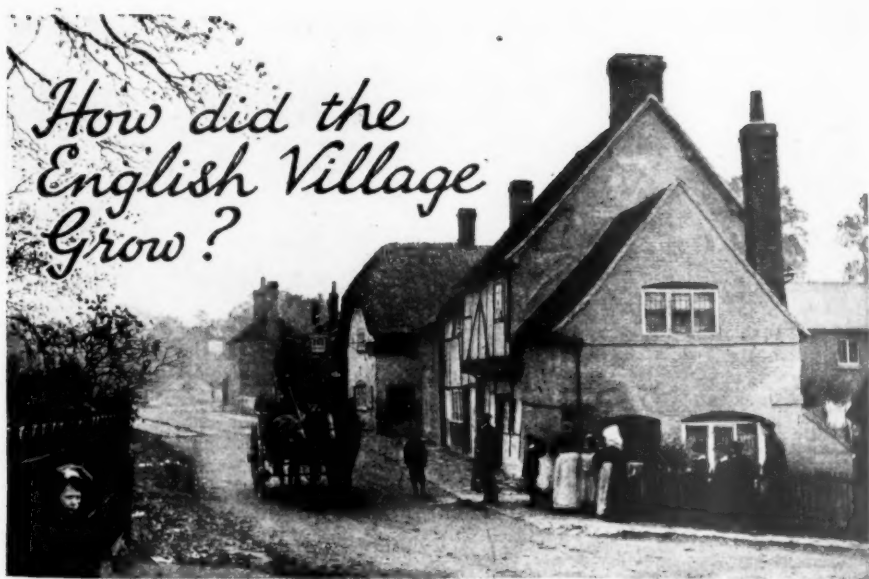
"No, you can't. I won't have it. You couldn't wound a helpless thing like that so desperately. I had a letter from her this morning that made me want to cut my throat—"

"Amorous?"

"Worse than that. Just limpid—artless—showing the most utter confidence in me. I told her to go and buy herself a ring when she got to London. She tells me she has chosen chrysoprase, because my name begins with C. She had to have it specially made, and says her mother is vexed, but she hopes I will not be. Of course, Rita wanted her to choose a costly gem, and the finest chrysoprase you can buy is comparatively inexpensive. I'm hanged if I know what I can do."

Lyn groaned. "Why ever did I go away? I've come into this affair too late, it seems."

(To be continued)



## By Olive Hockin

**I**N these days we have become so used to town life and the sight of our millions of workers going off each day to business—to factory, office or shop—that we hardly realize what a different England it must have been throughout the ages of history, until, little more than a hundred years ago, steam began to turn wheels, and thus made a bigger revolution in our national life than anything that had happened before.

What was England like before the time of the factory and the town—in those not very distant days when people grew their own food, spun, wove and made their own clothes, grew and felled timber, out of which they made their own floor planks and doors, tables, settles and benches?

If we go far enough back, to the early days of the British people, we find them without even these things, but living mainly by hunting, and clothing themselves in the skins of the wild animals they killed for food.

The beginnings of agriculture came slowly; first, instead of hunting them, came the taming and breeding of the cattle, and then by degrees the supplementing of wild pasture by home-grown fodder. Instead of herding their beasts in the forests and uplands, farmers weeded and fenced clearings

and cut and dried the grass for winter feed. Then came another stage—the ploughing of land and the growing of crops, both for their stock and themselves.

With all this men ceased to wander with their herds from feeding-ground to feeding-ground. Each one with his wife and family settled down on one patch of land, worked it and improved it year by year, passed it on from father to son until the family became, as it were, part of the land itself, and so founded the long race of yeomen who have given a stability and backbone to English country life that has never failed us throughout the subsequent changes of history.

All this time, from the early Saxon days until the eighteenth century with its discovery of steam power and the rise of industrialism, the farms were the mainstay of English life. Out of the soil came the national food. And round the farms, dependent on them, arose the villages.

As we walk or bicycle about the country, passing groups of dwellings clustered or scattered on our route, we cannot help speculating sometimes as to how they came there—why was this or that site chosen? How came it that this village dwindled and decayed while that one grew and spread and

## HOW DID THE ENGLISH VILLAGE GROW?

became a busy country town? It is a most interesting thing to try to trace the growth and history of a village.

As the farms grew both in extent and in intensity of cultivation, more hands were needed than those of the farmer's own sons and daughters, and for these must cottages be built. Where shall they be put? In choosing the site for his cottage the first consideration, besides nearness to his work, would be the presence of water. Before pumps and cisterns were thought of each housewife fetched her own water from spring, river or well, so it was all-important to have easy access to water. That is why so many old houses and villages seem to us to be "built in a hole" instead of on the healthy heights that we modern people prefer.

Though for the sake of being near their work cottages must often be isolated, yet whenever possible they seem to have been built in groups, perhaps at the intersection of roads leading to different farms. Then the inhabitants would have the advantage of each other's company and the wives some social life among themselves.

Often as we look at a little village lying in the hollow below us we notice the church tower rising as a central note in the cluster of farms and cottages. Did the cottages, then, gather about the church? Or was the church built there so as to be among the homes of the congregation? Except in the case of the abbeys and monasteries, probably the latter is more often the case, for though the churches, being more solidly

built, are older than the houses, yet the latter represent often generations of homes



Easy access to water was a first consideration in placing cottages



"Out of the soil came the national food. And round the farms, dependent on them, arose the villages"

## THE QUIVER



The smith is one of the indispensables among the villagers

that have risen, decayed and been rebuilt on the same site.

If the intersecting roads, as well as being lanes that at first were merely cart-tracks passing from field to field and farm to farm, are also used by post-chaïses and coaches from a distance, then probably the posting inn would be built near by, and travellers halting for refreshment would bring to our village a stir of life and news of that far-off world that local inhabitants were never to see.

In this nucleus of a village very soon would spring up other crafts and trades—custom for those who made things that the farm workers were too busy to make themselves. First of all would be the smith and wheelwright; then perhaps the tinker to make and mend pots and pans, and the cobbler for boots and harness. By degrees the merchant with imported feeding stuffs would set up a store. Likewise the grocer and the baker for those who did not bake themselves.

In the midst of a village often one sees still the village green, a stretch of common land where children may play, where travelling fairs can come and comedians pitch their booths, and where, of a summer evening, young men and girls danced the pretty old country dances to

the tunes of the village fiddler. And then in time, with the growing number of families in all the little cottages, came the question of education.

In old days reading and writing were by no means the necessity they are now; most people got along very well without them. But some more enterprising folks would wish

their children to learn more than they knew themselves—and out of their need arose the dame school, or the classes of the village pedagogue.

So one thing leads to another, and by degrees the little cluster of labourers' cottages has developed into a village, self-contained, as it were, and self-supporting. Perhaps in time a market for exchange of produce



"Did the cottages gather about the church? Or was the church built to be among the homes of the congregation?"



The wheelwright would be one of the first to set up in the village—



—By degrees the merchant with imported feeding stuffs would set up a store



The posting inn would be built near the intersecting roads, and travellers halting for refreshment would bring a stir of life to the village

## THE QUIVER

may be held there, and after that step the growth to the status of a country town is not great. It becomes a meeting centre for farmers for many miles round. Even today, in outlying districts, farmers will drive

wolds, Yorkshire, and the slate-building of the slate districts of Cornwall and Wales. Slate, too, would be the usual roofing, or sometimes flaked stone.

Flints have always been largely used in counties where they abound. In very early times these also were beautifully squared, as may be seen in some twelfth-century churches, but flint-chipping—which our ancestors inherited probably from Neolithic times, when flints composed man's only tools and weapons—has long been a lost art, and latterly where flints were used for building they were merely embedded whole in mortar.

Sussex was the land of the oak forests. In those rich, low-lying lands of the Sussex Weald flourished the famous English oak that built the "stout wooden walls" of the Navy. Evidences of the old forest may be seen in the many timbered cottages that remain in that part of the world. Mighty squared beams formed the framework of the walls, and held up floors and roof. The

spaces between the beams were filled usually with brick, sometimes lying level and sometimes in zigzag patterns. This primitive form of building seems to be admired by modern builders who imitate the semblance of the old timber framework, but miss entirely the reason (which was strength), building their walls of brick and fastening to the outside black-painted boards, apparently as trimming.

### Early Brick Cottages

In places where brick clay abounds, bricks seem to have been made in quite early times. In these parts the roofing would be also of baked-clay tiles. But where clay is not to be had thatched roofs, made from reeds or, later, long wheat straw, are most common, and very cosy roofing it makes, warm in winter and cool in summer. In Devonshire, in the heavy lands where there is neither brick-clay nor flint nor stone, walls were mostly made of "cob"—a mixture of mud and straw. These walls, of immense thick-



"Thatched roofs are common, and very cosy roofing it makes"

ten or twelve miles to their weekly market, bringing in butter and eggs, pigs and poultry, cows and calves, and driving back with groceries and hardware and tools.

### Methods of Building

An interesting feature to notice as we travel—so easily in these days—from county to county, is the different methods of building seen as the character of the country changes. In our own century building material comes by rail, and any sort of structure may be built according to the whim of the builder, or the decrees of the local council. But before railways scored the country, houses must needs be built of material ready to hand.

Most lasting perhaps are those of the moorlands of the West, built of squared granite boulders, often so finely shaped and fitted that no mortar was needed, while the interstices between the blocks can hardly be seen. Then comes the stone building of the limestone-hill countries, Somerset, the Cots-



## HOW DID THE ENGLISH VILLAGE GROW?

ness, are very durable so long as they are kept dry. But should there happen a neglected leak in the roof, disaster follows, for the whole side of the wall may collapse in a heap.

### A Country of Villages—

Such is a glimpse of England before the industrial period spoiled the country with its collieries and mines and smoke-stifled slums. A country of fields and woods and downs, dotted with little homes, with few towns but the country market towns, and with no smoke but the blue column rising from the logs upon the hearth.

### —and One of Towns

How different is it now! Our standards are altered, and our ways. Instead of be-

where, faster and faster by rail and water and air.

### The Change in Rhyme

Popular songs often reflect the feeling of the day, and there is a little song of that time that humorously shows the change, the rising importance of the town and the factory and the beginning of the downfall of the farmer.

It tells first of a brisk and beautiful widow who lived in Chester town:

Now by there came one day

A gay young farmer.

With his hat turned up all round,

Thinking to win her.

"My dear, for love of you

I'd fare the whole world through!

If you will but prove true

You shall wed a farmer!"

Said she, "I'm not for you,

Nor no such fellow!

I'm for a likely lad

With house and riches!

'Tis not your hogs and yows\*

Can maintain furbelows,

My silk and satin clothes

Are all my glory!"

"Oh, madam, don't be coy,

For all your glory!

For fear of another day,

And another story.

If the world on you should frown

Your top-knot must come down

To a Lindsey-welsey gown—

Where is then your glory?

And then there came that way

A sooty collier.

With his hat turned down all round,

He soon did win her!

Whereat the farmer swore

"The widow's mazed, I'm sure!

I'll never court no more

A brisk young widow!"

In English life, as in that of the brisk young widow, the "sooty collier" and all that followed—coal, mines, steam engines and factories—got the better of the simple farmer. And so it is even to this very day.

\* Ewes.



The church—the pond—and village gossip

longing to the land as did our forefathers, living and dying in the same parish, now the land knows us no more, for we "skip from city to city," here and there and every-

where, faster and faster by rail and water and air.





# Miss Pennyquick goes to Heaven

*by Margaret Sanders*

"AT any rate," said Miss Pennyquick, "I'll have one week in Heaven before I look round again."

And that is where she might have blundered. Having been so summarily dismissed from the governess-ship of Mrs. Pinkerton-Jones's household—Mrs. Pinkerton-Jones's weakly offspring having contracted diphtheria and died therefrom—having, we contend, been discharged with one month's salary and an excellent testimonial (which, however, the well-intentioned but distraught Mrs. Pinkerton-Jones had written apparently under the delusion that Miss Pennyquick had acted—as perhaps she had—as maid-of-all-work in her establishment), what was the obvious thing to do? Why, the obvious thing for a plain little woman in the late thirties, of the "beast-of-burden" class (middle-class, you know), and as improvident as on referring to her Post Office savings account Miss Pennyquick discovered herself to have been (though goodness knows what she'd spent her forty pounds a year on; she wondered herself, and then decided that if only her mother had married a man with a thriftier name it might perhaps have acted as a check—but there! one never knew), the obvious thing was to have sought fresh employment without delay. And goodness knows also what wonderful "plums" may not have been ready to drop into her lap during that week of indolence in Heaven. Without a doubt the agencies, the bureaux, and the ladies' leagues would not have failed to inform Miss Pennyquick that Fortune, taking on the material presence of a duchess, a marchioness and, oh, certainly three "the Lady So-and-so's," had almost gone frantic seeking for Miss Pennyquick. "If only you'd come in last week now!" the agencies, the bureaux and the ladies' leagues probably would have said. And Miss Pennyquick doubtless would have replied, "I'm sorry, but I was not at liberty."

Not at liberty! What had she done, and

where had she been last week? In Heaven. Now, it might not be your idea, or my idea, of Heaven, but it had been Miss Pennyquick's idea for nearly ten years. Plenty of time, you know, ten years, to change your idea of Heaven, supposing you had been wrong in the first place. During all that time she had never wavered, and whereas you and I might say, "When my ship comes home, I'll—" or, "One of these fine days I'll—" and make a different decision each time, Miss Pennyquick would say, "When I go to Heaven I'll—" and always have the same dream.

The first thing was to find a suitable train to Heaven, and that she did with fluttering pleasure, sitting on her corded trunk in the tiny dressing-room which had served as her bed-sitting-room in Mrs. Pinkerton-Jones's establishment. There was an eight a.m.—two changes, but that was all in the adventure—which would put her down at the gates of Heaven (King's Cross, to be more explicit) somewhere about four p.m. That would give her nice time to "settle" in some comfortable hotel, have a quiet little dinner and a good night's rest before she began her trip round and about Heaven.

So she took the "eight a.m.," and drew a delicious breath right deep down into her lungs of smoke and fog and noise and people (yes, she even got those into her lungs somehow) as she stepped out at Heaven's gates. And quite suddenly, as she passed through the barrier, something welled up from her heart to her throat and she wanted to shout aloud. Now, it may seem absurd to staid Londoners like ourselves, childish, in fact, that Miss Pennyquick, who for long years had drunk deep of clean air, walked velvet fields, and stared with the staring cows, as you and I have hungered so to do, should want to shout for joy at the rabble, and bustle, and fetid atmosphere of a London terminus. The times we've said it, you and I, "When my

## MISS PENNYQUICK GOES TO HEAVEN

ship comes home I'll take a tiny cottage right in the heart of the country. There'll be roses . . . and a little road somewhere that runs down to the beach." And you: "One of these fine days I'll get out of this beastly heat and smell; I'll buy a farm and keep chickens. I'll have a big dog in the yard, and a buxom lass to bring in my meals, and I won't even see the vicar if he calls." And you and I in chorus: "That would be heavenly!" But, as we agreed earlier on, we all have our different ideas of Heaven, which makes the world go round; so perhaps, after all, Miss Pennyquick's desire to shout was not so extraordinary.

But she didn't shout. Instead she timidly signalled to a taxi with her umbrella. "Where? Well, I don't quite know. Perhaps you will drive round a little while I think." But why not ask him? He looked a kind, homely sort of driver. He might know of somewhere suitable.

"Otels? 'E knew of 'undreds, good, bad and indifferent. Somewhere reasonable, say, pretty central, and not too quiet. Well, why not the Regina? That was the place. All sorts went there. 'Co'se, there were boarding-houses, more suited, maybe, to a lady alone—quite. Very well, then, 'e'd drop 'er there.

He did. At first she was a little startled. It looked rather grand and expensive, and what a crowd! Still, it was reasonable enough for a week, and just fancy, a hot bath included! And breakfast in bed, if one liked, for a small extra charge. And then you took your dinner in the hotel or not, as you wished; just went down at your leisure to the public restaurant and chose a little table to yourself. No being at the beck and call of a cracked gong; no "Priscilla dear, not on the tablecloth!" no "Yes, Mrs. Pinkerton-Jones, I remembered"; or "Certainly, Mrs. Pinkerton-Jones; shall I get it now?" and no "Yes, of course I'll take my coffee to the nursery." But you just sat on and drank your coffee while a band played quite stirring music ("You might get Priscilla to play her little piece after dinner, Miss Pennyquick. So sweet, and her auntie would so like to hear it. . . . You know the piece . . . um-ti-tum—um-ti-tah!") and the voices of the diners rose and fell like a distant tide.

Miss Pennyquick toyed with her coffee spoon for a long time, watching the scene

"When I go to Heaven I'll have one week of not doing what other people want me to

do." Then she rose and went to her own room.

The people—the thousands coming and going in the street below her window! The cars, the taxis, the buses and colour. Miss Pennyquick sighed and rang the bell.

"What a minx! Quite the manner of a duchess," she thought, as she said, "Would you bring me a biscuit and something to drink?"



And the freedom and joy of the days that followed! The picture galleries, the parks, the theatre pits, the cinemas, the shops and the bus rides! All so intoxicating, confusing, wonderful. And the talks with utter strangers, anyone and everyone—street vendors, policemen, shop girls, conductors and folks in cafés and tea-rooms. "I'm getting quite garrulous. Where *does* it come from? I suppose . . . it has been boxed up . . . in my heart."

Then came her red-letter day. Whatever more wonderful things may have happened to Miss Pennyquick since she went to Heaven, she surely will never forget that day. It started, as of course the other days had started, with breakfast in bed—oh, that delightful moment before breakfast came, that just lying, warm and sleepy, and stretching one's limbs and turning over snugly against the pillows!—a hot bath, and an unhurried donning of clothes. But on this particular morning Miss Pennyquick took longer than usual, paying careful attention to her appearance. She discarded her "sight-seeing" tweed for a neat blue gabardine, pulled the soft felt well down over her greying hair—at rather a smart angle, she thought—put on her fur, her "best" patents, and a brand-new pair of wash-leather gauntlets, which she had purchased the day before. "It's my last day," she explained to the surprised little person who looked back at her from the glass, "so I'm going to pretend." And she retired to the lounge with her morning paper.

He was there by the door, smoking a cigar; but she pretended to herself that she had not noticed him. As a matter of fact, she had noticed him from the first day of her arrival. So would you and I, because he was tall and quite handsome, with white hair, and an expression in his eyes as though all the time he'd got an awfully good joke that he dared not tell a soul. Quite fascinating. And he was clean-shaven, with lips—well, Miss Pennyquick secretly styled

## THE QUIVER

them "magnetic," which was rather subtle for a little governess, and quite descriptive. Yes, he was there; and what was more, out of the corner of her eye she saw he was studying her; and goodness, he was crossing the lounge towards her, taking the vacant chair at her side. Flight suggested itself, but she dismissed it as absurd.

"Pardon me"—Miss Pennyquick's heart fluttered stupidly—"oughtn't we to know each other?"

What *did* one say? At any rate, she mustn't stare like a schoolgirl; must be a woman of the world, at her ease. "I cannot remember. One meets so many people." Rather neat, and quite true if one thought of the policemen, the street vendors, the bus conductors; and he couldn't know her hand was shaking if she put her newspaper down.

"Of course. You are not Mrs. Thompson—Mrs. Eric Thompson?"

"No, I'm not Mrs. Eric Thompson." Her tone seemed to imply that she was, at any rate, a Mrs. Thompson, though certainly not Mrs. *Eric*. She was annoyed at her own foolishness, but it was too late to draw back, for he was saying, "How extraordinary! No relation, I suppose?"

Just a nervous inflexion of the voice, that was all; but she had plunged into a new world, had unconsciously given herself a part to play for the next twelve hours. It was exciting. It was great fun. She couldn't be Mrs. Eric Thompson, but she was going to be a Mrs. Thompson—perhaps Mrs. John or Mrs. Bertram, but certainly Mrs. Thompson and not Miss Pennyquick.

"No relation at all to my knowledge; but it's not an uncommon name, is it?" And they both laughed.

After that it was comparatively easy. And what a difference it made being a married woman! What confidence it gave one, and gaiety and self-assurance! So if he wanted to lunch Mrs. Thompson, why not lunch with him?

It was a bright, cosy little restaurant not ten minutes' walk from the hotel. Obviously he was used to dining with ladies. He chose the table with care, in the corner and safely out of earshot, and he ordered thoughtfully and somewhat expensively, Miss Pennyquick thought. And such coffee! "The only place in London for coffee," he told her: "other places serve brown sugar and suds." No, she wouldn't have an ice. Not really? Well, have one after dinner. Dinner? Yes, wasn't she

spending the rest of the day with him? He was at a loose end, and she had confessed that she had no plans. Then he must have misunderstood, but couldn't she put off her engagements—just for to-day? Miss Pennyquick hesitated, but Mrs. Thompson was enjoying herself thoroughly, and so they went to Richmond on the front seat of a bus ("We'll have a taxi back, and that'll land us in in good time for dinner and a show"), and had tea in a garden that overlooked the river, sparkling in the June sunlight and dotted with hundreds of little boats.

"You've been on, of course?"

"No, never," sighed Miss Pennyquick; "but I'd love to," added Mrs. Thompson.

"Right. We've heaps of time. I'll get a punt."

And they went gliding in among the other little boats, over the sparkling water, slowly, dreamily, by grassy banks and overhanging trees. To think that she could ever have hated the sight of trees! And they moored for a while to lie full length on the soft grass while he talked and Mrs. Thompson laughed . . . and Miss Pennyquick wondered when she would wake up.

"Yes, it is lovely. I wonder your husband has never brought you here. It's a place for lovers."

"Oh, he hates London." What a mistake not to have buried Mr. Thompson! He was going to prove a shadowy third. "That's why I came to town alone." She was still a little dazed at Mrs. Thompson's audacity.

"What a pity. It's just the place I should want to honeymoon in with my wife—if I had one."

"Then you're not married?" exclaimed Miss Pennyquick.

He laughed. "I should not be here if I were."

"Of course not," she agreed quickly.

"Why 'Of course not'?"

"It wouldn't be right," said Miss Pennyquick severely.

He looked down at her with an odd smile. "As a married lady——" he began.

Miss Pennyquick blushed with confusion, but with remarkable presence of mind, if somewhat obtusely, Mrs. Thompson exclaimed, "Oh, that's different. I shouldn't be here if I were not married." Which statement in one sense was true enough; but all the same it worried poor little Miss Pennyquick all the way home most prodigiously.



"It's just the place I should want to  
honeymoon in with my wife—if I had one."

Drawn by  
Norman Sutcliffe

## THE QUIVER

Back in her bedroom she looked anxiously at the shabby black evening frock, with its crushed artificial rose at the waist; and it caused her to be seized with a recklessness out of all reason. There were still several pounds left of her hoardings, sewn into a little bag round her neck, to be saved against the time when she left Heaven; and there was still half an hour before the shops closed. "It's madness," protested Miss Pennyquick. "Don't be a fool," cried Mrs. Thompson. "What does it matter—what does anything matter—after to-day?"

She was repaid those poor little hoardings when she saw the look in his eyes, and really her glass had told her that she looked rather nice. In her well-cut evening dress—"Paris model, modom"—a red rose, a real red rose, at her breast, and this new light in her eyes, plain little Miss Pennyquick was transformed into quite a different woman.

"I've changed my mind," he said in greeting. "We won't dine here, we'll go to a more exclusive place." And, "You are looking charming," he whispered.

Oh, twice repaid, those poor little hoardings!

And they had the jolliest dinner together. Somehow, to Miss Pennyquick's secret relief, Mrs. Thompson seemed to fade into the background, and for a while Miss Pennyquick came to life, not Mrs. Pinkerton-Jones's Miss Pennyquick or the agencies', and the bureaux', and the ladies' leagues' Miss Pennyquick, but the real Miss Pennyquick who had been laid by—tightly packed away and almost forgotten—for ten long years; Miss Pennyquick, who had the laugh of a girl, and quick sympathies, and a kindly wisdom.

And how they understood each other! And what a lot they had in common! And how—oh, how joyously long they must have exchanged confidences, for they missed part of the first act!

A queer sensation came to Miss Pennyquick, as the band struck up the National Anthem, difficult to describe. Something within her seemed to become disembodied,

and looking down saw Mrs. Thompson sailing smilingly out of the stalls on the arm of her escort and Miss Pennyquick left crouching there in her seat, her face in her hands, while one by one the lights in the theatre flickered out; and again, in the taxi that was taking them back to the hotel, Miss Pennyquick hunched up on the seat in front of the other two, listening, and with such a funny expression on her face. But the sensation went as they drew up at the hotel. It would probably come back, but she didn't intend it to stay at that moment.

At the foot of the stairs that led up to her landing he bowed over her hand. "You have given me," he said, "a most delightful day."

"I've enjoyed it immensely." Quite casually she said it, as one used to bestowing favours of this kind. Remarkable Mrs. Thompson! While all the time Miss Pennyquick's heart was crying, "Will he? Will he?" But he showed no sign. And so to delay the parting Miss Pennyquick played the card she had kept up her sleeve all day. To-morrow she would be gone.

"I am not . . . Mrs. . . . Thompson."

"I know." The private joke behind his eyes came into full play. "You wear no ring, and besides, I had looked you up in the hotel register."

"Then why—"

"Dear little woman, you looked so lonely, and I wanted to give you a good time for once; that was all." And then he did . . . ever so softly . . . just a touch of lips . . . but on her hand.

Miss Pennyquick made a funny sound in her throat. "It has been Heaven . . ."

He studied the pathetic little figure gravely, conscious of her womanly charm and simplicity. The joke suddenly deserted his eyes, and they were full of a new tenderness.

He said, "And what will it be now?"

"Purgatory." And for the first time he heard a note of bitterness in her voice.

His clasp tightened over the hand he still held. "Then why not stay in Heaven . . . with me?"



# What Makes a Child Naughty?

By  
**Dr. Alice  
Hutchison**

**I** HAVE quite frequently put this question to myself, and have arrived at a most satisfactory answer by first analysing the causes which provoke naughtiness in adults: for we are sometimes very naughty indeed, though we prefer to reserve the word for children. Our conduct on such occasions is explained by the fact that the large majority of us fail to grow up and so fail to exercise a guiding hand upon our instincts. We recognize this by designating such conduct "childish," and in this common acceptance of our kinship with children do I find justification for understanding naughtiness in a child by studying its counterpart in an adult.

Let me unfold the subject by taking up a few of these causes and studying their influence upon the child through a very intimate identification of myself with his mental processes and his emotions.

## **Resentful of Adult**

### **Rudeness**

The average child is very resentful towards any display of rudeness from adults: some children are even keenly sensitive in the matter. Remembering our own readiness to flare up and give the retort appropriate to the occasion, one would expect a predisposition to enter into the child's feelings and consequently to respect them.

Unfortunately the reverse is the case with a very large number of people, even with some who recognize the necessity for bridling one's tongue where an equal in age is concerned.

But the child is regarded as one under authority, to whom commands may be given in as peremptory a tone as the occasion prompts and without suffering any pricks of regret or remorse. The line of reasoning seems to be: "This child has been given me so that I may teach him the meaning

of discipline, and so the rules of politeness, valid for adults, are in his case invalid."

## **An Attitude that Provokes Naughtiness**

Were this merely a question of personal opinion its only significance would be that of hurting a child's feelings—to me a very grave matter—but when we, from repeated experience, recognize it to be one of the commonest causes of naughtiness, then indeed does it become an affair of practical present-day politics of the nursery. And the intimate connexion between rudeness and naughtiness is, after all, easily understandable if we ask ourselves why we do not gladly suffer lack of politeness. Is it not because our beloved Ego is on such occasions trailed in the dust, instead of being treated with the profound respect which we regard as its due? Even so with the child. He cannot analyse his feelings, he knows nothing of the beloved Ego and cares less, but he is conscious that when he is addressed politely, he finds himself doing the thing that is asked of him and that when a command is hurled rudely at him he sometimes feels more like kicking the person in question than obeying.

Some children, however, become so inured to roughness of speech that as a general rule they merely shrug their shoulders and say: "It's only his way: he doesn't mean anything." If, however, they are off colour for any reason, it may act as the last straw and

provoke an outburst of naughtiness which is perplexing to all concerned.

The sensibility of children to rudeness is on a par with their magnetic reaction to various types of character. Some people cause their emotional needle to swing violently in the opposite direction while it inclines magically towards others: and in



**A child is sometimes naughty because there is a turmoil in his soul**



## THE QUIVER

truth we cannot always explain the influences at work. Though we are unable to explain them, we recognize this trait as a very fruitful source of naughtiness in the child and one which should strike a chord of sympathy in all of us who find ourselves swayed against our will by strong instinctive dislikes, which only social codes and ideas instilled in youth enable us to dissemble.



They are bewildered by well-meaning lectures from relatives

### The Nurse who Rouses Revolt

How great must, then, be our fellow-feeling for the child placed under the authority of a nurse who rouses in him by her mere presence every instinct of revolt. Small wonder indeed is it that she finds occasion to report him frequently as "a very naughty and disobedient little boy"!

Easy is the path of such a child compared with that other who finds himself in discord with the character of his parent or parents. Here is tragedy in truth, a tragedy which is somehow intensified by the fact that it sometimes arises through a clashing of difficult traits which parent and child possess in common. That it should occasion frequent unhappiness and the constant measurement of one will against another is only too easily understandable to the onlooker—but not, alas! to the combatants.

We are familiar also with antagonism between certain members of a family and recognize it as a fruitful source of trouble in the nursery. Only with advancing years, a less egoistic outlook and a clearer vision do these sometimes draw together and even cement a friendship.

That I should select the spoiled child as being synonymous with the habitually naughty child will, I am sure, be a sur-

prise to some of my readers. Yet such is my experience, and the psychological explanation is not far to seek.

### The Spoiled Child

The spoiled child is one who, from his very cradle, finds himself in the position of being in command. To one he says: "Go thither," and he goes; to another, "Come hither," and he comes. It is no exaggeration to say that his parents frequently make of themselves doormats, and in this fact lies the crux of the situation. For if in the course of our daily life another accords to us unstinted and fulsome adulation and performs even menial services demanding no return, it produces in us not only a desire to domineer but also a feeling of satiety and sometimes even of contempt. For in order to ensure a sane and healthy development of character we need from time to time the clash of opposition and the stimulus of a service rendered for a service received.

Can we wonder if the child, on first hearing commands issued to *him*, who has hitherto succeeded in gratifying every wish, has the impression that the universe is tumbling about his ears? Can we wonder if he attempts to defend the position which he has hitherto regarded as unassailable by hot words of protest and by a pitiful and humiliating display of bad temper?

His life is further complicated by the inevitable sequence of events. His parents (ignoring their own culpability in the matter) feel compelled to stand out for obedience on certain occasions. In the hope of achieving surer results, they adopt a peremptory tone and even have recourse to punishment, for by a strange paradox the spoiled child in the end receives far more slaps than the child who has from his earliest days willingly co-operated with authority.

### The Policy of Give and Take

Yet if we remove such a child from his pernicious surroundings and set him down in the healthy democracy of a well-ordered nursery, it is obvious from his altered bearing, improved sleep and happy expression that he has (unconsciously) given an excellent and telling demonstration of the truth that only by bending our wills to authority in one form or another and by making the policy of give and take our own do we taste the fullest measure of health of body and mind.



## WHAT MAKES A CHILD NAUGHTY?

Still another important cause of naughtiness in the child remains to be discussed, which, once again, has its counterpart in our own lives.

A child is sometimes naughty for no other reason than because there is a turmoil in his soul. Certain events have transpired which he fails to understand but which, childlike, he discusses with none. He broods over them, possibly with a sense of injustice in his soul, till the pent-up emotion overflows in the form of naughtiness. His conduct draws upon him reproof and perhaps punishment, which merely serve to increase the turmoil and so lead to a further overflow.

This type of naughtiness is apt to continue indefinitely unless we make an attempt to gain the child's confidence, see the course of events from his point of view and correct his distorted vision, for we frequently find that misunderstanding has dictated his conduct.

### The Fault is Often Our Own

In a sense which I have not yet touched upon, we are sometimes directly responsible for a child's naughtiness. I refer to the fact that if a child becomes accustomed to hearing himself constantly called "naughty" there is a real danger that he may accept the quality as a temperamental peculiarity and abandon all effort towards improvement.

We can only escape from such an impasse by renouncing the use of the word "naughty" and by according a full measure of praise for even slight efforts towards the goal of good behaviour.

At other times children who fail to satisfy their natural desire for the limelight in a legitimate way, or who feel themselves

overlooked, will deliberately make use of our universal human predisposition to err in order to bring themselves to the front.

### Other Causes

Lack of sleep and discomfort through irregular feeding cannot be overlooked as causes which provoke naughtiness, and still less so those changing moods which are dependent on the weather and on a number of hardly definable causes.

Have I painted him too innocent and laid too small a share of blame at the door of this altogether lovable and profoundly interesting personality? I think not when



Some parents frequently make of themselves doormats

I ponder on his utter helplessness in our hands and on the difficult task which faces him of adjustment to authority and of adjustment to life under an horizon of such limited extent.

## WHAT MAKES A CHILD HAPPY?

Without in any way indulging a boy or girl, one way to make a child happy is to make him or her a reader of **LITTLE FOLKS**.

With the May Number there starts a new volume of this ever-popular Monthly for Boys and Girls. New Serials, New Features, New Competitions. Order **LITTLE FOLKS** for your young people.

# THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

by Mary Wiltshire

OLD Cleels had just taken his pay for the last week's work he would do in Bayntun Woods. Fifty-eight years he had worked there, and now he was to make room for a younger man; and though the successor was his own underling, whom he had taught and trained, so that, at all events, he would not have to contemplate the spectacle of a stranger "messin' up the woods," he did not take kindly to his retirement.

Seventy, in his eyes, was not a retiring age, and he considered himself good for another five or six years, anyway, if not longer. However, retired he was to be. The cottage at the head of Barrow Dell, the apex of the huge triangle of the Bayntun Woods, had already been handed over to Harding, the underling; and he, his old missus, and his small furnishings were installed in the lodge on the Salisbury Road, the main entrance to Bayntun Park.

His mind was running on back years to-night as he made his bent way home; and he kept up a running commentary on Bayntun, and all that appertained to it, for the benefit of Mr. Farrow, the estate agent, who accompanied him. Charles Farrow was a middle-aged man, and his connexion with the Bayntun estate was a long one; but his twenty years seemed a small thing to set beside the other's fifty-eight. He could remember a good deal, as, for example, "t' year when t' larch plantation were laid down over to Longmeadow"; and the autumn when "his lardship had the Little Avenue arl planted wi' Douglas pine, 'stead o' the odd odd-come-sharts o' trees as wer' there afore." But when old Cleels got back down the years to "when the brook wer' widened an' Bay Bottom wer' drained," the agent could no longer follow him. He remembered no time when Bay Bottom was in other state than its present one—rich pasture, which in the hottest summer never grew baked or hard, with the brook run-

ning at the side, and an osier bed in one corner.

The thin old voice beside him took up the tale again:

"A purty spot 't were in th' old days; 't wer' just a sheet o' purple when the willow-erb wer' in vlower, an' genelman use' ter come from arl over, 'cos ther' was ma'sh birds and vlowers ther', 'em said, as wredn't found scarce nowhere else. But, o' course, that wer' afore your time, zur; 't wer' when ther' was Bayntuns of Bayntun afore this new lot come."

Charles Farrow laughed noiselessly. The second generation of the "new lot" was ruling at Bayntun now, and a third was growing up; though certainly compared with the eight centuries of Bayntuns, they were even now a "new lot."

"Farty-dree year agoen. I mind it plain, when the b'y wer' drowned. Started in to get bird's eggs, he did, and went too far in the mud; and Madam Bayntun, she did hear 'un a-screamin', and a went in arter 'un, and got caught, too, an' died there wi' 'un. An' squire, he said as how the place had cost 'un a's wife and child, and the childer shouldn't go ther' into danger no more; an' he had it arl cleared away same as 'tis now; an' when 'twere done he just took an' died, an' Bayntun wer' sold. 'Twere just where the stream be widest as they foun' the two bodies, and squire he had it done like that, so as none shouldn't never walk over the spot agen."

They walked on towards the lodge. The agent did not generally take pay-nights in person, but this was something of an occasion; it is not every week that fifty-eight years of service are completed. There had been a presentation of an arm-chair from the other employees; his lordship of the "new lot" had come down to the office and made a small speech; the agent had made another speech. Old Cleels had thanked them all somewhat inarticulately, a trifle overcome;

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had thought as he could still do a day's work wi' any man; had been told that he had done so many that he had earned a rest, and the lodge garden was quite enough for a man of his years to tackle. Then the chair had been sent on ahead in a cart, and Farrow walked down to the lodge with its new occupant to see that the chair was duly installed and the lodge as it should be.

It was a pretty lodge, with a carpet-bedded garden in front, and a patch of copse hiding a kitchen garden in the rear; the great elms of the avenue making a wonderful perspective in the distance. Cleels acknowledged reluctantly that 'twas a tidy little place. Mrs. Cleels announced that 'twas a better kitchen than the Barrow Dell one, and the stove did draw better; and she was bound to say she did enjoy seeing the bit o' passing on the road. "It made it more cheerful like," she added, as a traction-engine drawing three timber-carriages came by with a rattling and clanking that filled the air with clamour.

Farrow looked down at her indulgently. She was a little rosy dumpling of a woman, who prided herself on being as sprack as her own darters, though she were seventy and a bit. "I be a bit older'n Jacob, Mr. Farrow," she had said, when the question of retirement had been first mooted; and he had replied truthfully that she looked years younger, for Jacob was bent and gnarled, and twisted like an old thorn-tree.

The agent went out to look at some roof repairs that had lately been finished, then came back to take his leave, staying, however, to drink a cup of Mrs. Cleels's tea, and to discuss Harding's tenure of the woods with old Jacob. The old man was a past-master of woodcraft. Totally ignorant as knowledge is reckoned in these enlightened times—he could sign his own name, but very little more—on his own subject he was an authority without equal. Farrow, himself a timber expert of some standing, admitted frankly that Cleels had taught him more about the life of trees than he ever thought there was to know.

"Think you'll do here all right?" he said, as he rose to go for the second time. "Got your pensions through yet?"

"Oh yes, sir, thank you, sir. Her ladyship come down yesterday, and she be goin' to give I some cretonne to cover my old chair; and with this fine new one as Jacob have got, an' our own things, we'll do fine, thank you, sir. And it be arl straight and clean now."

"It certainly looks very different from what it did," Farrow answered, standing in the doorway. "Old Mrs. Braden had really got past it, poor old soul."

"Mrs. Braden had, sir, but that hussy of a darter of hers had not; and 'twas a fair disgrace the way this place were left, an' so I told her ladyship. I don't know what girls is comin' to. In my young days we'd have been fair shamed to have a kitchen in that muck, let alone leave it like it; but she never cared for naught but dressin' up in her grand frocks. Dinked out all in white, if you please, when she brought me the keys, and powder smeared on her face till she looked for all the world as if she'd tumbled in a flour bin. A hussy she is, Mr. Farrow, an' I'm downright sorry for the poor fool she's married."

Farrow interposed with a second query as to the pensions; he had heard Mrs. Cleels on the subject of the "modern girl" before, and he wanted to get home to his dinner. Cleels answered from the depths of the new chair, "We be goin' to dra-a the first lot week come Saturday, zur. Missus, she did finish fillin' o' the papers in, like you showed 'er, an' she tuk 'un down to the 'Size Office, same as you zed, zur. Us thought as how 't were better for she to go, 'cos 'er be a better scholard nor me; an' she told the 'Size genelman as how his lardship were 'lowin' I five shillin' a week, an' we was to live at the lodge; an' he axed if we'd got aught else comin' in, an' 'er zed as how we hadn't, an' 'ee zed as 't were arl right, an' she mun go for the pensions on the twenty-seventh, an' that's a week come Saturday; an' I'm sure we'm both very much obliged, zur."

Farrow went back to the office, mounted his bicycle and rode home, his mind running on the old couple meanwhile. He had a knack of sympathy and insight that had enabled him to enter into the agricultural and rural mind better than most townsmen ever do.

"A doan't zim laike a genelman," an elderly keeper had once said of him; "do zim more laike us."

There was to him something of pathos in the pair. So many years of hard work, and at the end of it such entire content with 5s. a week and the old age pension; so shrewd a brain in anything which either understood; such helpless ignorance of all which lay outside that limited range. He recalled the day when the old woman came to ask him if he would help them about the

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"penshun." He could see now the tiny upright little figure in well-brushed best coat of a fashion many years gone; the black straw hat with an ironed ribbon and three inches of rusty ostrich feather; the mended cotton gloves. He recalled also the difficulty of making her understand even the comparative simplicity of an old age pension form; the laborious slowness of the writing—

Well, they belonged to a generation that was rapidly passing away; there was only one other workman of the type of old Cleels left on the estate now. It was a fine type to which they belonged, honest, thrifty, almost incredibly hardworking, proud of their long service, and with a loyal friendliness to their employers that had in it nothing of time-serving or toadyism. They were poor; if those more blessed with this world's goods than themselves gave to them help out of their greater abundance they accepted it with thanks, frankly admitting that it was a help, taking it for granted that the small moneyless presents of rare wild flowers, herbs, or other produce of woods or garden which they themselves made to their richer neighbours from time to time were equally welcome, and were accepted in the spirit in which they were given.

The new generation had its good points too. Charles Farrow was not of those who always decry the modern; he recognized its quickness, its adaptability, its enterprise; but he recognized also that friendship such as there was between himself and the Cleels, between his lordship of the "new lot" and the older workpeople, was no longer possible, except in isolated cases. It might come again, probably would, when this transition period was over; but for the present it was passing with the passing generation. The only thing one could do was to make the most of what was left of it. At all events the Cleels seemed comfortably settled, and he turned his thoughts to other matters.

He saw the old couple at intervals during the ensuing year. The lodge garden was a picture always. Cleels carried off a prize for roses at two local flower shows, as well as several for the vegetables he raised in the plot of kitchen garden behind the lodge, and considered himself slightly aggrieved that he was not awarded more. Mrs. Cleels bought herself a new hat at the "rum-midge" sale, and transferred the rusty feather from the old best hat to the new one. A feather is the hall-mark of best clothes;

ribbon alone is everyday, or poverty-stricken.

So things went on with them until the coming of the new Excise Officer.

Charles Farrow fell foul of him almost at once. His predecessor had been a courteous-mannered, pleasant individual, with a love of archæology and a knowledge of gardening; a man who, when he came up against ways and customs which were strange to his north-country upbringing, asked and accepted explanations, receiving the consideration and fair dealing which he scrupulously accorded.

The new man was a do-as-you'll-be-done Jack-in-office, a born official, to whom every minutest rule of every Government form was as the law of the Lord to the Psalmist of old, "more precious than silver, yea, than gold from a refiner's fire"; and he would have held the breaking of every commandment in the Decalogue a venial sin beside the smallest infringement of a rule to be found on a form.

"He's a real genuine Government official," Farrow said of him after their first encounter; "it's a type distinct and apart from any other race in the world. Nearest approach is a parish visitor. And if he thinks I'm going to alter my whole system of accounts and upset every darned thing because it doesn't fit in with some fool form or other, he can find out his mistake, and the sooner the quicker."

"Perhaps if he has just had promotion, as you understood, dear," said Mrs. Farrow soothingly, "he is not quite used to being chief of a district yet, and he will improve."

"He'd better," growled her husband wrathfully.

Farrow had had an arrangement with the various excise officers who had ruled in Downborough during his tenure at Bayntun whereby nearly the whole of the excise business arising from the Bayntun estate was dealt with and settled at one fell swoop, about the end of November, before the estate accounts were balanced at Christmas. It was not strictly in accordance with rules, and meant a slight juggling with dates in one or two instances, but it hurt nobody, and saved the two men concerned a considerable amount of time and trouble. Farrow had gone to the new man about the middle of the month to "presume the old arrangement could continue," and was met with a point-blank refusal. Certainly not. All excise business connected with the

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Bayntun estate would be dealt with in the course of the year, as it fell due; neither earlier nor later.

Farrow urged that he had found the arrangement in existence when he first came into the district twenty-one years ago, and it had never been objected to, either then or since. In vain. It would be objected to now. Because matters had been mismanaged for twenty years and more was no good reason why the practice should continue. He disliked casting

aspersions on absent individuals, but he thought he had better take this opportunity of mentioning that he considered his predecessor to have been grossly lax and inefficient; in fact, in his opinion, if he might say so without offence, the whole district was far too much under the control of the Bayntun Office. It was a state of affairs totally at variance with a democratic conception

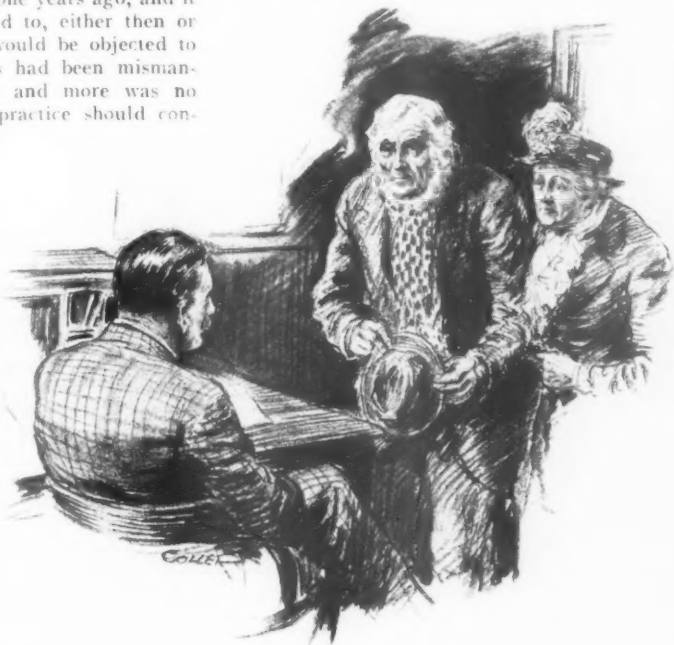
of local administration, and so far as his department was concerned, it was a state of affairs which would have to come to an end.

Whereupon Farrow had terminated the interview decisively, and being like the centurion of old, a man accustomed to say, "Go, and he goeth; and come, and he cometh," went home as amiable as a wasp in a disturbed nest.

Followed a series of small encounters.

H.M. Customs and Excise, Downborough, wished to inform the Bayntun Estate Office—unless the matter was one dealt with by Mr. C. R. Farrow personally—that certain of the licences for sporting dogs held by them were not quite in order; would they kindly supply further herein specified details? Bayntun Estate Office furnished herewith details of dogs; if the Chief Officer of Excise wished for further information, would he kindly make a personal visit of inspection?

Office of Customs and Excise, Downborough, would draw the attention of the Bayntun Estate to the fact that Form B1489, supplied to them on the 17th inst., required answering in duplicate, and only one copy



" 'I 'on't live to go to jail, Mr. Farrow, sir, I 'on't!' "—p. 662

Drawn by  
H. Collier

had so far been received. Bayntun Estate Office begged to inform H.M. Chief Officer of Excise, Downborough, that as only one copy of Form B1489 had been sent to them, they had presumed no duplicate was required.

Bayntun Estate Office requested H.M. Office of Customs and Excise for information *re* entertainment tax stamps, for the Spring Bulb Show at Bayntun. Downborough Excise Office supplied the information at length and wordily, together with several forms. Bayntun Estate Office regretted its lack of comprehension, but failed to understand the application of Form No. —forty thousand and two, or thereabouts—to the present instance; whereupon more explanations and more forms.

And so forth and so on till June was well advanced; and at the end of June the Excise Officer met his Waterloo.

There was in Downborough a "Penny

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Savings Bank," started by a woman of understanding charity, and continued by bequest under her will, in the days when the minimum of 1s. required by the Post Office Savings Bank was an insuperable obstacle to the starting of an account therein by many a hard-worked labourer. The Downborough Penny Bank took sums of one penny upwards; if an account swelled to the grand total of £1 that pound was transferred to the Post Office Savings Bank and the penny account started afresh. The bequest provided for a small interest, working expenses, and the salary of a paid secretary. The rest of the management was voluntary, something after the rate of a Parish Provident Club, as under the terms of the will the "bank's" affairs were controlled by a committee nominated from among the ministers of religion of the town and from its council. The bank was open two nights a week from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m., and various of the Downborough townsmen undertook, at the request of the committee, to sit in turn at the receipt of custom and take the deposits. The new Excise Officer was thus requested, and as he considered it the correct thing to take an interest in the local institutions of whatever district he found himself in, he undertook the duty for the second Monday in June.

The following Saturday Farrow, who was away, received a letter:

"HONOURED SIR,—As the Young Gentlemen sed as you was coming back Monday, I make bold to ask if we med come to the offic to see you Tuesday. Sir we are in dredful trouble and have alwis tried to live onest, and this summons is terrible ard. Mr. Farrow, Sir, if you would show us any way we would be more than grateful. Hoping this finds you well as it leaves us at present. —Yours respectfully, SARAH CLEELS."

Farrow knew the rustic mind well, but this was beyond his power to unravel. However, it was right that he was returning Monday; and Tuesday morning, when he arrived at the office, he found the old couple awaiting him, but sadly changed from the days of the best coat and the feather.

Mrs. Cleels's face was flushed and swollen with crying; Cleels looked apathetic, sodden with misery.

"If we could speak to you quiet, sir," Mrs. Cleels faltered, hanging back on the threshold of the clerk's office with such visible shrinking that Farrow led the way into his private room.

"Now," he said, "what is it?"

Mrs. Cleels dissolved in tears again, dabbed at her eyes vigorously, then started her recital in a shaky, wavering voice.

"'Tis about the pension, sir; 'tis the new 'Size Genelman (name fits him, Farrow thought) up to Downborough, an' he've been over an' told us as how we did get the pension under false pretences; and we should be summonsed; and now—now there be a paper—a paper—coom—an'an'—" she choked hopelessly; Jacob took up the tale:

—"an' us hev gotten to goo afore the magistrates week coom Thursday," he finished tonelessly. "I did think if a body saved a bit o' money agen their funeral 'twere theirn; but seemingly it ain't. But I 'on't live to go to jail, Mr. Farrow, sir, I 'on't!"

"That's how he've talked ever sin' the paper come, Mr. Farrow, sir"—it was the old woman now—"an' I don't know what to do, and we didn't never mean no harm, sir, indeed we never, and I tried to tell the genelman, but a 'oodn't listen, and a said 'twere fraud what we'd a-done."

"The 'Size genelman as was before, he never axed 'bout no money put away"—this from Cleels; "he did ax the missus if we'd aught comin' in 'sides what his lordship was 'lowin' us for doin' the lodge, and she said as we hadn't, an' that were all. There weren't nothin' 't all said 'bout money put by."

Farrow stopped the old lady as she started in again. "You must tell me what's happened out straight from the beginning," he said. "Do you mean that the Excise Officer says you have no right to the Old Age Pension? Because that's nonsense; you have."

Mrs. Cleels took a deep breath, dabbed at her eyes again, and resumed: "'Twere along o' the Savings Bank, sir," she began. "We'd saved up once and paid into the Watchman, and we unnerstood as how there were to be five shillin' a week after Jacob were sixty-five, and burial money for either on us if we did die. 'Twas hard work, sir; wages wasn't so good then, an' the children was growin' up an' wantin' things; and 'twere a job sometimes to save out the money every week for the man to take; but we did it, an' thought we was safe—an' then the Watchman went broke. You mind, sir?"

"Mr. Farrow 'oodn't mind that," from old Jacob: "'twere in Mr. Templecombe's time."

Farrow had, however, heard it spoken of,



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as it was a just-passed happening when he came; the Watchman was a local Friendly Society which, by means of a rogue of a secretary, had made away with the savings of most of the poorer portion of the community thereabouts.

"All as we'd put by went, same as others; and we thought as how, supposin' we was to die then, there'd be nought for us but to be buried by the parish, same as poor old Mr. Mercer, as was woodman before Jacob; he did die just then, an' had to have a parish funeral, 'cos his money were all gone in the Watchman. Oh, sir, if me and Jacob had a-had to be the same"—the old voice rose to a wail again, quavered and broke.

Farrow understood. There are two things of which the old type of peasant—the real "folk"—stand in deep-rooted and ineradicable terror—the "House" and the parish funeral.

He had often speculated over the feeling, wondering whether it was a survival of days when the occupier of the smallest "parcel" of land held strict rights against his overlord, to which he clung with a fierce and stubborn independence that outwore all oppression of force and wealth; days when the landless man was also the nameless man; of no rights; the chattel of his lord; whose value was gone with his strength, and who might die in a ditch and lie there where he had crawled for aught anyone cared. Whatever the cause, there the feeling was, as great a shame as prison and more to be dreaded, because prison could be avoided; but the "House" and the parish burial would come sometimes, despite all efforts of despairing thrift to ward them off.

Some such thoughts passed through Farrow's mind as he looked at the old pair in front of him, while Mrs. Cleels tried to recover her narrative powers and Cleels apologized for the missus takin' on so.

"We started puttin' by again, sir, an' first of all we kep' it under the bed. Then we was afear'd by tramps, an' I says to Jacob as how I thought as 'twould be all right to take it into the Penny Bank at Downborough, 'cos his lordship—'twas the old lordship then—had summat to do wi' that, an' lots of other genelman as we did know through the shootin', an' I didn't think as th'd let our money be took. So we did it, an' put by a bit every week up till now; and when I went in last Monday 'twas the new 'Size genelman, and he asked me a lot about who I was and everything, and what we'd paid in; and on Tuesday he

comes up to the lodge and asks me a lot more; an' I told him, sir, same as I've told you, all about the Watchman, an' how we was puttin' the money by for burial money and had got near enough now; and then he turns round an' says as how I'd sworn false about the penshun to say as we'd no money an' we'd got this in the Savings Bank; and I told him as the other 'Size genelman never asked that, on'y if we'd anything comin' in, and that this wasn't spending-money like, on'y for the burying; an' he says"—indignation warming her and ousting the tears—"as I should only make my case worse by a legal—legal—squibble, I think a called it, and by impudence, an' he should take action, he said. An' then on Friday comes this summons, and oh, Mr. Farrow, sir, what *be* we to do?"

Farrow inwardly cursed his folly in not thinking of money put by when he signed the pension papers; he cursed also, much more vigorously, the mind and outlook which could attribute intentional dishonesty to this transparent old Darby and Joan. The worst of it was he did not see what he could do, though assuredly he was going to try to do something. Legally, he supposed the "Size genelman" had right on his side; money in the Post Office Savings Bank—he ascertained that some had been transferred there from the local institution—should have been mentioned, though it was an obligation more usually honoured in the breach than in the observance. And he had little hope of making the present Inland Revenue representative in Downborough believe that the omission in this case was not of fraudulent intent; the man would judge his own mother by a Government form. However, Farrow promised he would go and see him.

"And shall us hev to go to jail?" old Jacob quavered.

"No, you certainly won't. I'm afraid it's too late to stop your havin' to appear in court, but I'll make things as easy as I can for you; and at the worst there'll only be a small fine, which I'll pay for you. No, you needn't protest, Mrs. Cleels: it's largely my fault, and you shan't be the losers. Cheer up and don't worry."

He interviewed the Excise Officer that day, with the expected result. The case was certainly not going to be allowed to drop; there were far too many frauds in connexion with applications for Old Age Pensions, and it was his duty ("Pleasure too," Farrow muttered under his breath) to



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take instant legal action when any such fraud came under his notice. The majority of people were not nearly sufficiently careful to ascertain the correctness of the forms which gave their names for reference, though such inexcusable carelessness as this—if carelessness it was—was unusual even in the Bayntun Estate Office. Farrow replied that such suspicion and evil-mindedness was unusual even in the Downborough Excise Office, and wished him "Good morning."

He spent a good portion of the next few days in privately interviewing magistrates and the magistrates' clerk, interviews not reported in the local press.

"Week coom Thursday" arrived.

The four magistrates on the bench were all personal friends of Farrow's; the clerk was well prepared and sympathetic. Cleels and his wife appeared, very neat as to person, but in mind pathetically scared and lost. Then came the "Size genelman," dignified and judicial, as became a representative of Government; indeed, an Ambassador and his suite hardly equalled him in importance. Farrow followed him, chuckling, for, as the result of the unreported interviews, he foresaw disaster and defeat for the emissary of Majesty; though far be it from anyone to doubt the impeccability of a magistrate.

The case for the prosecution opened. The enormity of the fraud was dwelt upon at length, the "Size genelman," assuming for the time the mantle of the Attorney-General, gave his views and experience of rustic evasions of the law in general, and of Cleels and his wife in particular. Poor Mrs. Cleels's "squibble" became "an artful and cunning piece of special pleading, which probably would have imposed on an inexperienced man"; the Bayntun Estate Office was criticized, with a certain pitying contempt certainly, as from a lofty height of superiority; but, listening, it was easy to comprehend the objections of enlightened democracy to large estates and their management, and to sympathize with the aspirations of the Land Nationalization League; while the peroration, as to the necessity for scrupulous exactness and uprightness in dealing with public money, should have drawn tears to the eyes of the Bench.

Only it didn't.

The Bench sat stolid and unmoved, and awaited the evidence of Jacob and Mrs. Cleels; even appearing more interested in them than in the "Size genelman."

The two old souls appealed forlornly to

Mr. Farrow, sir, at the first question after the formalities of name, residence, etc., were finished; and when they were told by the clerk, gently enough, that they must answer the questions themselves, they did their best to understand and reply, with, however, such little success that the Bench suggested it would be better to let them tell their story—a country Magistrate's Court is not remarkable for formality—and then put any questions that might arise.

Jacob indicated his missus. "Thee'd best let her tell," he said. "I be old, and my yed bain't that clear, but I hadn't nary thought o' doin' nothing wrong, zur. I ha' worked to Bayntun fer fifty-eight year, zur, but I hadn't never thought t'end like this. Fifty-eight year. Fifty-eight year." He subsided into the slow muttering of age. "It be a long time, a longful, longful time."

Mrs. Cleels' recital was more or less the same as Farrow had heard a few days previously. She did, however, enlarge upon one subject—the deceptiveness of the "Size genelman."

"He came as friendly like as Mr. Farrow hisself," she said, with a palpably smarting sense of injury. "I didn't know who he was, 'cept he was the same genelman as was at the Savings Bank on the Monday; and I thought as how, maybe, he'd heard 'bout Jacob and the time as he'd worked at Bayntun, 'cos his lordship did oftentimes bring folks down and tell 'em 'bout the fifty-eight year, and they did seem interested like; an' so I telled him all about we, and showed him the chair as they'd gived Jacob; an' he asked how long we'd paid into the Bank, an' I telled him that, an' 'bout the Watchman, an' what we was savin' the money for; an' then he ups an' says as we be practisin' a fraud like, an' he be Government an' be goin' to summons us; an' when I tried t' explain as it weren't spendin' money like, not same as what his lordship giv' us, he said as I were a imperent woman."

There was a slight movement of the Bench, and something which sounded like "Officious fool" issued from part of it; though ears may be mistaken, and such sentiments do not properly belong to a Bench.

"Why didn't you say you had this money saved up when you applied for the pension?" the clerk asked her.

"I didn't know as I ought to, sir. You see, sir, Mr. Farrow, he telled us all about the penshun, an' what the paper did mean, and he telled me to say as how his lord-



"Jacob indicated his missus. 'Thee'd  
best let her tell,' he said"

Designed by  
H. Cooper

## THE QUIVER

ship were givin' us five shillin a week an' we was to live in the lodge; and the 'Size genelman' as was then, when I did go to him, he asked me if we'd got anything else comin' in, an' I said 'No,' only praps sometimes some o' the folks might give us a trifle fr openin' the drive-gate, an' he said that were all right. He never asked if we'd anything put by, or a-course I'd a-telled him; but he never said that, only if there were anything comin' in."

"How much have you saved?"

"I've got the book, sir; you can see 'un; it be thirty-seven pounds an' some shillin's, sir. Thirty-seven pounds—no, thirty-six pounds, and some what they calls interest in the Post Office, and the rest in the Penny Bank."

"And how long has it taken you to save it?"

"'Twould be a twenty year, sir, an' a bit; 't were nigh on twenty-two years ago as the Watchman went broke——"

"Twenty-two year come August," from old Jacob.

"—an't were after then as we started. I did put in sixpence some weeks, and ninepence some. Jacob's old mother had come to live wi' us just about then, and Jacob he weren't gettin' but fifteen shillin' a week reg'lar, though sometimes there was extries, an' we was a bit short by times. Then after she dies an' Jacob were rose to eighteen I could put a bit more; then in the war he had a pound first go off, and then was rose with the farm-men, and we could save a good bit out o' that."

Part of the Bench was again heard to remark that it couldn't see how this affected the question of an old age pension. Thirty-seven pounds, however well invested, could hardly bring in sufficient to be called an income.

The clerk explained that the charge was not of obtaining the pension itself under false pretences, but of making a false statement relating thereto.

The "Size genelman," in an audible aside, wondered how much longer the time of the Court was going to be wasted.

The clerk turned to Mrs. Cleels again. "You are still saving a bit out of your pension?"

"Yes, sir; we was wanting to get it up to forty pound. We reckoned that 'ud be enough. Oh, sirs"—she gave way suddenly—"be you goin' to send Jacob and me to prison?"

The Bench assured Mrs. Cleels that it

was going to do nothing so drastic; but she must be quiet now and let them finish.

Farrow gave evidence as to the honesty of defendants, apologized for his carelessness in not ascertaining the fact of savings when they asked him about the pension; and the Bench retired.

They returned almost immediately to pronounce judgment to the effect that they could not help themselves in imposing a fine; the law was explicit on the subject [appearance of mistrustful doubt on the face of the "Size genelman"], and as the matter unfortunately, and they could not help saying unnecessarily, had been brought into Court [shocked and unpleasant surprise of the "Size genelman"] they were bound to do as the law ordered; but as they were perfectly convinced that Cleels and his wife had acted in complete good faith, they would make it as small as possible, five shillings and costs [complete collapse of the "Size genelman," who had been standing up to hear better]. "And as I understand," continued the Chairman of the Bench, dropping his official capacity, "that Mr. Farrow has undertaken to pay everything for you, you'll both of you, I hope, be none the worse for this rather unpleasant little happening."

"Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Farrow—Jacob, *us can go home!*"

Into the confusion of tearful thanks and grateful leave-takings there cut suddenly the voice of the Chairman of the Bench, a retired solicitor, with uncomfortably gimlet eyes, who had been confabbing with his colleagues:

"One moment, Mr. Neville, if you please." Then, after the Cleelses and the reporters and the one or two listeners had left the Court, the Chairman continued: "I wish to give you a word of warning, sir. You are, I presume, a young man with his living to earn, and if you come as near making the Excise Office a laughing-stock as you did this morning, you run a considerable risk of not being able to earn it there. You have to learn that there is such a thing as honest ignorance, and that tact and kindness are as useful in an Excise Office as in any other department. We heard that ridiculous case to the end, and imposed that fine, simply because it is not a good thing for the upholding of legal authority in the district to allow a prominent Government official publicly to make a fool of himself. And one thing more. I am perfectly well aware that this little Penny Bank is not a banking institution in the ordinary sense

of the term, and that the voluntary cashiers are bound by no rules of secrecy such as exist in a recognized joint stock bank. But I should have thought any man would have sufficient decency to recognize the implied obligation, and would have refrained from questioning a depositor as to his or her circumstances. You were guilty of a gross breach of confidence. If you had wanted information as Excise Officer you should have applied to the committee. You were there simply as voluntary cashier, and it was no part of your business to find out how much Mrs. Cleels had in the Post Office Savings Bank. That is all I have to say. You may go."

From the *Downborough Gazette* of a month later:

"EXCISE OFFICER LEAVING THE TOWN.

"Mr. C. H. Neville, Chief Excise Officer of Downborough and District, is shortly to be transferred to Ashtonard, an important centre in the Derbyshire coalfield, a change

indeed from Downborough. The Ashtonard office is, we understand, a large one, with great possibilities of promotion. Mr. Neville goes there in the capacity of third officer."

From a conversation between his lordship and Charles Farrow on the day following:

"I think we managed that very neatly, Farrow. All the majesty of the law duly upheld, and nothing to indicate to anybody that the chap gets an Irishman's rise of fifty pounds per annum off his salary, and will have to work under a martinet of a chief who'll slave-drive him like a Legree, and have the nose off his face if he dares so much as blink."

And it was not until some while later that Downborough remembered the fact, and smothered a smile thereat, that his Lordship of the New Lot had a younger brother who was one of the Grand Panjandruns of H.M. Customs and Excise.

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## Truth

By  
Fay Inchfawn

When from her high and holy hill

The simple Truth came down,  
With kindly eye and steadfast will  
To dwell in Mansoul Town

She tried five doors. But scornfully  
Each keeper in his place  
Turned with suspicious haste his key  
And spurned her to her face.

"When we can plainly hear thy call,  
When we can clearly see,  
Or apprehend thy ways at all  
Through sensibility.

"Then shalt thou enter—not before!"  
Oh deaf, and blind, and dead,  
Who drive the Truth from thy poor door,  
Heed now the words she said:

"Some gate, moss-grown or dim with rust,  
May open silently,  
Not moved by common sense, but just  
By simple love of me!"

"If thou couldst plan my outward track,  
Or count my every pearl,  
Or bind me to thy chimney-stack  
Lest my white wings unfurl,

"I should not then be white-clad Truth;  
Harness'd, or in a cage,  
How could I stir the blood of youth  
Or lure the soul of age?

"Yet I will wander up and down,  
And I will wait and pray  
In the byways of Mansoul Town  
For many a wistful day.

"And often will I turn aside  
Into some humble street;  
Some postern doorway may swing wide  
To my rejoicing feet.



Lambs in Spring in a Daisy-strewn Meadow.

(Photo: E. A. Gwiling.)



By F. A. Girling

Photo F. A. Girling

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight."

—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

"That of all floures in the mede  
Than love I most these floures white and rede,  
Soch that men callen daisies in our toune."

—CHAUCE.

**A** FEW mild, sunny spring days encourage the thought that the cold weather is past. But the blackthorn is still in bloom, and before its flowers have fallen invariably there comes that cold spell of easterly winds known in the country as the blackthorn winter. White is the predominant colour among flowers at this season. Plum trees in the orchard are blooming, as are the wild cherries in the wood. In the hedgerows the greater stitchwort and hedge garlic mustard, or Jack-by-the-hedge, are opening their white clusters.

#### Like Snow on the Meadows

To crown all, the daisies are covering the meadows with patches of flowers, which in the distance look like snow. Though they bloom to a certain extent throughout the year, they are never seen to better advantage than during these blustering spring days when the wind drives the big white clouds chasing across the sun and makes the lambs in the meadows race up and down for very joy of living.

Like most members of its natural order—the compositæ—the daisy has an extensive range, being found in all the temperate regions of the northern hemisphere, growing on grasslands and pastures. Its leaves are

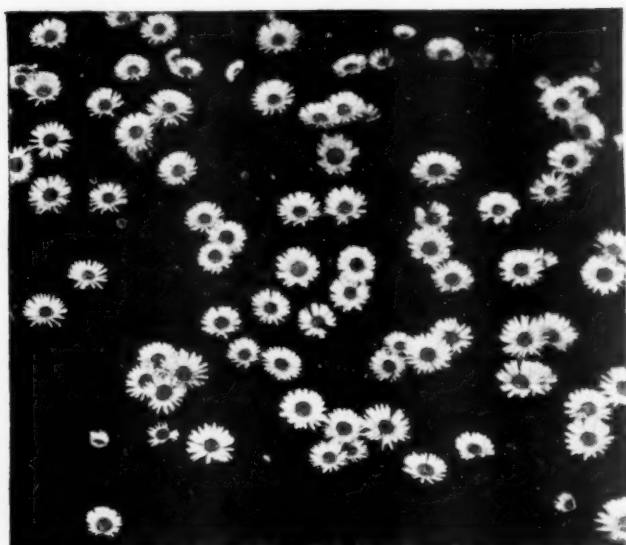
arranged in rosettes and lie flat upon the soil, and being spatulate in shape completely exclude shoots of grass or other plants from forcing their way up between them. This is important in the economy of the plant, as in this manner competition for light and air is partially eliminated. Rosette plants belong essentially to open grasslands, and heaths exposed to the desiccating action of the wind. Their leaves being pressed against the ground they are protected against this better than they would be in any other way. Daisies will grow on the more fertile soils, but appear to be unable to stand up against their stronger-growing competitors. They have therefore retired to situations which are unfavourable to the latter.

#### When Daisies Sleep

The flowers close at night, and this characteristic may be connected with the name, as it is considered by some authorities to be a corrupt form of the Old English name Day's Eye. Chaucer in the fourteenth century referred to it as "The daisie, or el<sup>e</sup> the Eye of the Daie." Its botanical name, *Bellis perennis*, L., may be taken literally—the always charming. In Scotland it is known as the gowan or bairnwort, the latter name doubtless being connected with the habit of children making daisy chains by threading the flowers together. Owing to its low-growing habit it has been used emblematically to represent humility, and as such figured in the device of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI, with the motto "*Humble et loiale*." The name of Margaret



## THE QUIVER



Open blossoms  
in the meadow

Photo :  
F. A. Girling

is, of course, intimately connected with the plant, *Marguerite* being its French name, in allusion no doubt to the pearl-like colour of the ray-florets. The flowering heads really consist of a large number of small florets arranged in the form of a disc, the small yellow florets occupying the centre having stamens and pistil, while the white pink-tipped ray-florets have no stamens.

### How the Daisy Protects Itself

When the fruits are ripe the old flower stalks become erect. Unlike the dandelion and other members of the natural order, those of the daisy have no parachute arrangement with which to fly to fresh territory. They are flattened and are but poorly adapted for wind dispersal. However, the most important way by which the plant propagates itself is by means of the runners it sends out just above ground in all directions, which take root and produce fresh

plants. In this manner dense patches are formed which compete very effectively with grasses, and in time often totally exclude them, a fact only too familiar to anyone who has had the misfortune to take in hand a neglected tennis lawn. Over the flattened leaves the lawn-mower goes unheeded; in fact, the daisy benefits, as the surrounding grass is kept down while it remains untouched. Indiscriminate spudding does little good, as in many cases the connecting runners are merely cut, which though it separates the plants does not kill them.

Probably the best method of checking inroads is to employ the same remedy as with another familiar rosette plant common on lawns—the plantain; that is, to dress the lawn with a mixture of sulphate of ammonia and sand. Theoretically the action which takes place is somewhat as follows. The salt falling on the upright leaves of the grass goes down to the ground, is dissolved, and acts as a fertilizer. When it falls on the flat leaves of the plantain or daisy it remains there, and having a great attraction for water, sucks it up out of the leaf tissues, leaving them ruptured and eventually causing them to wither.

This by way of a digression.

Burns' reference to the daisy during these blustering spring days is characteristic:

" Now Nature hangs her mantle green  
On every blooming tree,  
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white  
Out o'er the grassy lea "



# THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev. Arthur Pringle

## The Natural and the Spiritual

THIS is a subject we shall find worth while thinking out afresh; for not only is it interesting in itself, but it throws light on certain other questions that are constantly being raised in one form or another. The crux of the matter comes out definitely in St. Paul's familiar statement that "*the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him.*" And the great interest of this lies in the fact that it is not a text of Scripture that we are asked to take on trust, but a reminder of one of the most familiar aspects of everyday experience.

### Why People do not Believe

Faced with this, we at once begin to ask why spiritual things do not appeal to all men with equal power. Why should the great truths of God be to some convincing and to others meaningless? Why, through the ages, is there the faith that suffers and dies, and the scepticism that gazes upon the miracle with scorn or perplexity or perhaps even with enmity? To put it in yet another way, why for every Paul should there be a Festus who frankly regards him as "mad"?

Much turns on the right answer to such questions. For one thing, it ought to help us to dismiss, once for all, the absurd idea that Christianity is a myth, or religious experience an illusion, because so many undoubtedly "clever" people are agnostics or unbelievers. To begin with, this latter statement itself needs considerable qualification. I am not greatly enamoured of the practice of "counting heads" in such matters as this; and a marshalling of rival intellects on the respective sides of faith and scepticism leaves me cold. Moreover, in the present state of scientific thought, those who lay stress on such things must be impressed with the number of great names that, in one way or another, are definitely committed to religion. It is really too late in the day to labour the point that there is no incompatibility between brilliant intellectual en-

dowment and sincere faith. The fiction that brains and cleverness and mental alertness stand in the way of religion ought to need no further exposure.

The ground thus cleared, we begin to see our question in a new light. Some men are sensitive to the spiritual, some are not. Well and good. But the same kind of thing obtains all round, quite apart from religion. When we are in danger of being disconcerted by the fact that there are so many "clever" people who are sceptics, we must bear in mind that "clever" is a relative term. Darwin, for example, was more than "clever" in the realm of science; but, himself being witness, his absorption in his own particular work led to his losing his sensitiveness to poetry and music and other things that lay outside his province. His is a notable case of the atrophying of one part of life by the over-emphasis of another part. But Darwin would have been the last to suggest that there is any necessary connexion between the growth of the scientific and the decay of the spiritual, that proficiency in the one carries the right to pass sweeping judgment on the other.

### Musical Sceptics

Again, it is notorious that there are many people to whom the things of music are foolishness. Graceful melodies and subtle harmonies are thrown away on them. Or if they are sometimes dimly conscious of meaning and beauty, the meaning is elusive and the beauty veiled. It may even be that to them one note is actually the same as another, and that, like Dean Stanley, they do not recognize the National Anthem when they hear it. There is the fact—so many undeniably "clever" people are not musical. Having keys for the other doors of life's temple, they have no key for *this* door. Shall we, then, disband our orchestras, close our pianos, and consign our folios of Beethoven and Mendelssohn to the flames?

A similar question might be asked con-

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cerning all the great departments of life. Shall we remove Turner's pictures from the National Gallery because to many they are the concentrated foolishness of art? Shall we no longer delight in Shakespeare because there are not a few who "can see nothing in him"? Is poetry discredited because to many admirable people it is scarcely more than a meaningless jugglery with words? At this point Matthew Arnold's caustic geniality comes to our help. "I would not," he says, "burn a man who prefers Eliza Cook to Milton. Nevertheless, Milton is greater than Eliza Cook."

### Nature Blindness

There are souls for whom Nature is instinct with God, full of divine suggestiveness, pregnant with emotions that mean, at once, ecstasy and peace, so that there is no room for the *merely* material and commonplace.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

But to others all this is "foolishness." In their view the material and the obvious bulk so large as to exclude all else. Their world is a house that someone has *made*, not a home that Someone has *fathered*.

A primrose by the river brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

Doubtless Peter Bell had his excellences; nevertheless, as Matthew Arnold would put it, Wordsworth was greater than Peter Bell.

These instances put us on the track of what it really means to be "spiritual," and of how, in turn, the spiritual is related to the natural. In the atmosphere of present-day thinking our ideas on this point ought to grow more wholesome and intelligent. We should no longer think of the spiritual as antagonistic to the natural or above it, but, rather, as transforming and glorifying it. If I am musical or poetical in any true sense, this will not make me indifferent to the natural or at enmity with it; it will fill the natural with melody and poetry, and thus make all life greater and finer.

### Religion and Common Life

We may lay it down as an axiom that it is a spurious spirituality that belittles or creates distaste for the common things of life. No man understands heaven, has any true insight into the eternal, who undervalues earth. The sunlight of the spiritual

displays all the beauties which God has made to dwell in the natural. By this are they known to whom the spirit of God has indeed come. Seeing the glory of God, they learn the glory of man. Viewing the heavenly city, they cannot rest until earth be turned to heaven. Themselves transfigured, they come, like Jesus, out of the glory that they may transfigure the sin and suffering of the world.

Putting the same thing in a more prosaic way, it comes to this, that spiritually-minded people will always do well to keep in touch with the "natural" matter-of-fact side of life. They need to keep a watch over themselves lest they be deficient in the everyday virtues. The remark of a certain Archdeacon that "all the most spiritually-minded men he knew were in their youth extraordinary liars" points its own moral. The spiritual temperament has its dangers, and may easily run into irritability, impatience with ordinary things and people, or undisciplined emotionalism that is in itself a moral pitfall. This is why the truly spiritual man will never ape superiority over those who are without his particular gifts, neither will he be in a hurry to claim that his is the one and only type of real religion.

### Not for the Select Few

Nor, on the other hand, need the things of the spirit remain foolishness to the natural man. This great revelation is possible to all; Christianity is not for the select few. The true religion must be universal, speaking to MAN as well as to men. And, ultimately, are not all the great things universal? I believe that in every man there is the sense of the musical and the poetical and the beautiful; only in so many it is buried or dormant, requiring much searching and quickening.

And, once awakened, it must be cultivated. However accomplished in other directions, the man must in this department clothe himself with humility and become as a little child. And in the same way the spiritual may be found and trained in every natural man. In other things he may be able to teach; in this thing he must be content to learn. In the spiritual and every other kingdom there is but one entrance and initiation. "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein."

And not only is there the same initiation; there is also the same method of cultivation.

## THINGS THAT MATTER

Loyal obedience, faithful work, patient training of mind and heart—in all kingdoms this is the one way of progress. It begins with the elementary and comparatively unattractive. The emotional is founded on the technical. The symphony of the master depends vitally on the exercises of the beginner. You must have fuel before you can have flame. You must build the house before you can have the home.

It is in seeking to reverse this process in spiritual matters that so many people are seriously at fault. They would bring God nearer by excitement artificially roused and sustained. They would have rapture without discipline. But such is not the divine way. It is ever the ladder of duty, of work faithfully done and of character bravely disciplined, that connects earth with heaven. We cannot get the best without paying for it; hence the old Greek saying: "The gods sell us all the goods they give us." But, and here is the point that concerns us most, exacting as the price is, it is not beyond anyone who is really willing to pay. Here is Miss Evelyn Underhill's way of putting this all-important fact: "This spiritual life which we have here considered is not an aristocratic life. . . . An unconditional self-surrender to the divine will, a little silence and leisure, a great deal of forgetfulness, kindness and courage. All this is within the reach of anyone who cares enough for it to pay the price."

### No Need to be Disheartened

Thus we reach a conclusion which is encouraging to those of us—the big majority—who are without any special spiritual gifts. There is assuredly no need for us to be disheartened because great religious experiences and wonderful realizations of the divine presence do not come our way. These, in any case, as history shows, are only for the few; but the rest of us need not, on that account, feel that we have no real communion with God. There is a great deal in the teaching of Christ that suggests that homely scenes and everyday loyalties bring us most truly into touch with the divine. After all, it is not the spiritually gifted or the exceptionally endowed, but the pure in heart, who are assured of the vision of God.

It is ours, then, to make the best of such spiritual possibilities as we possess, and by a wise and disciplined ordering of our life to bring ourselves gradually but surely nearer to those altitudes where men taste the rarer joys of fellowship with God.

We cannot give our minds to a subject like this without being reminded afresh of the varied forms that religion takes, according to each man's temperament and circumstances. It drives home to us more cogently than ever how absurd it is to talk as though all religious life can start from the same experience or run into the same mould. There is, in short, a great deal of genuine healthy religion that has no distinctive "experience" behind it and that does not express itself in any of the conventional forms. And we may end with the heartening reflection, endorsed strongly by those most qualified to judge, that, while there may be less church-going and a looser adherence to accepted creeds, there is a welcome increase in real religion and all that it stands for in the life of to-day. Not least important, in view of the immediate future, the testimony of one of the greatest of modern headmasters is that schoolboys are more religious, straighter, cleaner, more public-spirited than used to be the case.

There may be in this more of the "natural" than the "spiritual"; but, be that as it may, it belongs unmistakably to religion as Christ instilled it, and it should encourage us to take a more reasonably hopeful view both of our own lives and of the times in which we live.



### The Quotation

*There are people born with the prophetic instinct. From childhood they dream dreams and see visions. . . . It seems natural to think of characters of this kind as specially the beloved of heaven. Let us make no mistake. As a matter of fact, our sect is usually a very defective personality, and if the world were perfect, excommunicate with his type it would be very much poorer than it is. The sect's brightness, taken as nothing if not practical, takes as dangerous bridges or inventing circumstances while the other is questioning his soul, as the prophet's necessary counterpoise and maladjustment.*

J. BARRELL



### THE PRAYER

OUR Father, teach us to acknowledge Thee in all we do and all we see, in our work and in our rest, in our laughter and in our tears, in loneliness and in fellowship, in the light of day and in the shadow of night, beneath the open sky as in the house of prayer, in the heart of the little child as in the wisdom of the man, in the fullness of strength and happiness as in the time of weakness and sorrow.



## WHY NOT EARLIER HOLIDAYS?

### Good-bye to Winter!

**T**HE winter in England has been a long and a severe one; almost every family has known illness, and some whole families have been prostrated by the malignant 'flu. I speak with knowledge, for am I not but just recovering from a nasty attack? Winter's grip has been an icy one, but we can all be thankful that spring has come again. With spring come thoughts of the countryside, of the open road, the tree-covered hillside, the sea. The ordinary man feels the call of the open, but, being hide-bound and convention-serving, he puts them aside and says, "I must not think of holidays till August comes."

Now, I am going to cast convention to the winds this month and indulge my natural feelings in a fling at that pet abomination the August holiday, and a fervid appeal for Earlier Holidays.



### A Fling at the August Holiday

Take the August holiday to start with. It may be urged that I know little about the subject. Fortunately, I do not. I went to Margate one August when I was a boy—and was ill. Two years ago, in a rash moment, I booked some rooms at the seaside for Mrs. Editor, and stoically settled down to work in town. It was a cold, bleak, biting August (as it usually is), and Mrs. Editor and the family spent the "holiday" in bed. I remained at business and kept well, for which I duly give thanks.

Last August, on an unusually sunny day, I thought that, for a change, I would take the family down to the seaside and have a bathe. We started early on the car; the roads were choked with charrs-à-bancs and cars, but in due time we reached a popu-

lar seaside resort that shall be nameless. I have been there before—in June and other months—and enjoyed its quiet rusticity. This time, to my amazement and horror, the front was lined four deep with motor-cars. We found a place in the queue at length, and, dismounting, endeavoured to reach the sea on foot. Alas, every square foot seemed to be appropriated by trippery humanity. People were standing on the beach, sitting on the sand in waves and battalions. It was an amazing, an incredible sight. The thickest crush was round the bathing machines: here hot, perspiring fathers and sons, mothers and daughters were waiting with more or less patience their turn to enter the hot, stuffy "machines," to disrobe and, for a few short minutes, disport themselves in the water. The crowd in the sea was almost as bad. We turned away sorrowfully and went home.



### Late Holidays—and Divorce!

The August holiday! Why should everyone desire to go away for a holiday at the same time as everybody else? The crowds on the beach were bad enough, but one dreads to think of the long railway journey, with babies all over the place, the overcrowded apartment-houses—and the expense. Only rich people can afford to go away in August—and I suppose they are the ones who avoid it.

Social economists have pointed gloomily to the increase of divorces in this country. They give a variety of causes for the prevalence of matrimonial unrest. Seriously, I put the August holiday as one of the disturbing influences tending to break up happy homes. Married couples, after the trials of winter-time and the worries of business, wait

too long for their holidays. They start them worried, nerve-shattered, ill, and find that the greatest ordeal of all awaits them in the so-called "holiday" of August! No wonder their nerves go to pieces and domestic friction ensues. I started married life years ago with a perfect fortnight in July in a perfect little place on the coast. I vowed then that our married life should never run the risk of the August holiday—and to all intents and purposes I have kept my vow. After a few years we found that July was overmuch liable to rain. So we altered our date to June, and have never regretted the decision. There is only one rival to a holiday in June—and that is a holiday in May, for often summer prematurely visits the earlier month, and makes May an ideal month indeed.

But a holiday in June—



### A Holiday in June

In the first place, one really is in need of a good holiday by June. The winter has left one run down and exhausted, the spring often is a trying season. If only one can get away in June, it often means that a breakdown can be avoided. If I were a doctor I should advise all my patients to take a holiday in June. Medical men now tell us that the human frame absorbs the sunshine. During the summer we are all the time taking in the sun's rays, and the beneficial influence is retained in the system to help us through the sunless months. Well, about June the batteries are surely exhausted and need re-charging. A sunny holiday in June makes the difference between ill-health and happy optimism.

But apart from doctors and sun-cures and theories, I prefer the June holiday because the country is at its best and freshest. The flowers are blooming, the very hedges are gay and smiling. More important still, the landlady is fresh and smiling. She is ready to welcome you—and at a reasonable charge. Comparing prices with friends who have gone away in August, I find that a June holiday is as much as 50 per cent. or even 100 per cent. cheaper than one in August—and the comfort 200 per cent. better!

Think of it: one can go by train without the necessity of booking a seat, can go to a big town or a tiny hamlet and be sure of a night's lodging without booking up and without worry. There is room on the beach and in the shops. There is an air of quiet restfulness, of detachment, of ease

that is in striking contrast to the nervous strenuousness of the August crowded beach and promenade. And mostly the weather is better, not to speak of the long evenings. One can spend every minute of the day without artificial light.

So with malice aforethought I have put beautiful Clovelly on the cover of this month's number to tempt my readers to break free from old habits and get away to the country and the seaside whilst things are in their prime.



### No Need to Plan

For myself I need no tempting. True, I have not yet made my plans. That is the beauty of a June holiday. One can anticipate, speculate—but one need not finally decide anything. I am going away in June. Where, I do not know, but I have a vision of a June day last year—a perfect day of sunshine when I stood on a hill looking down on the beautiful—so beautiful—bay of Torquay. The sky was unbelievably blue, such a blue as one gets only in the Mediterranean—and at Torquay. The air was light and joyous, one could almost take the hills at a bound. It seemed a perfect place on a perfect day, and I confess the vision lingers and calls. They say they have just completed a new marine road at Torquay—an even more beautiful stretch along the wonderful coast. If so I should like to see it. But—tell it not in Gath—I also like the *shops at Torquay!* They are so palatial, so clean and bright and alluring. And I, who hate the ordinary stuffy cinema where they run germs and cheap American films, know a picture-house in Torquay which is clean and healthy and shows clean British films!



### Contradictory Impulses

I turn away reluctantly. But this year, besides Torquay, I must somehow or other get in Bournemouth. For one thing I haven't been there for at least two years. And Bournemouth has its pines, its music, its churches, its chimes.

One's ideas at this stage are allowed to be vague and contradictory, but if I must see Bournemouth and Torquay again, I equally certainly must visit Folkestone—and perhaps Broadstairs. Broadstairs, I know, is supposed to be its best in August. I am told, however, that it is then even more crowded than the other place I hinted at. I spent a week-end two or three years ago



## THE QUIVER

at Broadstairs. It was May—sunny, genial May—and I fell in love with the place and its glorious, bracing air. Margate, they tell me, has the finest air within a hundred miles of London: marvellous tales are told of people who have been cured of all sorts of things by a fortnight at Margate. Maybe so, but I like Broadstairs.

And Folkestone I visited in my teens and never since. This year, somehow, I must visit Folkestone, and then, perhaps, I can say more about it.

There are other places. Scarborough is better now than in August, though doubtless it may be thought too bracing for some. Exeter, Lyme Regis, Sidmouth, Newquay, Minehead, Worthing, Rottingdean, Hastings, Bexhill—I have visited all of them in June, in time or other, and can testify to how well the month suits them. But the subject is fascinating, and one leaves it with reluctance.



### Can't be Done ?

Somebody says, "I'm sorry, but I can't take a holiday in June because of the children."

Ah, there's the rub. It is the Hidden Hand, I assure you. Somewhere or other—it needs the pen of a sensational novelist to develop the theme—there exists a vast conspiracy between school-boards and land-

ladies. It is only this nefarious conspiracy that keeps alive that baneful tradition of the holiday in August. Thousands of parents all over the land wring their hands in sorrow and dismay. They, like sensible people, would take their holidays in June if they could—but the school authorities say them nay.

Well, I suppose we must be philosophical about it. It is that very autocracy of the school-board-landlady league which keeps June so nice and select for nice and select people. The crowd must go like sheep in August. The people who think, and dare and do, will find some way or other out of the difficulty. Why not, anyhow, give the mother of the family a *real* holiday on her own, without the family, in June? You say it can't be done? The word "can't" should be banished in such a connection.

Why not—— But here I pause. I have said too much. If all my readers take my advice I shall have defeated my own ends: the country and the coast will be more crowded in June than in August! You say you must wait till August? Exactly, and heaven's blessing on you! But, meantime, a holiday in June for me, and may the time soon come!

*The Editor*



## Literary Society Competition

A large number of entries were received in the competition for Literary Society Programmes. I should like to render my best thanks to all readers who entered.

The prize has been awarded to Mr. WALLIS HEATH, of Shrewsbury, for sending in the programme of the Abbey Foregate Literary Society, Shrewsbury. This consists of a nicely produced booklet with portraits of most of the Lecturers.

The items include lectures by a selection of people on topics as varied as "Adventures in Unsettled China," "The Science and Art of Perfect Movement," "How to Become an Artist in Ten Minutes," etc. Whilst the lecturers may not be of the very first rank, yet it is the striking feature of variety which is worth special praise. I feel sure all who are fortunate enough to be members of this Shrewsbury Literary Society have had many happy and entertaining evenings.



## *The Care of the Piano*

*By J. S. Bainbridge*

**P**RACTICAL Home-Making does not necessarily consist in buying a large quantity of expensive furniture, but rather in taking proper care of such furniture as one does possess. This applies, perhaps, to nothing so much as to a piano, the mechanism of which is almost as sensitive as that of a human being, and every effort should be made to keep it in good condition, whether the price was £30 or 300 guineas.

### **Position in the Room**

The position of the piano in the room should be studied carefully, and, indeed, the suitability or otherwise of the room itself must first be considered. A naturally dry room being essential, most ground-floor rooms are unsuitable. Usually, however, the living rooms are all on the ground floor, the upper regions being reserved for bed and bathrooms, so that one has to take the risk of damp striking through the foundations.

There are several alternative methods of combating the effects of damp. A piece of felt or linoleum may be tacked on the bottom of the piano, care being taken to leave the pedals free play, and the instrument stood on insulators. A current of air may thus pass underneath, and the insulators will keep dry-rot away from the wooden case. As an additional precaution against damp, windows should always be opened on sunny days, especially if there has been a period of wet weather, and any dealer can provide special preparations which are kept inside the piano for the purpose of keeping the air dry. By this means rusting of the strings is prevented. These preparations must be changed frequently, as their effi-

ciency soon ceases, but this is a minor detail, as they are quite cheap.

Remember that the piano has a delicate mechanism, and therefore draughts and extreme changes of temperature are to be avoided. The importance of maintaining a fairly even temperature—in the region of 60 degrees F.—will be realized when it is known that a piano whose strings are at full tension is under a strain of some thirty tons. The piano, therefore, should not be against an outside wall, or too close against any wall, too near a window, or in a direct draught such as there would be, for example, between fire and door. In England extreme heat is not a danger, but moisture trickling down the walls is very common.

### **The Piano Top**

Ornaments placed on the top of the piano cause a deadened tone and will produce jarring. The top should, therefore, not be used as a bookcase or repository for heavy ornaments. It is also very common to hear little rattling or irritating sounds in other parts of the room when the instrument is being played. In the piano itself this may be due to one of many factors, each of which requires its particular antidote. Loose screws, such, for example, as the screws in the plates covering the hand holes at the back, or in candle sconces, should be tightened; and if necessary a thin pad placed between the lid and the top of the piano. Cake crumbs and small articles such as pins occasionally fall inside—particularly in a grand piano, and will cause unpleasant noises.

Sympathetic vibrations set up in response to one particular note are also very common. Metal ornaments, gas globes, and

## THE QUIVER

similar items are great sinners in this respect, and if tapped will produce the same, but a fainter, note in the piano. Usually moving the piano a few inches on to another floor board will check the trouble, but anything persistently jarring must be removed from the room altogether.

### Daily Care

Quite naturally, anyone owning a decent-looking instrument will want to preserve its beauty as long as possible; but this can only be attained by a thorough daily treatment of the piano—supervised personally and not left entirely to the discretion (and casual care) of maids. The outside should be dusted daily with a soft cloth and then finished off with a chamois leather. The dullness produced by the working through of the natural oils in the wood, if attended to in this way from the beginning, can easily be removed, and usually the polish (especially that known as dull polish) only requires rubbing with a soft dry cloth. Always be very careful that no grit has found its way on to the polishing cloth, and dust the piano lightly before polishing, in case any grit has settled thereon. Never use furniture polish—the reason is given below—a little turpentine on a linen cloth, followed by a vigorous rubbing, is all that is necessary with wax-polished instruments, and if any injuries have been caused through the spilling of any liquid, or by placing a hot body on the polish (which will produce blisters), have the work examined by an expert, and any necessary repolishing done by an experienced man.

In this connexion, by the way, note that the piano should be tuned about every three months by an experienced mechanic, who can at the same time say whether any other details need his attention. As with most other things, the old proverb of "a stitch in time" applies here.

Polish which has become dull or gloomy, and requires freshening up, may, if otherwise quite sound, be treated with a reviver. As a reviver there are several alternative recipes, all of which have their followers, and all of which are equally effective. Two popular recipes are as follows:

1. Sweet oil, four tablespoons.  
Turpentine, four tablespoons.  
Lemon juice, one teaspoon.  
Household ammonia, ten drops.

This mixture is shaken well, applied with

a silk or flannel cloth, rubbed in with a second, and finally well polished with a third.

2. Raw linsced oil.  
Lime water.  
Turpentine.
- } equal parts.

To make this, the lime water and oil are first thoroughly mixed and then the turpentine added. The polishing is finished off with a clean swab made slightly moist with methylated spirit.

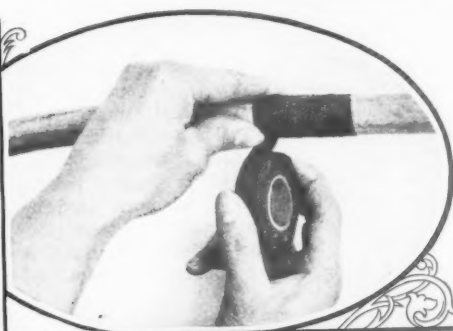
As mentioned above, the piano case should not be cleaned with furniture polish, or at least not with one which has a basis of turps and wax. If this has been done, or if the case is too dirty, it will have to be washed before applying the reviver. A weak solution of soda will wash off dirt or polish—say a small handful dissolved in at least one gallon of water—and, of course, the piano must be wiped quite dry before beginning with the reviver.

### Care of the Keys

The keys may become discoloured through many reasons. Leaving the lid continually open during wet weather, which exposes the keys to damp, is one of the main causes, and cleaning them with milk is another, although the latter is an almost ineradicable habit derived from years of wrong custom. It is nevertheless quite wrong. Exposing the keys to a strong light may also produce discoloration, as will liquids such as beer, oil and ink. Ink dropped on to ivory will produce a stain which cannot be removed. The only possible treatment is a new top to the key.

If the keys are dirty they may be washed with a cloth dipped into warm water, or if they are a little sticky (as they usually are) a little spirits of wine may be added to the water. Soap or any kind of washing powder should never be used, and the keys should be dried carefully to prevent sticking.

Piano keys that are in a bad condition should be cleaned with a preparation of whiting and methylated spirit, which will improve them wonderfully. Finely powdered whiting is made into a stiff paste with the spirit, rubbed over the keys, left to dry, and polished with a soft cloth. If no methylated spirit is available, lemon juice and whiting, or lemon juice and salt, may be used, repeating the treatment if necessary.



Patching a cracked vase or bowl with a strip of insulating tape.

Using a small-sized force cup to clear a clogged drain pipe in a wash basin or sink.

Mending a small leak in a gas pipe by wrapping insulating tape in overlapping folds round the pipe.

Mending a lock. The photograph shows the fitting of the spring, which is a common source of trouble.

## The Housewife as Repairer

By  
Agnes M.  
Miall

**F**EW women realize how many small household repairs, for which a workman is usually summoned and paid, can be done at home in a minimum of time if the housewife knows how to set to work.

In this era of gas-fires and cookers most houses have a large number of gas-pipes, and minute leaks in these, especially at points where joints are soldered together, are annoyingly frequent. When a smell of gas makes itself apparent, test for the leak immediately, giving particular attention to all joints and soldering.

If the odour is so slight that it is obvious the leak is little more than a pin-prick, my personal experience is that it is perfectly

safe, and much the simplest, to discover it by means of passing a lighted match all over the suspected area, when a minute blue flame, readily blown out, will appear at the source of the trouble. But if the leak appears to be serious, or any nervousness is felt regarding the use of a naked light, the fault can be detected, with some pains, if the finger is passed over the pipe until a tiny breeze or draught is felt where the gas is escaping.

While I do not recommend home remedies if anything is seriously amiss with gas-fittings, the following plan has been proved entirely safe and successful for small leaks, and can be used temporarily for bigger

## THE QUIVER

faults pending the arrival of the gas-fitter.

Buy from a garage a roll of insulating tape of appropriate width—about half an inch wide is generally useful for small repairs. Insulating tape is a rubberized tape ready prepared with its own adhesive, which does not even require wetting, and it is both gas and waterproof. It is much used by motorists and electricians, but very few housewives have discovered how useful a roll of it may be for household repairs.

### Insulating Tape

When buying insulating tape see that it is clean and fresh and wrapped in its own unbroken silver tape. It only costs a few pence. This warning is given because there is a good deal of unwrapped second-hand Government surplus tape on the market just now which is slightly cheaper, but cannot be recommended with the same confidence.

The method of applying it to the leaking pipe is simplicity itself, being exactly that followed when bandaging a wound. Start well outside the leak, binding the tape round and round the pipe in overlapping folds until it is well beyond the leak on the other side. Press each fold well down to the preceding one, to which it will firmly adhere, thanks to the sticky substance with which the tape is coated. Cut off when sufficiently wrapped and press the cut end down firmly to the pipe. Now test both with a lighted match and by smelling for an odour of gas, and it will be found that the leak has completely disappeared. A mend effected in this way is neat and inconspicuous, and will last good indefinitely.

Burst water-pipes call for immediate emergency treatment until the plumber can be fetched if water is to be drawn without disastrous floods. It is well worth knowing that insulating tape in its wider widths forms an efficient temporary repair pending skilled treatment. The leaking pipe should be well wrapped in exactly the way already described.

### Serves a Dozen Purposes

Insulating tape, in fact, serves a dozen domestic purposes, being a first-class patcher and binder. A leaking flower vase will once again hold water if its crack is covered with a strip of tape applied like a piece of sticking-plaster; but it should not be used for a drinking vessel, owing to the nature of the adhesive with which the tape is smeared. Broom handles which have

split can be held together for further service if wrapped with a length of tape, and many similar uses will suggest themselves in daily practice.

### When the Lock Goes Wrong

Locks which do not work freely are very common and can soon be put right by home labour. It may be necessary to remove the lock from the door, but before doing so it is advisable to try the simpler plan of dipping the key in paraffin and turning it in the lock. This is often enough to ensure a free working again.

When it is not effective remove the lock. This is done by first unscrewing the handle with a screwdriver, so that the knob on one side can be taken clean off, and the spindle or metal bar which holds the knobs, with the second knob attached, can then be taken out. Next unscrew the lock itself, when its inner workings will be revealed and the cause of the trouble can be ascertained.

If it is simply a cause of the lock being hampered by deposits of dust, oil and rust, a thorough cleaning will set matters right. The rust should be rubbed away, all the workings cleaned with paraffin, and the lock then tested to see if it will turn freely.

If a lock fails to spring back when the handle is turned, it will be found on examination of the works that the spring, a somewhat V-shaped arrangement which can be seen among the workings, is broken. It should be taken out and matched at the ironmonger's for a new one of the same size, which will only cost a few pence. It is easily slipped into its correct notch, as shown in the photograph.

Test the repair by putting the cover on again and the handle into its socket and seeing whether it moves properly. If so, the lock and knobs can then be screwed back into position on the door.

### When the Pipe is Blocked

Nothing is more annoying and insanitary than a blocked drain-pipe leading either from sink, bath or washing-basin. When a plumber is called in on such occasions he uses what is known as a force cup to clear the clogged pipe. This instrument, in a small household size, can be bought at a shop stocking rubber appliances for two or three shillings, and is by far the most effective method of dealing with stoppages. It is perfectly simple for the housewife to use.

A force cup consists of an inverted rubber

bowl fixed to a long wooden handle, and works by creating a vacuum under the bowl and so forcing the air or water previously filling that space down the pipe with such impetus as to clear out accumulations which have collected below, usually in the S-shaped trap with which all drains are fitted to prevent bad smells arising.

When using a force cup begin by flooding the blocked sink or basin with water, which is easily done, as egress is stopped. Then place the cup in position over the outlet and the blockage will quickly be pumped down the pipe, leaving it clear again.

When a force cup is not available, a more cumbersome method must be used. If the pipe below the sink or bath is not a curved

one and the plug grating is of large mesh, use a piece of stout wire, bent over into a loop at one end. Insert this down the grating, and a little patience will hook up the bits of soap, hair, tea leaves or other matter which is causing the block.

When the blocking objects are large or the pipe is curved the wire will be found useless, and the only remedy is to get at the pipe from below and unscrew it. The screw will be found on the under side of the bottom of the curve, and can be loosened with a bicycle spanner or piners. Once it is out the loop of wire is used as before to find and remove the obstruction. Care must be taken to replace the screw very tightly, or dripping from the pipe will result.

# The Children's Domain

By  
Judith Ann  
Silburn

THERE is one thing that is quite certain, and that is children must be given the best and most airy rooms in the house. Little people are like young plants: they want space, plenty of light, pure air and hygienic surroundings if they are to grow up into healthy men and women.

## The Nursery

Nurseries, where possible, should face south or south-west. Window space should allow the maximum amount of sunshine to enter. This will do far more to keep the doctor away than anything else! See that there are protecting bars outside the windows to prevent accidents. Louvred panes are a good institution in nursery windows, as this allows a constant influx of pure fresh air without draughts day and night, which is, of course, one of the first rules in nursery ventilation. Light, washable curtains are to be preferred to blinds, as the latter are a trouble to take down and clean. It must be remembered that in nursery furnishing and decoration everything must be washable. This is very important.

The walls should either be distempered or painted. The latter method is, of course, a little more expensive but well worth the extra as it lasts a long time and can be washed down at any time with a damp cloth. Coloured figures are dear to the hearts of

little folk, and a dainty "nursery rhymes" frieze helps considerably to make the rooms bright and cheerful. Picture dados, too, are most useful, especially if used in conjunction with a "blackboard" dado. The latter will keep the young people happy for hours. Blackboard panels can be put round at intervals.

The nursery floor should harmonize with the walls. The new cork linoleums and composition cork floorings are made in so many art shades and are so attractive and warm that no mother would wish to go back to the unhygienic nursery carpet of some grandmothers. Nursery rugs, too, are washable, like bath-mats, and can be had in any colour. Circular rush-mats are also useful.

## The Matter of Heating

In the matter of heating, it is better to have in the night and in the day nursery to have an open fireplace with a coal fire. This helps ventilation. Be very careful, however, to see that the fireguard is high and perfectly safe. Those with diving bars round the outside are extremely handy, as small garments can be aired on them.

The best possible method of lighting the nurseries is, of course, with electric light. It is clean and hygienic and gives off no products of combustion as does gas. Those circular globes to represent the moon are



## **THE QUIVER**

most attractive with a tinted ceiling of sky-blue. If oil lamps have to be used they should be placed on high brackets out of reach of tiny hands so that there is no fear of their being able to get knocked over. By the way, a fanlight over the door is a useful way of improving the daylight in a nursery. It is, of course, unnecessary to add that all draped hangings should be eschewed from any nursery, or, in fact, anything that acts as a dust-trap.

### **Modern Nursery Furniture**

Modern nursery furniture offers great scope to the mother with an artistic eye. The first essential in all furniture for tiny tots is suitability. Chairs and tables must be the right size. And here a word about the "high chair." The latter should be made of some very solid wood so that there is no risk of baby overturning when nurse has not her eye for the minute on her small charge. The high chair which can be converted into a low one with a table is the most convenient. The simpler the furniture for nursery use the better. It should have as few corners and angles as possible so that the little folk cannot hurt themselves if they happen to bump against chairs or tables. The best form of table is a round one. As to the kind of furniture, this is, of course, largely a question of money. Plain white wood is cheap, and in a prettily decorated room looks charming. On the other hand, white enamelled furniture, daintily painted with picture stories, is undoubtedly very attractive. The more colour in a nursery the better, as developing the colour sense is very important. Some of the new nursery cabinets, amply provided with cupboards and drawers for books and toys, are a great boon. There is one particular one on the market which has not only a blackboard on the back, but also flap tables and slides with bead frames. A large dolls' house, big enough for the little folk to get inside, is a great help in keeping the more advanced toddlers amused. Every nursery needs a sheepfold for the "crawlers," with a warm crawling rug to keep away draughts. A couch, too, is wanted in every nursery, as all young children require rest during the daytime, and it is not wise to allow them to loll about in easy chairs.

Both day and night nurseries should, if possible, be equipped with plenty of wall cupboards. It is essential that all children be taught from infancy the need for tid-

ness, and if they have not places to put away their toys it is scarcely likely they will learn to be orderly! Also, nurse requires cupboards for nursery china, linen and special nursery equipment. There ought also to be a good first-aid box and medicine cupboard under lock and key. The nursery clock deserves special mention.

A word here about toys. It is quite a fallacy to think that children prefer expensive toys to cheap ones. As a matter of fact, the games and toys they make themselves are the ones they like best. And this is as it should be. Every child is a potential inventor. Children adore making things; therefore supply them with the raw materials. Give them coloured crayons for drawing, clay for modelling, bricks for building, cardboard, paper or fabric, but let them use their hands! About the second year a child's mind develops very rapidly. It is then the time to make the most use of the senses. Give it plenty of colour to train its artistic perception, as many shapes as possible to handle, weights, etc., in fact anything which will encourage it to ask questions. The child who asks questions and finds things out for itself is the one who will succeed in after life. The old-fashioned idea of many parents was to tell children the names of everything irrespective of whether the children happened to show interest in an object or not. The new method is very much better for sense development. An intelligent child will always ask why or wherefore if it wants to know something, and if it is encouraged to ask by itself, the impression will remain much more vividly in its mind. This is far the best method of teaching the alphabet. Give baby loose letters to play with. Very soon it will come and ask what each letter is.

### **The Right Environment**

As has already been said, the great aim in modern child psychology is to provide the right environment, give it beauty. Pay attention to the children's garments. Do not give them "any old thing" to play about the nursery in; let the woolly "crawlers" or toddlers' clothes be as attractive as possible and make them take an interest in their personal apparel and appearance. It might be just as well to add here that it is a very bad practice to let children all use the same towels, brushes and combs. Each child should have its own special bag with its own brush and



A Modern Nursery

The walls are distempered, the gas fire well protected, and the children's toys disposed of both inside the couch and in the big cupboard.

comb, and, of course, each child ought to have a special sponge for its exclusive use. This is the only way to train it in early habits of cleanliness and hygiene.

The ideal children's domain is naturally one where there is a suite of rooms devoted entirely to the children's use. This generally comprises day and night nursery, kitchen and bathroom, but, of course, this is only to be found in very large houses. As a general rule the children's quarters consist of a day and night nursery only. As much attention should be bestowed on the night nursery as on the children's day sitting-room. Cot-beds for each child are essential. Though wooden bedsteads are extremely pretty, most people prefer iron from a hygienic point of view. Good hair mattresses, pure woollen blankets, which should be as light and fluffy as possible, and soft pillows are most important. There should, of course, be a dressing-table for nurse, and a draught screen is as necessary in a nursery as in a sick-room. A good wardrobe with plenty of shelves is useful, but keep the night domain as free from

furniture as possible. Be sure that the room is properly warmed, as it is very dangerous to put children to bed in a cold room after they have been playing in a heated one.

A word about baths. Bath hammocks which can be slung on to an ordinary bath are a decided help in washing young children. Failing this method, there should be a proper children's bath-tub on a stand for the very tiny folk. By the way, a weighing machine is wanted in all nurseries. Every child, especially when it is quite a baby, ought to be weighed at least once a week. Infants are weighed oftener in many cases.

Lastly, a little hint to mothers. Such a great deal depends on early impressions formed by the child mind that every parent ought to recognize the duty of giving as much time as possible to their little "olive branches," even when they can afford nurses and governesses! A mother should be her child's first and last teacher. And remember that if a really good nurse cannot be afforded it is far better to sacrifice time and be one's own nurse for the children.

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2. A well-known Cathedral City.



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3. The most easterly point.



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4. One of the Cathedrals on the famous East Coast route to Scotland.



Photo: Photobrom

5. One of the most perfect Cistercian ruins in the world.

# WHICH YOU CAN WIN!

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## COMPETITION

When you have discovered the identity of all the photographs, make out a list of them on a sheet of paper, and keep it until you have the complete set. See page 700 for the Rules.

There will be twenty pictures in all. Here are the first ten. The second ten will appear in next month's issue of this magazine, with the closing date and full particulars for sending in.

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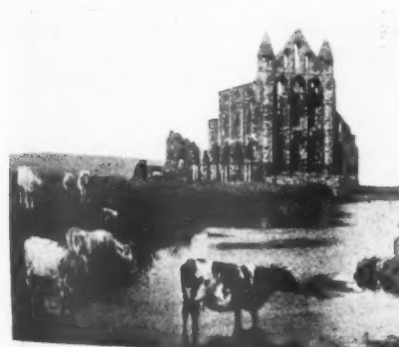
6. Many stay here on their way from London to Scotland.



7. A well-known City.



8. Holiday resort on the East Coast.



9. An historic monument in the North.  
1860

*Photo: Photogram*



10. An English watering-place.

*Photo: Photogram*

# Problem Pages

*Pocket-money Workers—A Question of Colours—Cheap Holidays Abroad*  
**By Barbara Dane**

## **The Man with a "Past"**

**I** LIKE modern girls. I admire their courage and their high spirits, their common sense and their ideals. But I doubt if these qualities are in themselves sufficient to get happiness out of a marriage in which a young woman is the wife of a much older man with a "past."

This is my reply to "H. M." Her problem is very touching. She loved a man of round about forty with the generous trust of youth until she discovered that in his time he had loved many women. And she loves him still, but she wonders whether she will be able to hold him, whether her affection is big enough to keep him from those little adventures which are the breath of life to some men and a source of misery to their wives.

I do not think it is a question of depth of affection, but of depth of vision. Very few girls of twenty-two have had sufficient experience of life to enable them to make a success out of a marriage with the type of man whom my correspondent describes. If love were in itself sufficient to reform a man, we should have no homes broken by drink or disloyalty, but we know that it is not enough. That is one of the tragic mysteries of life. It is the wisdom of deep suffering, of great experience, the self-control that has come after years of effort that are needed in the woman who is wed to a man easily tempted to disloyalty. A woman of forty has few illusions and few dreams, and she is therefore better able to understand the philanderer than the young girl who still has her dreams. A woman of forty has also more resources, and is less likely to depend on her husband for all her happiness than a younger woman.

I do not mean my advice to be cynical. If I felt cynically inclined I should say to "H. M.": "Marry the man and make the best of it." But I prefer to ask her to wait at least a year before she makes her decision, and I should like to hear that in the meantime she had met a younger man at the threshold of life, like herself, who might give her the bright love of youth,

and build up with her a happy, untroubled home.

## **Pocket-money Workers**

"Do you think it is unsporting to take a post which brings me in a certain amount of pocket money? I am not obliged to work for my living, but I don't want to stay at home," writes "Cathleen."

Certainly, I do not condemn as unsporting all the women who work from choice rather than from necessity. But I don't like to hear of women offering their services for ridiculously small salaries or for no monetary remuneration at all because they have private incomes. Every actress who works for her living, for instance, resents the intrusion on to the stage of wealthy young women who can afford to give their services for a small salary. No woman who has private means should regard her income as a means of getting a job she wants by offering to do it for less than would be normally paid. And surely, rather than enter already overcrowded markets, the girl of private means, unless she has exceptional business or artistic talent, might devote herself to helping the great voluntary organizations which are crying out for more workers.

## **Marriage Discontent**

Why is it that so many young and middle-aged married couples are discontented? Every month I get letters from women—and sometimes also from men—who express disappointment in marriage. Yet I am very sure that a large number of happily married men and women would admit that their happiness is not due to a lack of trouble, or to a realization of every hope, but simply to the fact that they make the best of what they have.

The cook whom I should describe as an expert is not the cook who is provided with all kinds of luxurious materials, but who of unpromising ingredients makes attractive and interesting dishes. And isn't a clever wife rather like that—or a clever husband, for that matter? I don't regard necessarily as happiest those married couples who have health, riches, lovely and clever children,



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WHEN you lay your head on the pillow at night are you sure to enjoy restful, unbroken sleep?

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P. 224

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hosts of friends. I think most of us might manage to be happy in such conditions. For real happiness give me the husband and wife who, saddened because no children have come to light their home, have grown closer to each other; the husband and wife who, by illness deprived of the fullness of marriage, have learned to treasure its happy comradeship. . . . Ah, couldn't one go on unendingly? There is no ready-made magic in marriage; the magic we must find ourselves, and after much seeking.

### "Cattiness"

"Don't you think women are 'catty'?" I have lately joined the staff of a big hospital, and have already become disgusted with the 'catty' spirit of the nurses. I suppose one shouldn't run down one's own sex, but I have no sisters, and having been brought up with brothers I find it very difficult to understand the gossip and unkind tittle-tattle which goes on in hospitals."

I do not think that women as women are more inclined to be "catty" than men, but they are more interested in details of personalities, perhaps, and for that reason what is in intent quite innocent gossip may develop into something less innocent. And I feel much inclined to regard nurses sympathetically. The greater part of their life is spent in the service of others in a most restricted atmosphere. They work longer hours, I believe, than any other body of women, and can have little time for reading or for outside amusements. It is inevitable that they should talk "shop" and personalities, inevitable that the "tittle-tattle" should sometimes over-step the boundaries of what is kindly and seemly. I advise my troubled friend not to worry too much about it all; in a little while, when she has become more acclimatized to the feminine atmosphere in a hospital, she will realize that meow of the cat is often a good deal worse than its scratch.

### A Question of Colours

I am very fond of bright colours, "Alice," but one can make bad mistakes in wearing them. With a pale complexion and sandy hair, for instance, it is a grave error to wear an orange-coloured frock. The effect of brightness can be obtained with less detriment to the complexion by introducing vivid embroideries into the dress. Many women make the mistake of dressing at forty as if they were sixty, and I agree with

you that it is very unnecessary. At the same time, no middle-aged woman is going to make herself look younger by suddenly plunging into all kinds of brilliant colours. Hardly any but the very young and beautiful girl can look successful in an attire which is vivid from top to bottom. But a black cloak, for instance, lined with a vivid colour looks charming on an older woman, and one of the smartest costumes I ever saw was that worn by a business woman nearing fifty. It was nothing but navy blue serge touched with pillar-box red. But her sunshade was exactly the same tone of red, and gave a delicious note of colour, without in any way making her look as if she were trying to recover her lost youthfulness. It is not the English type of beauty which looks best at any time in very bright colours; but a thirst for beauty can be satisfied by gay colours about the house and by gay touches of colour in one's dress.

In answer to your postscript, I certainly should not dye the old lace, but have it expertly cleaned, and have it made up into a dress or as a trimming for a dress. Lace is becoming fashionable again after a long neglect, but I don't like the idea of colouring it. The beauty of lace is in its delicate creaminess as well as in the charming variety of its stitches.

I was very glad to get your letter. My correspondence is a source of great pleasure to me, and it is always pleasant to hear from any woman who in her forties still has the spirit of Peter Pan.

### Cheap Holidays Abroad

Two girls write to ask me for some suggestions for cheap holidays abroad. "We want to get away early," one of them says, "and we don't want to join any conducted tour, but to wander about ourselves for a fortnight, walking most of the time. Do you think we should be wise to go to Normandy, or is it too hackneyed, too full of English people?"

Well, I am afraid, my two adventurous friends, that wherever you go you won't be able to avoid your countryfolk. One of the disappointments of my own travels was to climb the belfry of Bruges on a very hot day, only to find on the top an energetic woman reading aloud from her guide-book with a strong American accent. One should reflect, however, that if one dislikes meeting one's own country people abroad they probably dislike meeting you as well! Still, you can avoid Boulogne and Dieppe

## THE QUIVER

and most of the seaside Normandy resorts which are crowded from July to September. You could have a cheap and very interesting holiday by taking the steamer from Havre up the Seine to Rouen, and then walking back, breaking your journey at any of the charming little towns and villages on the way. If you want to experience native atmosphere, avoid the big luxurious hotels and go to the comfortable commercial hotels, where you will find the food excellent if the surroundings are a little austere. If you want a sea trip, I believe there are cheap cruises from Hull to Helsingfors and back. Shortly after the war I was in Finland, and even though it was November and the weather was bad I enjoyed the journey across the North Sea, the call at Copenhagen—most vivacious and charming of towns—and the lovely journey through the Baltic. Northwards, this is the best sea trip I know.

### Sacrifice

A young married woman tells me that she has advised her husband to accept a post abroad although she is greatly disinclined to leave England.

"I should like to know what you think about it all," she writes. "I don't want to leave England. All my interests and my friends and my parents are in London. But my husband has had a good offer abroad, and I wouldn't for the world let him think that I don't want to go."

Now, what am I expected to do? The decision has been made, so that my correspondent cannot need my advice. I am inclined to think that she wants a little pat of approbation for being such a good girl. Well, if you have made a big sacrifice because you love your husband, all honour to you, my unknown friend. Only, for both your sakes, be sure that you can sustain your spirit of generosity. It won't do, you know, to get tired of being an heroic wife, and suddenly to tell your husband that you dislike your new conditions of living, and to blame him for taking you to them. So many people are able to be heroes—and heroines—for a week, but at the end of the period their patience vanishes, and they realize that heroism means endurance. My own way, in such a position, would be to discuss the matter very frankly and fully from both points of view, and then having come to a decision to stick to it, and have no thoughts or regrets for the alternative way that might have been taken.

### Foreign Servants

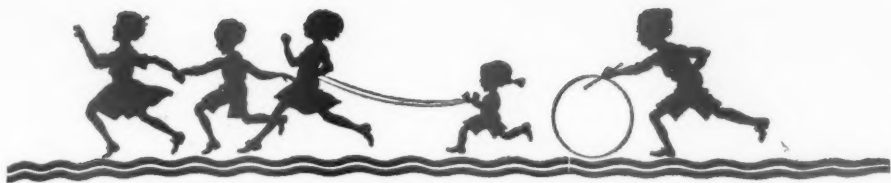
Mrs. L. H. B. asks me if it is possible easily to obtain foreign servants in London. Not very difficult, I imagine, but if my correspondent wishes to bring to England a foreign girl, instead of merely engaging one already here, she should write to the Ministry of Labour to find out what form of permit is needed. There are certain restrictions in regard to the entry of workers from abroad, and I have known of a Swiss girl turned back from Dover because she did not possess the necessary minimum of cash. Personally, I should hardly like to bring a young French or Dutch or Norwegian girl to a house in England, where possibly only the mistress could understand her language. She would be very homesick, I should think, and the experiment might cost a good deal in fares and be hardly worth the trouble.

### Afraid to Marry

Here is a letter from a man who wants to marry but is afraid because he does not think he can support a modern wife comfortably on £500 a year. "I am rather shy of women," he adds. "Even the nicest whom I know seem to spend a fearful amount on their clothes. They go to dances two or three times a week, and see all the latest plays, and have a holiday abroad every year. I am twenty-seven, and want to settle down, but I feel as if I ought to wait until I have doubled my income before asking any girl to marry me."

Ah, I am glad you wrote that the modern woman "*seems*" to spend a fearful amount on clothes." That little word "*seems*" makes all the difference. Perhaps you don't know how wonderfully clever some women are at making their own frocks. And if their frocks look as if they had been made in Bond Street, perhaps a natural vanity and pleasure in being well dressed suggests to these girls that they need not always label themselves as home-dressed. New plays can be seen from a gallery—as well as from the stalls—and in days when it is still possible to go to Switzerland for a week for ten pounds, how can foreign travel be held to be a sign of great wealth or extravagant desires?

And I think, if you married, you would find that your wife would probably think her home more interesting than any theatre and a new baby the best toy in the world. Amusements would gradually assume their right proportion. Marry, and be happy!



## The Plastic Age

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*This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards.*

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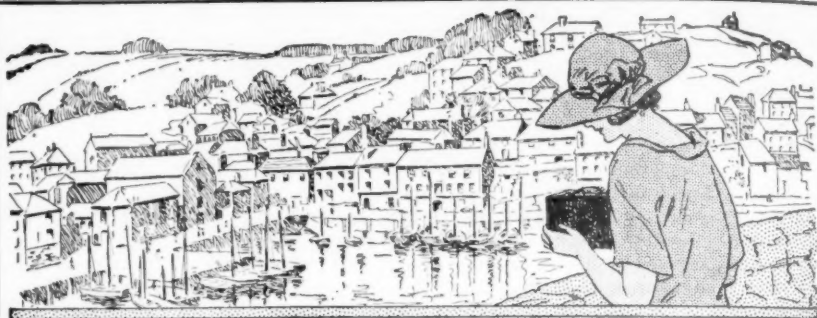


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1. The competition is restricted to those who have received Hawk-Eye Cameras from the proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
  2. Contact prints only are eligible. Prints may be mounted or unmounted, but the outside size of any mount must not exceed 8 in. by 6 in.
  3. Competitors may send in as many entries as they like, but the subject and the full name and address of each competitor must be written on the back of each picture.
  4. Every picture entered must have been taken on Kodak  $3\frac{1}{4}$  by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  Film Pack by the competitor, though he or she need not have done the developing, printing or mounting.
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  6. The proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap reserve to themselves the right of purchasing the copyright of any of the photographs sent for £2 2 0 each.
  7. Kodak Limited will act as judges to the competition, and their decision must be accepted as final.
  8. Competitors may choose any of the following subjects, and the prizes will be awarded to the pictures that best illustrate the spirit of the title; photographic excellence or technical quality will not count—it is the picture that will win the prize.
- SUBJECTS**—Children at Play. Pets. A Day with a Hawk-Eye. Sports and Pastimes. Boy Scouts or Girl Guides. Outdoors in Spring. Nature Study.

# Out of Reach

By  
DAVID LYALL

*"It is the fruit over the wall, out of reach, that most  
of us long to grasp"*

## XIX

### The Reckoning Paid

JANET ROSS, with a bundle of newspapers under her arm and a small dressing-case in her hand, walked along the platform at Aberdeen Station to join the London train. She was accompanied by a tall, elegant-looking woman in mourning, a sister-in-law of the professor who had left her the legacy in memory of her mother. Janet had found kind friends in the other branch of the Garland family, and was relieved and thankful to find that they bore her no grudge for having succeeded to a part of the small fortune which might quite reasonably have been expected to come to them. They did not need it, however, and had taken great pains to assure Janet that they were glad she had been left this little nest-egg. Five days Janet had been in the city, during which she had arranged to have the furniture that had been left to her stored for six months until she learned how she was to be situated in England. At the back of her mind was the odd feeling that the Holt was not likely to be her permanent home, nor even her home for a very long time.

Hersey would be sure to marry, and if she should marry Stephen Turner it would mean an immediate and complete break between them. Janet was perfectly sure of that, and there had passed through her mind a vision of settling in a little house in Aberdeen, and making one of the pleasant band of friends the Wallace Garlands had in University circles. But Destiny had something else in store for Janet Ross.

"You are glad to be going south again, I can see," observed Edith Garland, imagining that she had seldom seen Janet look so animated as at the moment when she stepped into the south-going train.

"I'm glad, yes—because I'm a bit anxious about Hersey Vivian. She's such an impulsive creature, you never know what she will do next."

"But she can't surely have got into any mischief in five days," suggested Mrs. Garland with a smile. Janet shrugged her shoulders.

"You never know—but I'm glad to know that she likes Mrs. Raeburn so much and goes quite often to see her. Anyhow, I'll be home this evening soon after eight."

"And when shall we see you again?"

Janet shook her head.

"I really don't know. I'd like to bring Hersey to Scotland one day, but we are getting involved with poultry and what not and money is none too plentiful yet. But I will come back, and never, never shall I forget your goodness to me, dear Mrs. Garland. You see, you might have been different—for I don't feel that I had any right to your brother-in-law's money really."

"I'm glad you got it—we have enough," was the answer. "Are you sure you have all the papers you want?"

"I'd like a London paper. I think the Scotch papers seem rather solid to me now, though quite good for a long journey, but I'm going to read this stout book Dr. Garland gave me last night." She took a paper from the newsboy's tray passing at the moment, and as she sat down opened out the sheet. Then she gave a quick start and exclamation, and Mrs. Garland saw her colour rise.

"Oh, good heavens, something has happened at Great Golems while I've been away. Listen to this:

"Disastrous shooting affair in Essex. Well-known lawyer killed by young farmer. Jealousy supposed to be the cause."

Janet's face had gone a little white now, and Mrs. Garland entered the compartment and sat down beside her.

"Nothing to do with Miss Vivian, I hope?"

"Well, it has—Mr. Turner was her lawyer and a great friend as well. How terrible, and what a sordid story! Oh, poor Hersey, and to think I have to sit a whole day in the train before I can get to her."

There was very little time for further talk or comment, for almost immediately the guard came along and Mrs. Garland had to leave the compartment. A few minutes later the train steamed out. Janet was naturally very detached



## THE QUIVER

and upset at the parting, and the moment she had waved Mrs. Garland out of sight she sat down to devour the details of the sordid story of love and crime in which she had such a deep personal interest.

The report was not very rich in details: it simply said that about five o'clock on the previous afternoon a man had called at the County Buildings in Great Gobens and asked to see Mr. Stephen Turner. What passed in his private room did not appear as yet to be very clear. The sound of high words had been heard, followed by the report of a revolver. When the clerks in the outer office rushed in, they found Mr. Turner dead and his assailant apparently dying. He had, however, been removed to the Infirmary, and at a late hour was reported still alive. Then followed a few facts about the personal history of the case. It was explained that young Collett had suspected Turner of stealing his sweetheart from him, and had been heard to threaten him before that day.

The girl's name was given, so that there was no possibility of mistake. Janet had a difficult and interminable journey that day. Never had hours seemed to drag so slowly. Then she had to cross London and get the train at Liverpool Street for Great Gobens, which she reached at twenty minutes past eight. She almost ran out of the station, to find Jack Osgood with the cart but no sign of Hersey.

"Evening, Osgood. How is Miss Vivian?" she cried anxiously. "This is a terrible thing that has happened."

"Yes, miss, it is. Miss Vivian is fairly upset. She went over to Copleys last nite after the news came. They fetched her 'ome jes' afore I lef'."

"Oh, I am so thankful," said Janet with a deep breath of relief. She sprang to her seat, pulled the rug well over her knees and prepared for the four-mile drive to Carrs Holt. As the sensational story was public property Janet had no hesitation about asking Jack Osgood whether he had any further details. He, however, had very little to add to the reports which had been amplified in the evening papers Janet had purchased in London.

It was almost nine when the trap drew up at the door of the Holt. Hersey was waiting on the steps. Janet alighted quickly, ran to her, and put her arm round her shoulders.

"Oh, you poor child, to think this horrible unthinkable thing should have happened while I was away!"

Hersey was very white, her face drawn, her eyes shadowed. Quite evidently she had received a great shock. Highly strung, sensitive, prone to extremes of emotion of various kinds, she had been very wretched all day.

"Has Mrs. Raeburn gone home?"

"Oh, yes, they both came across the fields with me, but I didn't want them here when you came, Jan, so they've only just gone. Come in quickly, and let me look at you! Oh, Jan, say you'll never leave me again. I'm so frightened about what has happened. I never thought

that sort of thing could happen to people like us, really."

"But nothing has happened to you, darling," said Janet soothingly. Then she looked over her shoulder at Osgood. "That's all, thank you, Jack. Good night."

Hannah was waiting in the hall, her honest face wearing a look of dismayed concern.

"Thank God you're back, miss," she said. "It ain't any kind of a place without you. Everything goes wrong the moment you leave."

"I shan't go away in a hurry again, Hannah. Yes, I could eat something. Come to think of it, I've had nothing but a cup of tea since my breakfast. I heard about the tragedy before I left Aberdeen, or read it in the news. papers rather, and, of course, I was frightfully upset."

Hersey, still holding on to her, casting fearful eyes into the dark corners of the hall and passages, accompanied Janet upstairs to remove her travelling clothes. She felt a great pang at Hersey's distress, fearing that it meant that her affections were more deeply involved than she had imagined. She, of course, was not aware of the process of disillusionment the girl had undergone at Piper's Pool, where the dead man and Jinny Wagstaffe had kept tryst.

"Oh, Jan, Stephen's dead, do you understand, dead! It's too awful! I see nothing but his face and how he looked last time I saw him."

"Where was that, darling? Had you been seeing him at Great Gobens while I've been away?"

"Once I did. It was the same day—I don't know how to tell you but I must—because I feel so awful about it. When I came out from Stephen's room Jinny Wagstaffe was waiting for him in the outer room; you know, where you waited a long time one day. But I didn't think anything about it. Later in the day, on the way home, as I had Osgood with the cart I stopped to take something over to Sally Migs at Piper's Pool. You know it is more than a month since you and I went there together last. Well, I saw them at the Pool; they came out of the thicket as I went by."

"Saw whom?" asked Janet perplexedly. "Not Mr. Turner and Wagstaffe's daughter, surely?"

"Yes, and something seemed to snap inside of me—I felt cold and dreadful as if somebody was walking over my grave. I looked at Stephen as if I had never seen him before, the kind of look which kills people. And next I heard of him he was dead. I wish I hadn't been so hard, but—but, you see, I felt ashamed because he had kissed me that very afternoon—yes, he had, while that creature was waiting for him, and he knew he was going to meet her at the Pool."

"Perhaps he didn't know that, dear. Try not to brood too much on it, and exaggerate," said Janet gently. "Most probably he made the appointment after he had met her at the County Buildings."



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"Well, anyway, he's dead. Oh, Janet, where can he be now? He was not a good man and he had no chance to repent. I couldn't sleep a wink last night. Wasn't it kind of them to take me to Copleys? Mrs. Raeburn was so comforting. She brought me tea at one o'clock in the morning."

Janet allowed Hersey to babble on, aware that in that way relief would come. By bed-time she had helped to steady the girl's racked nerves, and Hersey slept that night in one of the big four-post beds with Janet's arm across her shoulders. Janet did not sleep till far on in the morning. One thing stood out as cause for unutterable thankfulness that Hersey was not personally mixed up in the case, could not be called to give evidence in the court where, if he lived, Sam Collett would be arraigned for his crime and most probably sentenced to death. On all the base and angry passions of men Janet pondered in the silent night watches with Hersey's flushed face and tossed hair on the pillow beside her. More and more it was borne in on her that the most priceless thing on earth is the power and the will to live rightly: in the quiet performance of duty, however irksome, only that way happiness lies. And security! The war had unloosed passions; lawless times complicate the times that come after. At last in the pale dawning Janet fell asleep. She was awakened by Hannah at her bedside with early tea. Hersey was still asleep, however, and Janet motioned her not to awake her. Hannah slipped out of the room with her finger to her lips, nodding in violent understanding though she had an item of intelligence on her lips which she longed to tell. Janet heard it when she slipped downstairs soon after eight o'clock.

"Oh, miss, Jack's just been in an' tole me that that there pore young Collett died in 'ospital larst nite."

Janet gave a quick start. "Thank God," she said, then added: "God will be more merciful than man."

So the town and county would be spared the long-drawn anguish of a sensational trial on the capital charge, the merciless dissection of human motive and action, the sharpening of legal wits without regard to feelings, all the harsh if necessary working of the machinery of the law.

Janet, profoundly thankful, sat down to eat her solitary breakfast, hoping that Hersey would sleep on. However, just as she had finished, and was about to indite a letter to Mrs. Garland, the girl slipped in, looking like a ghost, though her cheeks were not quite so pinched and her eyes had lost the terrified stare. Janet sprang up and wished her good morning.

"Oh, yes, I'm better, and I did sleep hours and hours. It was so comforting to have you, Jan, but I'd like to sleep for days and days, till everything is over, and people have forgotten this horror."

"It is being made easier for you, dear. Poor Collett died last night, so there will be no trial, only the inquests."

"Inquests!" Hersey shuddered afresh.

"You don't think they'll summon me, will they? I couldn't go, Jan, I simply couldn't."

"Darlings, pull yourself together! There isn't an earthly reason why you should be summoned to the inquests."

"But I saw them last together," said Hersey, and her voice quivered as the whole picture rose up before her once more.

"That is a matter of no consequence. The inquest will only have to do with the actual tragedy, not with events that led up to it. If Collett had lived there might have been some little dread in your mind, but try to calm yourself, my dear. Nothing can happen to you, and soon it will be all over as a tale that is told."

"Jan, I've been thinking since I awoke this morning that if I hadn't been so tiresome with Stephen, if I'd married him when he wished me to—I prevented him proposing lots of times—this might not have happened."

Janet said "God forbid" in her heart, though her lips avoided the words.

"Darling, you must try and keep down these unnecessary morbid qualms. You didn't care for him that way; if you really had, you never could have kept him off, and though he is dead I can't help saying I'm glad you did not marry him. He never, never would have made you happy."

"Happy!" repeated Hersey, with a vague wistfulness. "I begin to think people are not intended to be happy in this world. It doesn't seem to me there is enough happiness to go round."

"Nonsense!" said Janet stoutly. "People are intended to be happy, and there is enough of happiness, only sometimes we go a long way round seeking it. Work, plenty of it, peace to do it in, simple things, old friends and now and again a new one, the satisfaction of trying to do our best, that's happiness, Hersey."

"I believe you're right, Jan, horribly right as you always are. It doesn't sound very thrilling, but yes, I believe it's true!"

"I'm certain of it. You'll get over all this yet; come and let me see you eat a good breakfast, and then we'll talk about other things. I've got heaps of things to see and hear, you know. How many eggs you've collected and sold while I've been away, and what Blossom has been contributing in the way of cream."

Janet's strong sensible handling was not without its effect on the volatile creature she was trying to comfort and steady. Hersey ate a good breakfast, and then with her hand tucked in Janet's marched her round the outbuildings and inspected the whole of the stock. Janet was purposely very minute in her inquiries, managing to keep Hersey fully engrossed for a good hour.

At the end of it, as they came back to the stable courtyard, she said suddenly: "I want you to lend me the trap and Jack this morning for a couple of hours, dear."

"Whatever for?"

"Well, darling, if you must be told I'm going to Leedham Market to see Jinny Wagstaffe."

## THE QUIVER

Hersey stared wide-eyed, full of consternation.

"Whatever for?" she asked in a low voice.

"I just can't tell you that, dear. Something inside sends me, that's all. That poor woman will need a friend."

"Will she?" asked Hersey, awe-stricken.

"Do you think the police will be after her? Can they do anything to her?"

"No, no, the law can't touch her, but there is another law and it may quite possibly grind her to the dust. And she has the future of her child to think of."

Janet spoke slowly and of a set purpose, wishing to be done at once and for all with the whole horror of the unhappy business. Up leaped the flame to Hersey's cheek and stayed there, burning deep into the delicate skin.

"Oh, Jan, oh, Jan, it's a beastly world!"

"Part of it is, dear, but it has got to be faced. There is nothing surer than that Jinny Wagstaffe will need a friend. We sheltered women are sometimes blamed for being harsh and cruel to one another. Anyhow, I'm going over to-day. I'm sure you won't hinder me, Hersey."

"Hinder you? I think it's wonderful of you to do it! You stand up to troubles, Jan; I simply wilt under them. That's why you must never leave me, do you hear?"

"Oh, you'll gather smeddlum as you go," said Janet lightly. "Now if you'll give Osgood his orders, we'll go and get ready."

"But I can't go, Jan; don't ask me," said Hersey, white to the lips.

"No, of course not. I'll drop you at Copleys. I rather want to see them, anyway, and I'll collect you in the afternoon. I'll lunch at Leedham Market, giving Diamond a couple of hours' rest. This is an occasion when a little two-seater would be of immense use, Hersey; we'll go into a committee of ways and means to-night; I think we could afford it now. I've heaps of things to tell you about Aberdeen and the Garlands. You shall learn to be the chauffeur and we shall have lovely times together yet, taking our stuff to market in the most approved modern way."

Hersey brightened again and Janet was rewarded by seeing the dark cloud lift from the girl's face.

About half an hour later they drove off, and the fresh exhilarating air restored the fleeting colour to Hersey's cheek.

### XX

#### The Friend in Need

JANET deposited Hersey at the end of the Copleys Farm road, which was in better condition than it had ever been in the Wagstaffes' time.

One of Raeburn's mysterious farming methods which had astonished Hersey was his employing some casual labour to gather the stones off the fields. All these had been carefully put into the deep ruts made by wheels in the farm road,

carefully rolled in, and covered with the red hogging or soft gravel which could be got for the carting from an unused gravel pit. Raeburn had smiled at her enthusiasm over his use of waste material, though he was pleased with the result of his forethought. They would have a fine hard road all summer, and when winter came no more muddy ruts into which the cart wheels would sink up to the axles.

Hersey waved her hand to Janet and went off quite happily to spend some more hours at Copleys and to assure her kind friend Mrs. Raeburn that she felt better.

Janet, sitting beside the groom on the front seat of the cart, thought her own thoughts. She was rather surprised at her keen desire to go and see Jinny Wagstaffe. She acquitted herself of the smallest inclination to pry or gloat over the sordid details of the tragedy. She felt rather as if out of the darkness a cry had reached her. She knew how harsh and unyielding and cruel public opinion can be when outraged, and though she had no reason to love Jinny Wagstaffe, she somehow felt that she might be able to help her. If not, well, the attempt would have been made, and no one would be any the worse.

"I've a call to pay outside Leedham, Jack," she said as the spires and roofs of the market town appeared over the last bit of rising ground. "You'll put up at the Leedham Arms, give Diamond a feed and wait till I come."

"Yes, miss," answered the groom. Afterwards Janet found that she would have been better served had she taken the trap a mile farther along the road, but she did not wish the lad to know her destination.

She was a good walker and covered the distance in half an hour. She had planned her little journey well, and with due regard to the probable habits of the farmhouse to which she was going.

By taking her own lunch first in the town, she gave them the chance to get the early dinner over at the farm. She did not wish to encounter either of the Wagstaffe men, though afterwards she changed her mind about that.

She got some directions from a roadman, who pointed to a footpath across a field in which the young shoots of the winter wheat were looking very sturdy and green. He was inclined for talk, she could see, for the whole countryside was agog over the tragedy affecting local people, but Janet gave him no encouragement, merely thanked him for his information, and made a bee-line for the farm which she could see in the distance. Essex is very rich in pretty field paths, the law of trespass being kindly in that delectable county, and great freedom allowed to those who want to get off the broad highway and sample the beauty of fields and woods. As a general thing the privilege is not abused. Janet, though she had little eye at the moment for Nature's ever-changing pageant, was nevertheless imperceptibly soothed and helped by it.

Arrived at Pickers End she could find no sign



"I'll never forgive her, miss. He was miles too good for her, I always tole 'im so"—p. 695

Drawn by  
Chas. Cromble



## THE QUIVER

of life at all about the place, not even a farmyard fowl turning out to welcome her.

She went round to the back door, knocked several times, and getting no answer tried the handle. It turned easily, and after brief counsel with herself she walked in. The kitchen was empty, and on the table stood the untidy remains of a hastily-eaten meal. The fire was smouldering in the stove and the house was as still as the grave. Aware that she was intruding, yet somehow goaded, Janet passed out into the square hall, stood still, looking up the stairs doubtfully; hesitating, knowing herself an intruder, and aware that there was no precedent for the step she had taken. She had not even the excuse that she had been friendly with Jinny Wagstaffe. Nevertheless she felt her resolve hardening not to leave the house without seeing the girl, if she were within.

"Anybody in the house?" she called out in a low, clear voice.

She waited, and almost immediately heard a shuffling upstairs, the sound of a slow step, and presently from the lowermost step of the stairs she beheld a dishevelled head, and a swollen despairing-looking face looking over the balustrade. Its expression changed into one of defiance, not unmingled with fear, as she recognized her visitor.

"What yer want?" she asked in a thick, discouraging voice.

"To see you, Jinny," answered Janet clearly. "I'm coming up."

The girl disappeared, but so swiftly did Janet run up the stairs that she caught the swish of her skirts at a door that was immediately banged half-way along the corridor. It was not locked, however, and Janet opened it and walked boldly into Jinny's bedroom. It was in disorder, the bed had not been made, the drawers were opened, some of the contents scattered on the floor, and apparently she had been in the act of packing a suit-case.

Janet closed the door, and approaching the girl who stood with her back to her, laid her hand on her shoulder and compelled her to turn round.

"Jinny, look at me. I'm your friend. I thought you'd need me to-day, so I'm here."

Jinny had heard so much abuse during the last twenty-four hours that the sound of a kind voice evidently bewildered her.

"I don't understand," she said dully. "Why should you want to befriend me? I ain't your sort, not by a long chalk. I'm a bad woman, so dad and Bill ses, an' I'm to git out. If I ain't out afore to-morrow they'll put me to the door."

"They won't do that, Jinny. This is your home, and though you've brought sorrow to it it has got to shelter you."

"Has it?" Jinny spoke vaguely. "I went over to the chalk pit last night intending to do myself in, but it looked so awful I couldn't. I was feared, Miss Ross, of the hell parson says comes after. Suppose I'd go there straight. Well, it couldn't be any worse than it is here."

Janet drew the distracted creature to the bedside, made her sit down, and stood in front of her.

"Look here, Jinny, you believe. I'm your friend, don't you?"

"You must be or you wouldn't be 'ere, but I don't understand it yet, why you should."

"Well, I want to help you. Tell me what you had in your mind, packing up as I see you were going to do."

Jinny stared round vaguely.

"I dunno. I was goin' to London, I think—anywheres to get out o' this 'ouse, where they looks at me as if I were the plague."

"Do you know anybody in London?"

Jinny shook her head.

"Nobody to speak of."

"And have you any money?"

"Seventeen and sixpence," answered Jinny, "and that even ain't mine. It's dad's house-keepin' money."

"You can't go to London, Jinny. I won't let you. Tell me, have you no relations, not a kind aunt or anybody of that sort, not here, but in some other place, to whom you might go for a little while?"

Jinny shook her head.

"Only Aunt Maria, and she an' I don't 'it it off. She's dad's sister, an' a 'ard woman. She ain't bin to see us for ever so long, so I can't go there."

The answers were discouraging. Janet pondered quickly. She saw that it would be a good thing for the girl to be got away from the immediate neighbourhood. But money would be needed, and the co-operation of some individual or society possessing the necessary machinery for helping such cases. Janet knew of such, but time was needed for arrangement. The situation was desperate—Jinny's face as much as her words proclaimed it.

"Listen, my dear. If I make arrangements will you come with me to London?"


"Oh, yes. I don't keer where I go, it's awful, isn't it?" Quite suddenly she threw up her head and her eyes blazed. "Why do men go crazy like that? It ain't sense. Why can't they take their bit o' fun same as we do an' pass on? It ain't common sense, there ain't any gel in the world worth doin' such things for."

Janet saw that it was of Sam Collett, the young, strong, fine life gone out into utter darkness, she was thinking, rather than of Turner, the principal cause of the whole tragedy. It was not the time for moralizing, and Janet did not seek to dispose of her questions. All she said was:

"We needn't go into that now, Jinny. You are my concern. I want to take care of you, to see you safely through your trouble and get you established afterwards. I mean to see your father or brother. Are they about the farm?"

"Oh, yes; they ain't spoke to me since yesterday, but they said enuff then to do me for the rest o' my natcheral life," she said sullenly. "My, but men are 'ard! They're without

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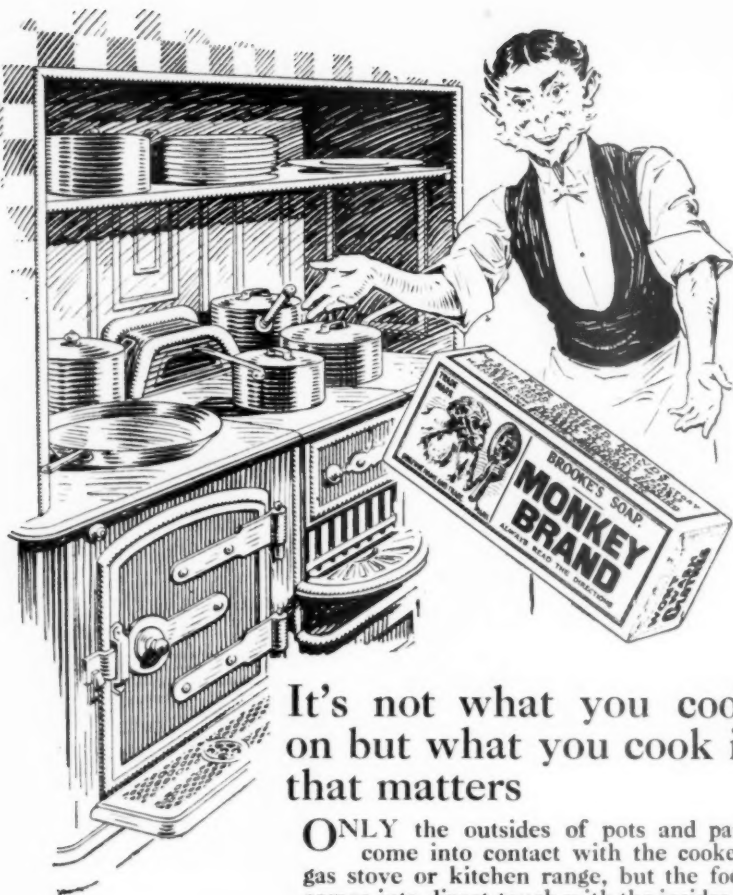


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## OUT OF REACH

mercy, Miss Ross; but I'm not astin' anythink from 'em; I can earn my own livin'. I'll show 'em yet."

She clenched her two hands, and though Janet shrank a little from the blaze of anger in her eyes, still it was better material to handle than despair.

"Yes, you'll show them yet that you can build on what looks like ruins. Now promise me this, will you?"

"What, miss?"

"That you'll take no foolish step; that you'll wait here quietly till I come back for you to-morrow."

"An' where'll you take me, miss?"

As Janet did not know herself she could not tell her. She forbore to remind her that it could not be far as she would be required to give evidence at the inquest. Jinny had apparently not faced that yet. Well, sufficient to the day the evil.

"Probably London. I'll find you a shelter, I think, with a friend of my own, and then afterwards you'll be cared for." She spoke rather shamefacedly, for she did not like her task. Only her strong desire to help a stricken, erring soul lent the necessary courage for it. So many passed by on the other side in such cases where a timely word and a little help would reinstate the erring one and give her another chance. The war and all its attendant problems had opened Janet Ross's eyes very wide, deepened her sympathy and understanding and given her an almost divine pity. For she knew how fierce for some are the temptations of the flesh, and that one fall does not necessarily mean complete shipwreck. Jinny Wagstaffe was not the first she had helped. She had grown wise in handling hurt souls. Suddenly Jinny gave her a home thrust.

"I thought you didn't like me, Miss Ross. I didn't like *you*. I've spoke against you heaps of times. There ain't anything at the back o' this, is there?"

"No, Jinny, nothing. I've had a happy, sheltered life until my parents died, and I want to help others who have not had so good a chance."

"My mother died when I was nine," said Jinny. "And nobody ain't looked after me since."

"I know," said Janet kindly. "Well, are you promising what I ask?"

"Oh, yes, if—if nothing else don't drive me out. Bill, 'e said if I weren't out by six o'clock this evening he'd put me out 'imself."

"I'll see him," said Janet firmly. "I expect I'll find them about the fields somewhere?"

Jinny nodded.

"Meanwhile do tidy up this room and yourself a bit and pack up your clothes. I should take the most of them, Jinny, for a trap will take you away from here to-morrow. I'll take you myself and you may need most of your things."

Jinny, with a gleam of hope and fresh interest in her eyes, nodded and rose up from the bed.

Not a word of thanks had she spoken, but Janet did not want them. She had the feeling at the back of her mind that if something were not done to help the girl at this dreadful crisis in her life she might easily, nay, almost inevitably, slip down into the underworld, whence there would be no retrieval. It was a clear line of argument and quite evidently all the forces were combining to push her down. Janet vowed that she would defeat them yet. Jinny perhaps was not very winning or promising material, but she had a human soul to be saved or lost.

"I'll come back when I've seen your father or brother," she said as she left the room. Once out in the clear spring air she looked round the tidy, well-kept farmyard rather vaguely. She shrank a little from her task, but it had simply got to be done. If outward signs were to be accepted as proof, apparently the Wagstaffes had shed their untidy slovenly ways at Copleys and entered on a new lease of conduct as well as of farming. Their present landlord insisted on a certain standard, he had laid down conditions when granting the short lease. But for this tragedy they would have made good in the next few years.

Janet did not find old Wagstaffe, but the sound of a steady movement like a saw, or a turnip-cutting machine guided her to the barn. And there she found Bill bending to his task. When her shadow darkened the barn doorway, he flung up his head and looked at her as if expecting some unwelcome guest. The police had already visited Pickers End and put the wretched Jinny through her facings, a disgrace Bill Wagstaffe was not likely to forget. He recognized Miss Ross at once and touched his cap.

"Come out here, Mr. Wagstaffe," she said politely but in a very clear, firm voice. "I want to talk to you."

He came unwillingly.

"Is your father about?"

"No, he ain't; he's gone into Leedham with the pony," said Bill. That was a grievance, too, for more than likely the old man would drink too much and make a lot of foolish talk in public places.

"Well, I've been to see your sister. She must be helped over this affair, Bill, or we may easily have another tragedy."

Bill stared straight before him, and his mouth shut like a trap.

"Wish she 'ad done 'erself in at the same time. It would save a lot of bother, bringin' this 'orrid shame on respectable folks, and my chum Sam—'im I was through all the fightin' wiv. I'll never forgive her, miss. He was miles too good for her. I always told 'im so."

Janet sighed and her mouth became very soft. She did not know how to answer that argument. Possibly, however, her silence was eloquent enough. It managed to convey to young Wagstaffe the assurance that she understood and sympathized with him in his trouble and great loss.

## THE QUIVER

"Why should you bother your head about us, miss?" he asked bluntly.

"Well, I felt sure that your sister would need a friend. People are not very sympathetic in a case like this."

"No, theyse not," said young Bill, clenching his hands together. "Ferrets an' swine, that's wot they are, gloatin' over folk's troubles. But what is it you want to do?"

"Take your sister away."

"Where to?"

"I'll find the right kind of place. I'll look after her. I wanted to ask your father's permission first."

Bill laughed shortly. "Oh, you don't need that. Father don't keer, he's soddent with the drink, 'shame' as I should be to say it."

"Your leave, then?"

Bill stared. "My leave—I washed my 'ands of her yesterday when the news come through. Didn't she tell you that?"

"She did, but you can't do that, Bill. She's your sister, you had the same mother, you must stand by her."

"I won't, she's a bad 'un, she done my best pal in. I've no use for 'er."

Janet stood a moment perplexed.

"If we all had our deserts, Bill, few of us would be entitled to throw a stone. Try to be more kindly. Speak a civil word to your sister when you see her again, and keep her right till to-morrow, when I'll come and fetch her."

"But she's goin' to 'ave a kid!" cried Bill in a great burst of shame.

"I know—and she has to be got over that trouble. The woman has to bear a good deal, you know, Bill. Jinny has got a terrible lesson. Now listen. There will have to be some money forthcoming to help over this crisis. I think I can get her into a good home, where a small payment will be required. I can help with that, but I think you ought to pay something."

(To be concluded)



## Result of the December Voting Competition

Our readers entered the above competition with much enthusiasm, but in no case did any reader succeed in naming the six items in their order of merit according to vote, which came out as follows: (1) "The Old Doctor"; (2) "Out of Reach"; (3) "Miss Hemingway, Consultant"; (4) "The Romance of London Town"; (5) "Things That Matter"; (6) "What is a Gentleman?"

Two readers tied in that they were successful in naming five correctly, and I have therefore decided to divide the prize of Two-and-a-half Guineas between them, their names being Mrs. A. Mason, of Leicester, and Miss Ida Pickford, of Devizes.

"Oh, we'll pay, right enough, miss," said Bill unexpectedly. "We'll leave it to you. I don't know what for you should be doin' this, but it's good of you, miss."

"No, no. Well, you promise, do you, to be kinder to Jinny to-day, and to talk your father over and to-morrow I'll come back?"

The first gleam of light in the terrible affair shone through the dark and seemed to be reflected on Bill Wagstaffe's face. He looked at Janet queerly still, she could see slightly suspicious, unable to grasp the motive for the proffered aid. She understood what was passing in his mind and the words of Hood's poem

"Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun"

were thrust back upon her.

"This dark cloud will pass, Bill," she said simply. "It will pass all the more quickly if we all put our shoulders to the wheel. And time will heal even the bitterest griefs."

They were platitudes, but uttered kindly, and with the human touch they did their work. Tears started in Bill Wagstaffe's eyes, he tried to utter his thanks but failed, he held out his hand hesitatingly then drew it back, but Janet grasped it. "Go into the house as soon as you feel able, and speak kindly to your sister and see that she eats something." Bill said neither yea nor nay, but Janet felt sure that he would do it. Her heart was sad as she sped down the lane to the waiting trap, reflecting once more on the evil passions of men, how they act and react on innocent people. How priceless the lessons of self-control, of hard work, and strong principle which keep the energies in the right track!

Duty is a hard and bleak little word against which many kick, but its harvest is rich and satisfying.

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## A Children's Month

**M**Y DEAR READERS,—It is some time since I devoted the month's letter to the needs of the children, and a number of appeals have accumulated and urge me to give voice to them. First there is a most interesting report of the National Children's Home and Orphanage. This is the fifty-fifth year of its existence, so it is no untried organization, and indeed when one reads the long list of its branches and also the enthralling account of all that is accomplished by them, one is filled with admiration. I must say that I never remember seeing in a report more attractive photographs. There is a picture of hide-and-seek in the woods near Birmingham, another of a nature study class, and another of playtime at the sanatorium which are quite charming; the children are prettily and sensibly dressed and look a very happy family party. There seems to be skilful and sympathetic provision for every emergency. The crippled child is cared for at Chipping Norton, tuberculous boys and girls have every chance of gaining health at the sanatorium at Harpenden, and children "who," as the report says, "whilst neither crippled nor suffering from active disease, are so ill-nourished and weak when they come to us that they require a lot of mothering," get it at the seaside branch at Alverstoke. Then when health is established thoughts turn to the future, and all over the country are branches where special attention is given to farming and garden-

ing, carpentry, bootmaking, baking, tailoring, engineering and printing and other trades, while a special branch is devoted to the training of boys for the Royal Navy or Mercantile Marine. So that when the time comes for the children to leave the Homes they are qualified to do efficiently some part of the world's work, and many wonderful stories of boys who have succeeded are cited. Here is one of them :

"Years ago there came to join one of the earliest groups at Bonner Road a thin, emaciated little fellow of three who was fatherless, motherless and friendless. With bright eyes, refined features and quick intelligence, he soon won a place for himself in the Home. After some years he went to Canada. He was a studious, ambitious boy, passed one examination after another, secured his teacher's certificate, and worked his way through college. Subsequently he took up journalism as a profession, and made a name for himself as an art critic and an authority on music. To-day, by his writings, he is helping to guide the opinions of thousands of Canada's best citizens. Surely that boy's training has been well worth while?"

The Order of St. Christopher has recently been inaugurated in connexion with the National Children's Home and Orphanage, and I have been asked to appeal for members. The law of the order is, "I serve," and all that it asks of its members is personal and helpful service on behalf of children according to individual opportunities. Lovers of children who would like to have fuller particulars of the order than I have space to give here should apply to the Warden, the Rev. John H. Litten, National Children's Home and Orphanage, 104-122, City Road, London, E.C.1.

## National Baby Week Competitions

Next month I hope to give in some detail



## **THE QUIVER**

the plans of the National Baby Week Council, which is intimately connected with every phase of child welfare, but in the meantime I am asked to make the following preliminary announcement, which will be of interest to members of women's institutes and others:

In connexion with National Baby Week, which is taking place, as usual, the first week in July, the National Baby Week Council is holding competitions for women's institutes, co-operative guilds, and other women's organizations. Two prizes (value two guineas and one guinea) are offered for essays on "The Needs for Child Welfare Work in Your District; How These Have Been Met; and What Effects You Can Trace to It." The essays may be either the composite work of all or some of the members of the institute or organizations or of selected representatives. The prizes, however, will be awarded to the institute or organization competing. An open competition, which will attract those who have artistic interests, is for the best design for a Baby Week Poster for use throughout the British Empire. Letterpress or design, or both, may be employed. The first prize is ten guineas; second prize, five guineas. In addition to these there are competitions announced for Girl Guides, members of Girls' Life Brigades, Junior Red Cross and Junior V.A.D.s under sixteen, prizes being awarded to Patrols or teams submitting the best illustrated essay on "How a Parent (Plant or Animal) Takes Care of Its Young." Competing Patrols or teams may choose their own subject and their own method of illustration (by drawings, paintings, photographs, preserved specimens, or some other method). To Girl Guides, Rangers, Cadets and others under eighteen years of age two prizes will be awarded for the best essays (of 1,000 words in length) on "The Survival of the Fittest in Nature," as shown by a study of plants or animals, and what thoughts this gives on human life. For Guiders and others over eighteen two prizes will be awarded for the best essays (of not more than 1,000 words) on "The Care of a Child," with special reference to stimulating and encouraging the development of the special senses. Further, there are competitions for school-girls (knitting), for schoolgirls and boys (drawing), and so forth, particulars of which may be obtained upon application to the National Baby Week Council, 117 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

There is also to be an "Empire's Bonniest Baby Competition," particulars of which may be obtained from the same address.

### **Old Friends**

While introducing new friends, I must not neglect the old ones. Every month all the year through we are responsible for THE QUIVER Cot in Sunshine House, the Home for Blind Babies, but donations for its upkeep come in very slowly. On sunny spring days, when it is a joy to be alive because we can see, we ought surely to give a thought to the blind baby and also "a penny for our thoughts"—unless we can spare more!

Next month I hope to go more fully into the needs of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, for which I raised a successful collection last year, but it is not too early to receive subscriptions from those eager to send them. We may be quite sure that many little tongues are already wagging about the hopes of a wonderful fortnight at the seaside in August. It will not be realized unless money is forthcoming to pay for it.

Apropos of seaside holidays, I have recently had an opportunity of seeing again the Little Folks Home at Bexhill-on-Sea, the seaside branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, founded many years ago by the child readers of "Little Folks" under the leadership of my sister, and of admiring anew the splendid work that is carried on there. Small, wizened people from the East End grow fat and brown; some sleep out all night in huts, and much they love it; one can imagine the glory of it after a squalid, overcrowded room in a London slum. The hospital and home, like all similar institutions in these days of high prices, are very grateful for donations.

### **Wanted—A Cot and Clothes**

I cannot close this children's chapter without asking you for one or two things that are urgently needed. This letter from the poor mother of a first baby will, I sincerely hope, reach the eye of one who can gratify her wish:

"I do hope you will not think that I am imposing if I ask you if any of the readers have such a thing as a cot they do not want, as my baby is getting so big to sleep in the bed now."

The baby boy is thirteen months old. His father is often out of work, though he would willingly earn.

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

Another mother asks for clothes for her two youngest children, a girl of three and a baby boy of six months. Her husband was badly injured in the war, and they have a very hard struggle.

### "The Work of the Silver Thimble"

During the war a large number of readers were connected through the Army of Helpers with the amazing activities of The Silver Thimble Fund, which raised over £60,000 by means of 65,000 old silver thimbles and other oddments of silver and gold, and spent it in a variety of ways to provide relief for the sick and wounded. Miss Hope-Clarke, the founder and hon. organizer, has sent me an extremely attractive booklet recording the work of the Fund, and asked me to announce that copies may be had for 1s. 3d. each, post free, from Miss Treacher, Ashford House, Wimbledon Common, London, S.W.19. Readers should ask for the second edition. There is a full-page photograph of the presentation of the Army of Helpers' Ambulance in La Belle Sauvage Yard.

### The Famous Fire Fund

The ambition I voiced last month has been realized. We have passed £150; at the moment of writing £154 3s. 6d. has been received for coals. My sympathetic helpers have risen to the occasion magnificently and made a very hard winter endurable to many who would have suffered badly but for their gifts. Here are one or two tributes out of a large bundle:

"I can keep a nice warm room, and thank God for your generous help."

"We have had a long, trying winter, and it has been my worst—never free from pain—but, thanks to you and your kind helpers, I have never felt forsaken. I can't put into words as I would like all I feel."

"I cannot express my gratitude to you and all THE QUIVER helpers for the load of anxiety it takes from me to have the help for coals. It is so bitterly cold, and I feel the cold so much."

"The money will enable us to have the warmth which we could not possibly have otherwise. During this last cold spell we could not get our room up to 46 degrees. For several mornings it was only 40 degrees, so we had to stay in bed with a little oilstove by our bedside."

"Mother has been very poorly again, and the doctor says there is nothing really for her but warmth and nourishment, and now the coal is sure. God bless you all."

Apart from the money sent out for coal, we have given help in many specially needy cases. Those who generously sent money

and gifts for the "private typist" will read this letter with sympathy and interest:

"Your letter enclosing cheque from your helpers came at a time when I was getting very anxious about money. I thank the generous donors and you most gratefully, and pray God to bless you for all your kindness to me and my helpless sister. She has been very, very ill ever since Christmas with terrible muscular contractions. I have been able to do very little work, and for the last fortnight none at all. Our little store of ready money has nearly dwindled away, so you will readily understand what a godsend the cheque is to us. We can never be sufficiently thankful for the kindness shown us by you and your helpers, but we deeply appreciate it."

Many have also shown great interest in Miss Ethel W., and they will be glad to have news of her. Her six months at the hospital at Ventnor were up, and the doctors reported that she was much better although not cured. She could not remain there any longer, but by the kind efforts of helpers in Ventnor a place was found for four weeks, as it was felt that she would benefit greatly by an extended stay. Unfortunately at the last moment the lady to whom she was going caught influenza, and Miss W. was stranded. A helper came to the rescue. One of the kindest readers, who has not only visited Miss W. every week in hospital and brought her gifts, but with her husband has sent £12 to pay for her treatment, made her rest in her house while she went round to find a haven for her. This she succeeded in doing, but at a rather greater cost. It is most necessary that Miss W., who is still very weak, should have the four weeks of fresh air and good nourishment before returning to the airless Midland town in which she lives, so I am undertaking to advance from SOS Fund the money which may be necessary, and I hope her friends may be able to send a little help once more. It is money well expended.

### A Kind Helper

It is with very great regret that I have to record the sudden death a few months ago of a very loyal helper, Miss Violet Hatton. She had written to me only a few days before, offering me clothes for a particularly needy girl. The letter went on to ask me how she could most tactfully and anonymously convey a gift of money to one who is poor but very proud and sensitive. Her letters were always a pleasure to receive, and I felt that she was really suffering the misfortunes of others with a quite unusual sympathy.

## THE QUIVER

### Urgent Wants

1. An easy-chair for an invalid who has been very ill with bronchitis and suffers from an ulcerated leg.
2. The loan or gift of children's annuals.
3. Shoes and boots of all sizes for men and women, also clothes.
4. Offers of THE QUIVER to be passed on every month.
5. A correspondent for an invalid in a home for incurables.
6. Some plants for a garden lover who cannot afford to buy any.

### Anonymous Gifts

The following gifts are gratefully acknowledged:

*S O S Fund.*—W. P., 5s.; E. E. T., 10s.

*For Coal Fund.*—W. P., 15s.; L. M. J., £1; J. W. (L), 10s.; A QUIVER READER, 2s. 6d.; E. K., 2s. 6d.

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*Save the Children Fund.*—W. P., 10s.

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Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,  
FLORA STURGEON.

# £250 CASH PRIZE WHICH YOU CAN WIN GREAT "TRAVEL" COMPETITION

SEE PAGE 684 AND READ THESE RULES

1. You may send in as many lists as you please, but each list must have attached the coupon below from this magazine. Coupons also appear in "CASSELL'S MAGAZINE," "NEW MAGAZINE," "THE STORY-TELLER," "LITTLE FOLKS," "THE CORNER MAGAZINE," "T.P.'s AND CASSELL'S WEEKLY," "CHUMS," "BOYS' AND GIRLS' PICTURE NEWSPAPER," and "P.M."

2. Each list of the twenty pictures must be written in ink on a separate sheet of paper.

3. The Cash Prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor who correctly names, in any one list, all the twenty photographs. Should no correct list be received the £250 will be awarded to the list naming most places correctly.

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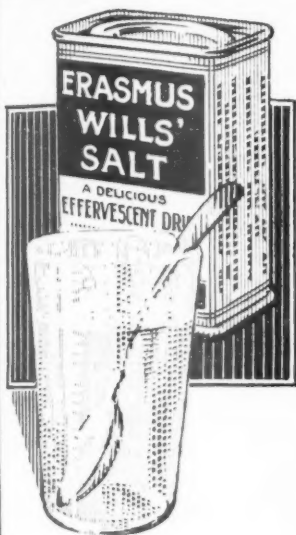
GREAT "TRAVEL" COMPETITION

I agree to abide by the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Signed .....

Address .....

"The Quiver," May, 1924.



# Make HEALTH a Habit

**K**EEP the body fit and the system refreshed by taking a teaspoonful or two of Wills' Salt in a tumbler of water before breakfast every morning. This sparkling health-draught quenches thirst, purifies the blood, and soon corrects those little ailments that undermine health and make life a burden. Invigorating—cooling—refreshing—delightful alike to child and adult at all times in all seasons.

TEST ITS WORTH TO-DAY!

# WILLS' SALT

Sold only by

The  
*Boots*  
Chemists

Chief London Branches

182 REGENT STREET, W.1.  
112-118 EDGWARE ROAD, W.2.  
120 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1.  
15 NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

8<sup>d</sup>. 1/2  
and 2/-  
PER TIN.

OVER 670 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD.

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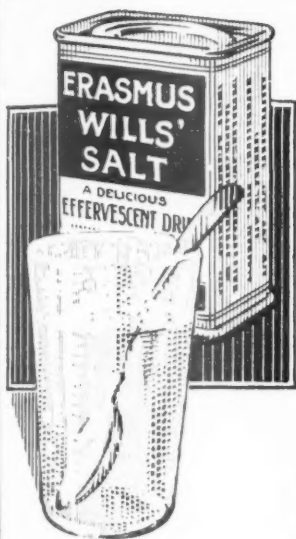
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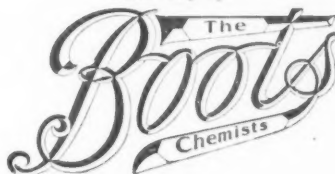


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8<sup>d</sup>. 1/2  
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## Take the Baker's advice—

**E**AT plenty of good, nourishing bread. But let it be HOVIS because HOVIS contains full nourishment for the body.

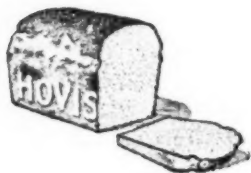
# HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

is made only from wheat, like white bread, but with this important difference: it contains added quantities of the vital 'germ' which constitutes its most nourishing and vitalising part.

**Your Baker Bakes it.**

HOVIS LTD., MACCLESFIELD.



# LNER

## RESTAURANT CAR EXPRESSES

BETWEEN

## LONDON—

King's Cross  
Liverpool Street  
Marylebone

AND

EASTERN COUNTIES

MIDLANDS

PRINCIPAL YORKSHIRE  
TOWNS

NORTH OF ENGLAND

SCOTLAND

## EAST COAST ROUTE

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST

## KING'S CROSS

and SCOTLAND

## THE CONTINENT

via HARWICH

Full Travel Information obtainable from any L.N.E.R. Office or Passenger Managers at Liverpool Street Station, LONDON, E.C.2; YORK; Waverley Station, EDINBURGH; or Traffic Superintendent, L.N.E.R., ABERDEEN.

# Lady Pamela's Letter

**D**EAR COUSIN DELIA,—Have you noticed that the number of women motorists is increasing by leaps and bounds, and I am inclined to think that the roads will be all the safer in consequence. It is a fact that very few women are brought before the Courts charged with reckless driving.

Women do not seem to share with the man motorist that insane craving to get the last ounce of speed out of an engine. Nor do women drivers, as a rule, care to take the risks that a man encounters gaily. Women drive with caution, and when it is a choice between safety and a "narrow shave," nine women out of ten show a preference for "safety first."

Even the most lighthearted and irresponsible of girl motorists shrinks from the idea of maiming a fellow-being or of killing an animal by reckless driving. A man is far more callous, and will record the fact that he has killed so many dogs and fowls with no sign of remorse.

Then it is a fact that women drivers are rarely lacking in sobriety, whereas a man motorist often essays to drive when "half seas over." This is often attended by disastrous results that land him at the police station endeavouring to satisfy the divisional surgeon that he is sober when he is not!

There is, however, one little pitfall into which women drivers are apt to fall. They are a little inclined to show off, and in doing so some have landed themselves in difficulties. On the whole, however, the woman motorist is a careful and skilful driver, and her presence on the roads lessens rather than adds to the difficulties and dangers of pedestrians.—Ever yours,

PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

**FOR A YOUNG PERSIAN CAT.** D. G. (Southampton).—You would be ill advised to try to treat this condition yourself. You had better consult a veterinary surgeon as soon as possible. As the cat is young he may be able to put the matter right.

**FOR HEALTHY HAIR.** "Rectory" (Norfolk).—Your little girl's hair evidently needs special attention. It is quite right to shampoo it once a fortnight, but the preparation you mention probably does not suit it. You can get rid of the scurf by rubbing the scalp with a bit of sponge or flannel dipped in pure olive oil. Do this overnight, and let her wear a bathing-cap or large handkerchief over the head to protect

her pillow from the oil. Next day shampoo her hair, using warm water softened with borax and a little pure castile soap to make a lather. You may find it necessary to shampoo the hair twice to get rid of the oil, but once this is done the hair will be soft and glossy and the scalp clean. For a tonic that is non-greasy you cannot do better than let a chemist make up this prescription: 2 drachms of cantharides,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of oil of lemon, 2 drachms of red lavender. Make up the amount to 4 oz. with spirits of rosemary. This lotion may be rubbed into the hair two or three times a week.

**CARE OF CHILDREN'S FEET.** M. R. (Erdington).—The tendency to flatfoot is very serious for your little girl. Probably she has been wearing shoes that do not properly support the arch of the foot. Personally I think "Start-Rite" shoes are undoubtedly the best for young children, for they help to mould the foot correctly and give the necessary support where it is most needed. You will find "Start-Rite" shoes keep their shape and therefore look well to the last, and this makes them very satisfactory for children's wear, as the little nursery folks are always rather hard on their shoes!

**KITCHEN HINT.** Dandelion (Barmouth).—Why not cover one end of your kitchen table with a slab of glass? This is delightfully cool for cake and pastry making, and at the other end of the table you can nail a strip of zinc sheeting about 1 ft. wide. This will be so useful, because you can stand pots and pans on it without harming it.

**TO FILL HOLES IN FLOORING.** Plain Jane (Eaglescliffe).—If the crevices between the boards are very wide they can be filled with thin laths of wood, glued on both sides, driven in and then levelled with chisel and sandpaper. An alternative is to fill the holes up with putty or with a composition. The latter is prepared by tearing blotting or another absorbent paper into small pieces, soaking them in water to form a pulp. Then add half its weight of plaster of Paris, colour with ochre, umber or sienna to match the rest of the floor boards, stir, and add a little whiting or japan driers. This paste is well pressed down into the cracks and crevices and then rubbed smooth with sandpaper and stained.

**FOR THIN EYEBROWS.** Elsie M. (Shoreham). You must be careful, when washing and drying your face, not to rub over your eyebrows too heavily. The redness is due to too much friction. Every night dip a tiny soft brush (a child's toothbrush will do) into coconut oil, and use this to smooth the eyebrows into shape. If you persist in this treatment you will soon find your eyebrows greatly improved in both thickness and appearance.

## THE QUIVER

**STRONG NURSERY OVERALLS.** Belinda (Harrogate).—Of course children will romp and run about in the nursery. They would not keep well and happy if they did not do so. You must try to clothe them sensibly, so that they can romp and frolic without fear of damaging their garments. Why not let them wear "Heracles" overalls? These are made to stand hard wear, and they wash beautifully. I do not think you can improve on these overalls for nursery wear, and most drapers stock them.

**ON GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.** Miriam (Liverpool).—I quite agree with you that it is very ageing to put on superfluous flesh. And it is not in the least necessary to do so if you attend to questions of diet and exercise and keep yourself fit generally. It is the greatest mistake to lounge about indoors; you must spend at least two hours in the fresh air each day. Keep your general health up to the mark by taking a little dose of Kruschen Salts every morning before breakfast. You will be delighted with its invigorating effect on the system and its efficacy in keeping the blood pure.

**A PRETTY HAT TRIMMING.** A. L. B. (Lincoln).—The new spring hats are many of them so small that there is not much room for trimming on them. You can easily make a ribbon cockade yourself. First cut a crescent-shaped foundation in milliner's net or tailor's canvas. Then arrange short lengths of ribbon in any desired width in half circles over this foundation. The short lengths of ribbon are folded over to form short loops, arranged in semi-circles, until the whole foundation is covered. The last row is finished off with a flat bow.

**CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR.** A. B. L. (Ealing).—Of course, you will have to put away the children's heavy woollen underwear during the summer months, but you must guard them carefully against chills. Under their lighter frocks you should let them wear Chilprufe undergarments. You can get Chilprufe for children's wear in summer as well as the winter weight, and, of course, you know the many good qualities of Chilprufe. It washes well, and is durable and never shrinks, so that it is quite the best thing you can get for children's use.

**A DELIGHTFUL JELLY.** Elsie (Westgate).—Variety is certainly the essence of success in arranging meals for the family. It is not a bad plan to keep a notebook and jot down in it the meals provided each day. This makes it easy to remember what has been recently provided and so to avoid monotony. Have you tried Green's Tangerine Jelly? If not, I advise you to do so without delay, for it is much appreciated by everyone who likes the attractive flavour of tangerine oranges. The jelly is perfectly true to flavour, and becomes at once a prime favourite in every home where it is tried.

**A HEALTH-GIVING DIET.** Paul D. (Nottingham).—By all means gratify your longing for fruit in your daily diet. Doctors now agree that many ailments would be practically unknown if we ate more fruit. The health-giving juices of fresh fruits keep the blood pure. Apart from this, the juice of a well-masticated apple benefits the teeth and helps to keep them free from decay. I do not think there is a golden rule as to when to eat fruit

except that it can be enjoyed at any time. The juice of a lemon taken in cold water before breakfast is very beneficial, and an apple or orange taken at bedtime is not only appetizing but excellent from a health point of view.

**ENGLISH-MADE SHOES.** Doreen (Kensington).—I quite agree with you that well-made English shoes are the best for English feet. You will be interested to hear that the Norvic Shoe Company were awarded a gold medal recently at a great National Exhibition of Shoe Fashions in Chicago. Of course, you know the excellence of Norvic shoes in both style and quality, but if by chance you have not yet tried them, I advise you to do so without delay. They are the footwear par excellence for the woman who attaches importance not only to the appearance but also to the comfort of her feet.

**THE MEDICINE CHEST.** Avis (Penzance).—Put the medicine chest in the bathroom, and have it hung up well out of the children's reach. You should keep it locked and have the key hung in some special place. Do not put it on your bunch of housekeeping keys. If you do you might be out with the key in your pocket just when something was urgently wanted for an accident.

**FOR A WELL-GROOMED APPEARANCE.** Laddie (Torquay).—I do not think it is in the least vain to wish to make the best of your appearance. It is tiresome that your hair is so unruly, but I am sure if you use Anzora that trouble will disappear. It is such a delightful dressing for the hair, and it not only makes it neat but keeps it tidy, so it is evidently just the very thing you want.

**LESSONS IN MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.** Bluebell (Darlington).—As you are so fond of needlework, I think you are most sensible to turn your talent to account. You had better write to the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences, Limited, for particulars of their courses of instruction in dressmaking and millinery. If you avail yourself of these you will be able to make yourself better clothes and effect a great saving. After a thorough course of instruction by the Woman's Institute your work will not be at all amateurish, but will have the finish and style which characterizes the garments of the well-dressed woman.

**THE WAYSIDE INN.** Paddy (Dorking).—You had better make a point of studying the law in the matter. You certainly may not imprison or detain your guest personally because he has not paid his bill. You can, as you are going to keep a bona fide inn, and not a boarding-house, keep his luggage or his horse or bicycle until his bill is paid. Of course, your real remedy is to sue him for the amount.

**HOLIDAY BOOK.** Wayfarer (Wimbledon).—The book you require is "Hints for Holidays," published by the Southern Railway at sixpence.

**A RELIABLE MASSAGE CREAM.** C. J. M. (Derbyshire).—I suggest Pond's cold cream for massage every night. It is prepared from the best ingredients, and when using it you must rub lightly, using the ball of the finger tips, and being careful not to stretch the skin. For daytime use Pond's vanishing cream.

**CARE OF A PIANO.** Ruby L. (Durham).—You need not get a fitted cover, but you should throw a large rug or old blanket over the piano at night.

# LUX

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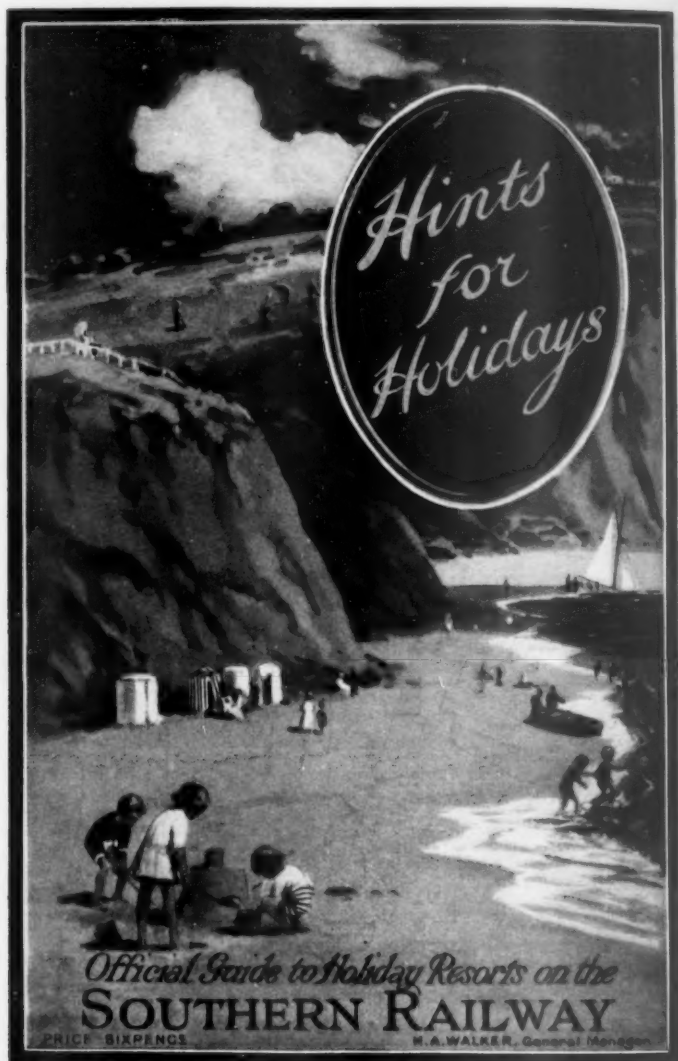


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Sole Australian Agents, CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, 210-212 Queen Street, MELBOURNE (Head Office for Australasia)  
and 34 Clarence Street, Sydney.  
Sole Agents for South Africa, CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LIMITED.